A. N. C.

APRIL

Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

ARTICLES

ERNEST HEMINGWAY
EMIL LUDWIG
JASCHA HEIFETZ
FRANK SHAY
BENJAMIN DE CASSERES
FRANK SCULLY
GEORGES SURDEZ
CAPT. G. H. GRANT
ROBERT S. ALLEN
CHARLES LAYNG
FRED C. KELLY
PAUL W. KEARNEY

FICTION

SHOLOM ASCH
WILLIAM McFEE
KONRAD BERCOVICI
LANGSTON HUGHES
BILL ADAMS
MAURICE RENARD
GEORGES d'ESPARBES
H. E. BATES
MICHAEL FESSIER

SPORTS

VINCENT RICHARDS
AL ULBRICKSON
LOUIS GOLDING
EDW. M. BARROWS

HUMOR

JIMMY DURANTE
RAYMOND KNIGHT
ROBERT BUCKNER
JOSEPH SCHRANK

DEPARTMENTS

GILBERT SELDES
BURTON RASCOE
JOHN V. A. WEAVER
A. de SAKHNOFFSKY
MEYER LEVIN

CARTOONS

JOHN GROTH
E. SIMMS CAMPBELL
GEORGE PETTY
HOFF
D. McKAY
TY MAHON
HOWARD BAER
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PHOTOGRAPHY

GILBERT SEEHAUSEN

FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

PRICE FIFTY CENTS

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Smiling in the rain

EVEN when rain pelts against the windows of your car, you'll be dry and comfortable inside if your car has Fisher No Draft Ventilation. You can open one of those smart Ventipanes just a little, and out goes the stuffy air, in comes the pure fresh air, without drafts or any splatter of raindrops. This helps to keep the inside of the windshield clear for folks in the front seat, which certainly makes driving safer. And it keeps little folks in back seats from being chilled by drafts, or getting all hot and squirmy and restless. In fact, it would be hard for anyone to get tired of riding in the smart, strong, safe new Body by Fisher. The seats are wider, deeper — the cushions more luxuriously restful — the whole interior noticeably more spacious. That's one of the first things which will impress you, when you see and examine any of the new General Motors cars.

BODY
by
FISHER

on **GENERAL MOTORS CARS ONLY:** CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC

ESQUIRE
April, 1934

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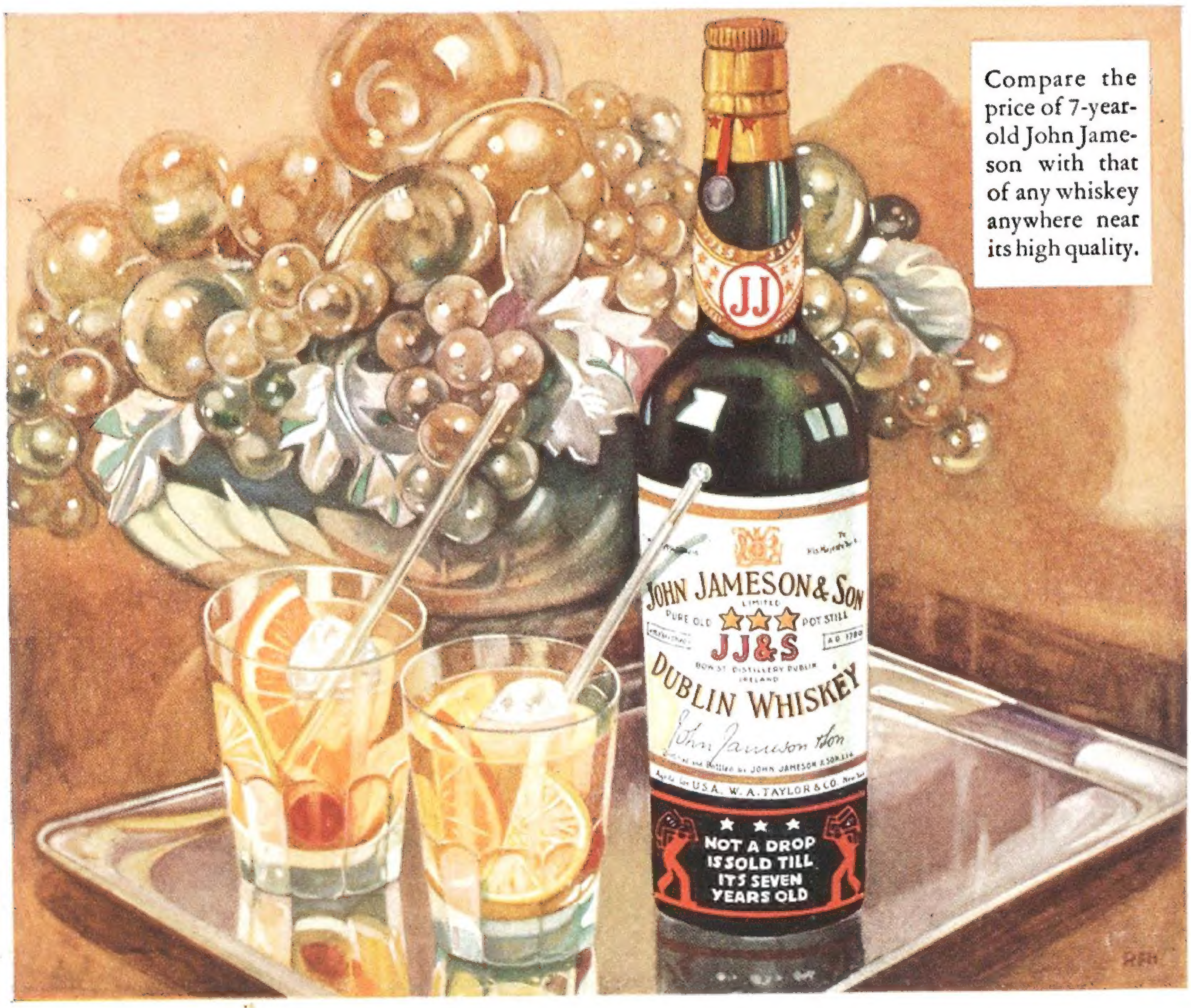

JOHN JAMESON & SON
PURE OLD POT STILL
JJ&S
DUBLIN WHISKEY
John Jameson & Son
U.S.A. W. A. TAYLOR & CO. New York
NOT A DROP IS SOLD TILL ITS SEVEN YEARS OLD

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Two things give John Jameson its mellow, golden flavour; It is pure pot still whiskey—straight, unblended—made just as it has been for 150 years. The pot still method is the most expensive but it is traditional.

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The John Jameson you buy today is exactly the same as you bought before the War (and will remain so). It is exactly the same as you would buy in London or anywhere else in the world.

Yet it is being sold at a price which makes it an extraordinarily good buy. Compare its price with any other whiskey of comparable quality. (Note: be sure you ask for the RIGHT Jameson—JOHN Jameson.)

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Pure Old Pot Still

IRISH WHISKEY

JOHN JAMESON & SON LTD. BOW STREET DISTILLERY, DUBLIN, IRELAND

Established A.D. 1780

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

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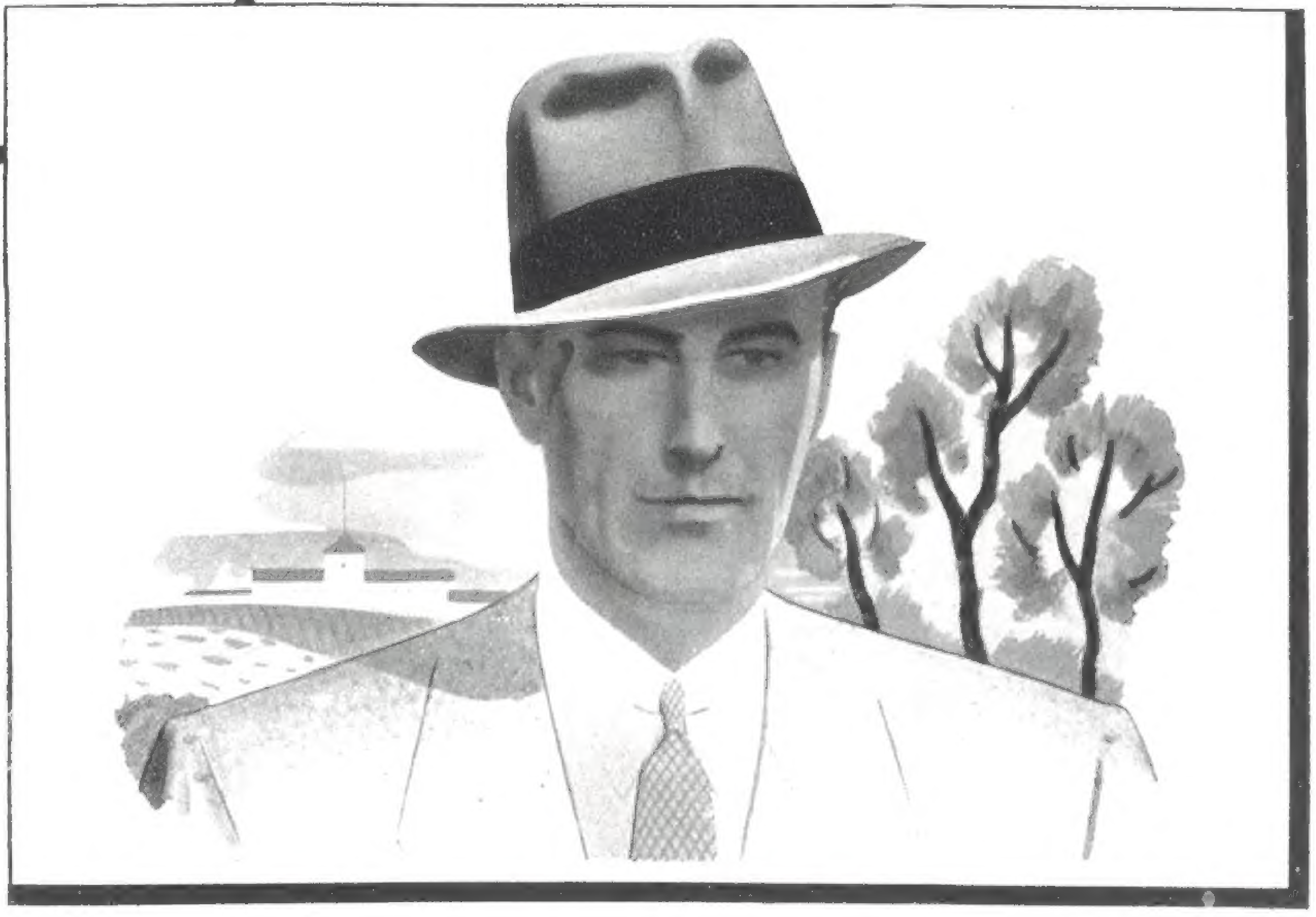
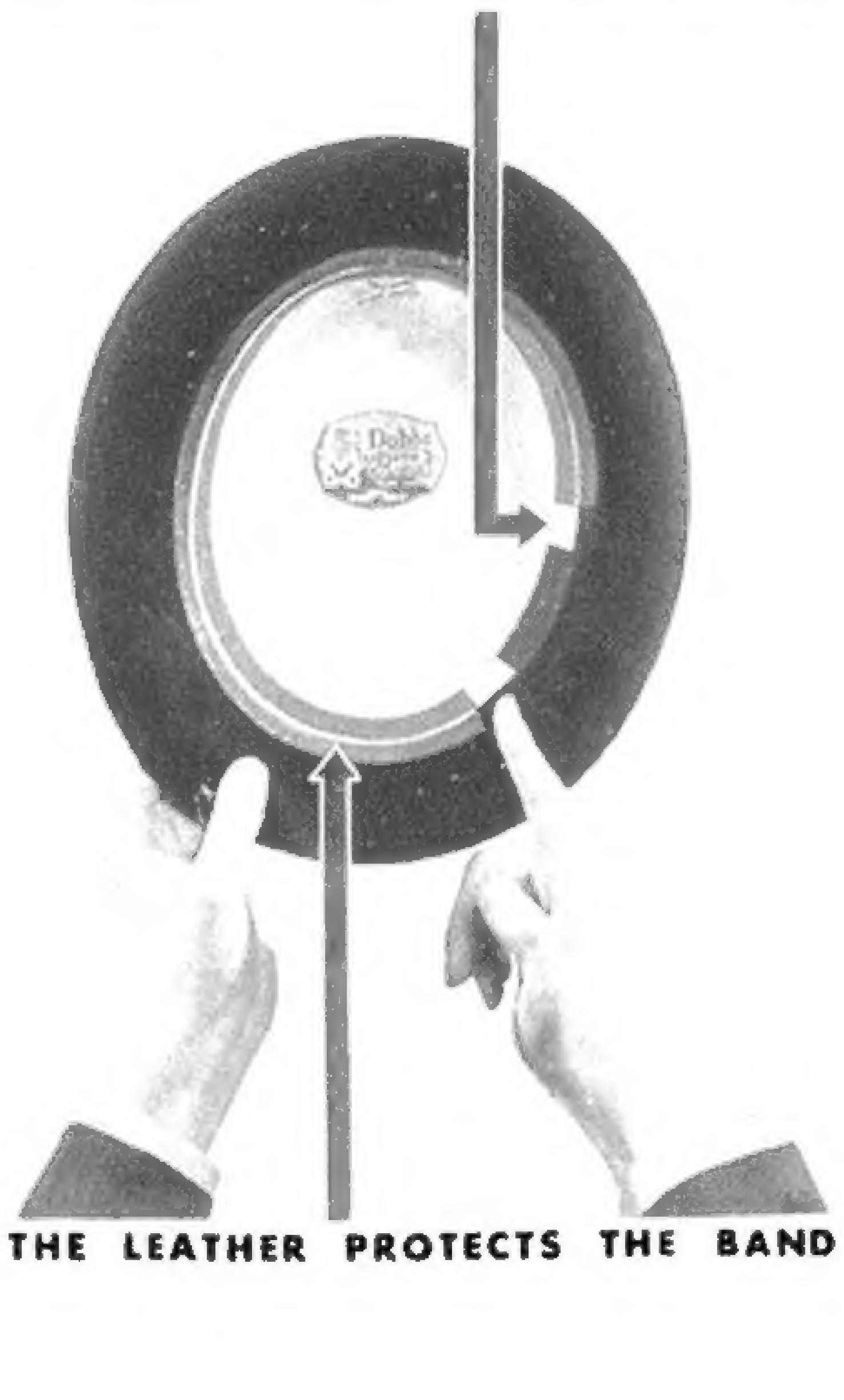
TRADE MARK

—the most amazing achievement in fine hats in a generation



- **THIS EXCLUSIVE METHOD CONFORMS THE HAT TO THE HEAD AND PROTECTS THE OUTSIDE BAND FROM STAIN.**
- **FOR THE FIRST TIME YOU MAY NOW BUY A GUARANTEED* HAT.**

A*gain Dobbs demonstrates its leadership . . . again John Cavanagh proves himself the master hatter of them all. By the extension of the leather to the underside of the brim for a fraction of an inch and the insertion, between leather and crown, of a chemically treated fabric the tell-tale trail of sweat from brow to band is broken—an individual, luxurious, head-conforming fit is achieved. Dobbs Hats made The Cavanagh Way offer you the greatest comfort you have ever enjoyed—and months and months of long, economical wear are* guaranteed. *More than ever a fine Dobbs is a real economy.*



***THE GUARANTEE:** THE CAVANAGH WAY INSIDE BAND (PATENT APPLIED FOR) INSURES THIS HAT AGAINST SOIL OF OUTSIDE BAND FROM PERSPIRATION. YOUR INSURANCE OF A NEW HAT IF IT FAILS.

AGAIN DOBBS SETS THE STYLE • *The correct color in men's fine hats for Spring is* **BLUE** *Introduced by Dobbs, Blue has proved so popular the country over that Dobbs is offering two new Blues—Dobbs Flemish Blue and Dobbs Horizon Blue—in these two, much favored shapes. For business wear, the Dobbs Brims Up; for town and country, the new snap brim in light-weight felt.*

$7 AND UP

OTHER DOBBS HATS, $6 AND UP. THE DOBBS CROSS COUNTRY, $5.

DOBBS

New York's Leading Hatters

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REPRESENTATIVES IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES

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THE NAME
IS ON THE
SLIDER

When Appearance Counts the Most . . .

WEAR CLOTHES WITH

TALON·TAILORED
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
TROUSERS

says
Ferdinand Metz
of
KUPPENHEIMER

"The Talon trouser closure is the most important refinement in men's clothes in twenty years," says Ferdinand Metz, Vice-president and Head Designer of B. Kuppenheimer & Co., Inc., and one of the country's outstanding authorities on fine tailoring.

"After exhaustive tests to ascertain its practicality, Kuppenheimer adopted the Talon trouser fastener as a new and better way to tailor trousers. The smooth, thin, continuous closure made possible by this fastener is neat and trim. More than that, it assures convenience and security."

The statement quoted above was made by Mr. Metz, of Kuppenheimer, after two years of experience in merchandising clothes with Talon tailored trousers.

●

WHY TALON MEANS NEW DISTINCTION IN TROUSERS

1 Talon trouser fastener is a special slide fastener made expressly for trouser use . . . very small and extremely flexible.

2 Talon trouser fastener is absolutely invisible when the fly is closed—almost invisible when the fly is open.

3 Talon trouser fastener scientifically applied—it is impossible for it to catch in underclothing.

4 Talon trouser fastener creates a continuous closure so smooth and *thin* that only a fine line indicates the opening.

5 Talon trouser fastener eliminates the ugliness of the button fly. Side wrinkles and gaps between buttons are gone.

6 With Talon trouser fastener, the old button-hole strip is omitted—eliminating the traditional bulkiness of fly tailoring.

7 Talon trouser fastener excludes the possibility of embarrassing disarray. It gives complete assurance of security.

8 Talon, in use, does not require undoing the top trouser button. It moves smoothly from top to bottom of the fly.

9 Talon trouser fastener is the slide fastener that is not harmed by either dry cleaning or pressing.

10 Talon, unlike the old buttons and button-holes, gives perfect, unchanging service far beyond the life of a suit.

HOOKLESS FASTENER CO., MEADVILLE, PA. • NEW YORK • BOSTON
PHILA. • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO • SEATTLE

To a DISTINGUISHED PORTRAIT PAINTER *just returned from Rome*

● Five years ago you left these shores with little more than a traveling scholarship and a decided talent. You returned, just recently, with an international reputation, and more commissions than you have time to execute. We want to be among the first to congratulate you. What's more, we should like to offer you a first-hand example of American progress since you left for Rome. We want to place a new Chevrolet at your disposal. We have an idea that your practiced eye will rest with satisfaction on its impeccable lines. It's a foregone conclusion that the gliding ride will thrill you . . . no one has successfully resisted it yet. And if you want a sample of engineering progress—well, we doubt if any could be more apt than Chevrolet's wonderfully smooth, 80-horsepower engine. But that's enough details. If you want more, you can readily secure them from almost any of your distinguished sitters. Almost without exception, they own and drive this ideal personal car.

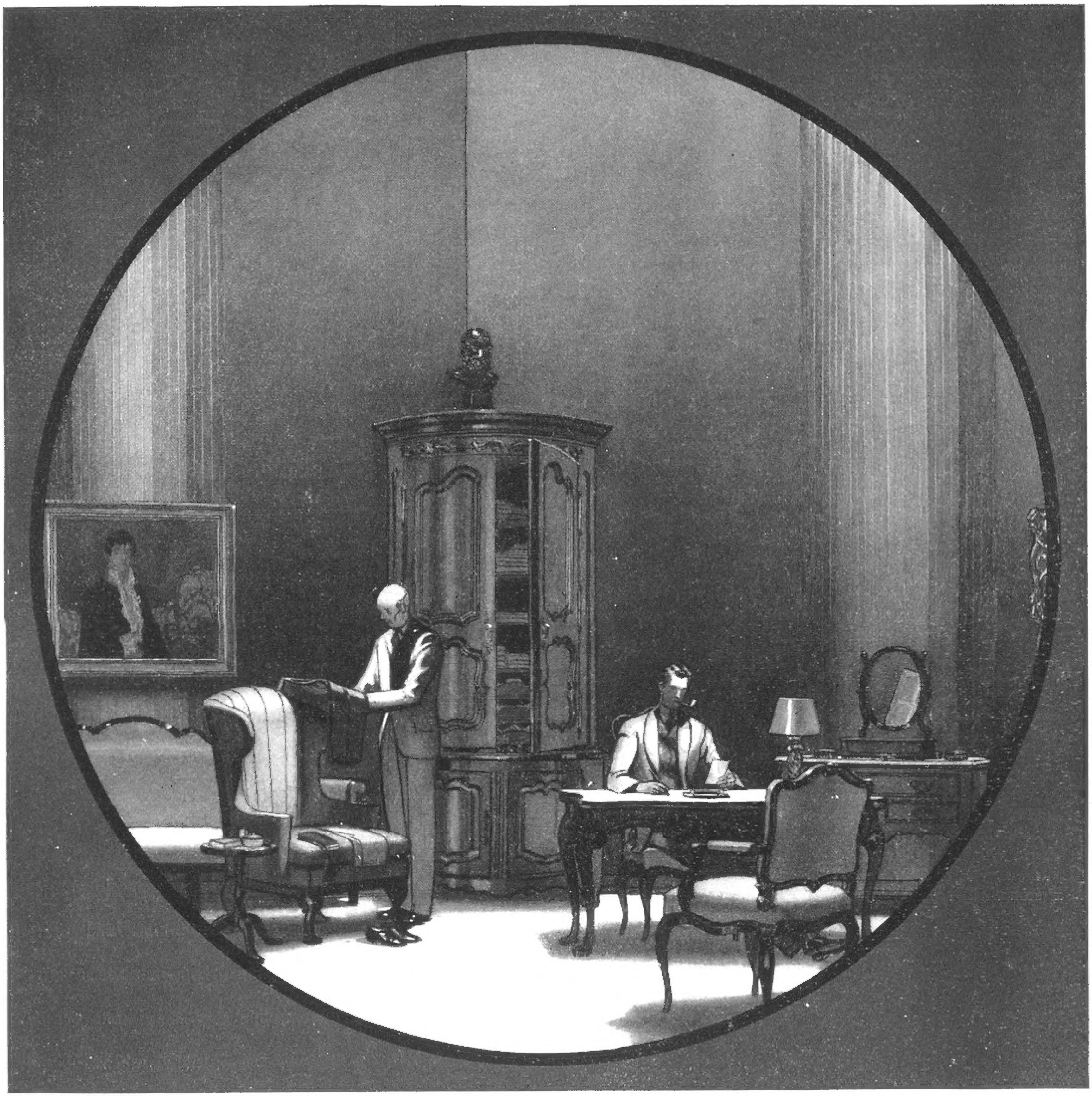
CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

CHEVROLET *for* 1934

CHEVROLET MASTER SIX
SPORT COUPE

CHEVROLET

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE



WITH PLEASURE WE ACCEPT—and that we may do honor to our hostess we choose with care the apparel and the accessories for the occasion. That the compliment may be complete, the letter of acceptance must be written with equal thought and on paper of unquestioned quality. For generations men of unerring taste have chosen, for this gracious duty and for all their correspondence, the fine papers of the house of Crane. Crane's Kid Finish, time honored in its excellence, presents a texture pleasing to the pen, and may be stamped or engraved with distinguished effect. At the better stores for men and at all good stationers. • MADE IN DALTON, MASSACHUSETTS

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FINE PAPERS

Haig & Haig Ltd
GLASGOW
AND LONDON
ALCOHOL BY VOLUME 43.4%
BLEND OF
Liqueur Scots Whisky
HAIG & HAIG
LIMITED
SPECIALLY SELECTED
DISTILLED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
BY HAIG & HAIG

FAME . . These are the most famous bottles in all the world, and often imitated. It is wise, therefore, to look for the name Haig & Haig, *for no one has ever successfully copied the rare flavour of these old, full-bodied Scotch Whiskies*

"PINCHED DECANTER" **Haig & Haig** "FIVE STAR"

SCOTS WHISKY

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Measure of

HOSPITALITY

To discriminating tastes the merits of DIXIE BELLE Dry Gin are immediately apparent. It has that subtle smoothness, that studied excellence, that discreet refinement of bouquet essential to expert mixing. Such qualities are natural in DIXIE BELLE... distilled for finished flavor and absolute purity. When buying liquor look for the seal that assures quality . . ."Distilled by Continental."

CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION, Philadelphia

This advertisement is not intended to offer alcoholic beverages for sale or delivery in any state wherein the sale or use thereof is unlawful.

DISTILLED BY LONDON DRY
DIXIE BELLE
TRADE MARK
Triple Distilled
GIN
DRY
Distilled by CONTINENTAL
DIXIE BELLE
DISTILLED
Gin

Talk about your Aristocracy!

ONE OF THE
57
HEINZ
TOMATO JUICE
HEINZ
TOMATO
JUICE
H. J. HEINZ CO.

THEY'RE the "blue bloods" of the tomato family—these big, plump, handsome fellows that lend their zestful freshness and mellow flavor to Heinz Tomato Juice.

And what a pedigree—what an illustrious ancestry—they boast! For years Heinz selected the choicest seeds from the finest tomatoes grown. These were crossbred until a perfect Heinz tomato was produced. Now under more than a million feet of glass Heinz grows the tiny plants and transfers them to the farmers' fields, where their cultivation is carefully watched until harvest time.

Right at the peak of the season—when they are ready to give up their legacy of lusciousness—these beautiful, ruddy, sun-ripened tomatoes are picked and rushed to nearby Heinz kitchens. Before nightfall they are pressed and the rich, wholesome juice is packed ready for your table. Even the delicate bouquet—the garden-fresh aroma—is retained.

Heinz Tomato Juice is distinctly different because it comes from special Heinz-bred tomatoes—the very finest produced in America. Here's truly the aristocrat of tomato juices. Order it from your grocer today. Serve it chilled at any meal. You will find it uniform in quality the year around.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY
PITTSBURGH, U. S. A.
TORONTO, CANADA · LONDON, ENGLAND

Heinz Tomato Juice

Edited by
Arnold Gingrich

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Publishers:
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John Groth, *Art Director*

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous essays is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

As for phony subscriptions If a young man comes to your door and offers you a trial offer subscription to Esquire at the bargain rate of five copies for $1.00, welcome him kindly, invite him in and ask him to sit down while you fix him a drink. Excuse yourself, and call the police. Esquire has no cut rate offers and has authorized no solicitation at bargain rates. Reports have come to us, from the South, of the activities of one or more crooks of innocent mien and glib tongue, taking phony subscriptions at bargain rates. Esquire employs no field sales crew. Its subscriptions are taken direct through the mails, through the three or four nationally recognized subscription agencies, or through resident local agents of standing and reputation. In each instance, the price is the same. If anyone comes to you with an offer to take single subscriptions to Esquire at less than the established price of $5.00 for one year, we should appreciate your letting us know. But first of all, let the police know. Descriptions have been furnished to the police in all sections from which reports have come in, and we hope soon to have the nuisance stamped out.

As for submitting manuscripts Manuscripts continue to pile up in the New York office, where there are no facilities for handling them. This involves needless delay as well as extra expense, as they must be sent on to Chicago, where the editorial offices are located. And another thing—we've been big-hearted much too long, in paying a lot of postage on returned manuscripts. From now on, we will not return either manuscripts or drawings unless return postage is provided. That's standard practice everywhere, so why should we try to be the only gentlemen in the business?

As for fashion inquiries We think by now that we must have put 10% of the country's adult males into those white musher overshoes that appeared in one of the fashion pages in a recent issue. We did, that is, if the men bought them who wanted to know where they could be had. These inquiries concerning clothes are welcome, but we wish you'd send them to the New York office, 40 East 34th Street, which is the headquarters of the fashion staff. This straddling of two cities is pretty complicated. Sometimes we get mixed up ourselves.

As for Esquire's character Whatever else may come of our efforts to give you what you seem to want, in the way of editorial material that is off the beaten path, they have lost us a spot or two of advertising. Certain elderly members of certain boards of directors have had us taken off certain advertising schedules, because they didn't like some of the things we persist in printing. Well, the subscribers come first, as far as we're concerned. And we've a private hunch that as long as the subscribers' wishes do come first, a certain amount of advertising will have to follow. All this reminds us of the case of the board chairman who wouldn't allow car card advertising because he didn't know anybody who rode in street cars, hence couldn't be sure that anybody did.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

PAGING LOUIS PAUL

I am up in the wilds of Connecticut and haven't my copy of the last issue of the magazine with me and I have forgotten the name of that new writer of the yarn, "No More Trouble for Jedwick." That's a swell piece of work. Idiom and dialect perfectly handled. Snag on to that guy.

Sincerely,
Larchmont, N. Y. Burton Rascoe

BY FAULKNER OUT OF SHAKESPEARE

Your Vox Populi department, I take it, derives it's name from Shakespeare's soliloquy but if I remember correctly Shakespeare added that the "sound and fury" signified nothing. Hardly a compliment but obviously true.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. has given us the unusual story in "Ashes to Ashes," thanks, Doug.

A whole bunch of American Beauties to Louis Paul for "No More Trouble For Jedwick." A fine yarn it is and again congratulations to Esquire for giving an unknown a break.

Another rose for Pierre Mille's story "To the Victors."

Best of luck, Esquire, keep up the high standard you have set for yourself.

Very truly yours,
Trenton, New Jersey James W. Richardson

BABIES DON'T BLUSH

I regret to inform you that I have never received my February number. The arrival of the March number today made me realize that it was probably not merely due to delay but that some horrible catastrophe had happened such as the curiosity of a postal clerk overcoming his scruples and taking my Esquire home with him to the great enjoyment of his family. At any rate please see that I am sent another as I do not want to miss a one of your charming magazine.

I am not one that is prone to write letters of praise or condemnation at the least provocation but I am going to take this opportunity to throw a few roses as well as a cabbage or two.

I am very glad to see that you have strengthened your binding (my first two copies were in such demand to read that they were almost to pieces when they got back. Incidentally I think I have curtailed this borrowing by suggesting that some of my friends subscribe.) I am also glad to see that you have numbered your pages at the top instead of at the bottom. (It was a beastly nuisance to have to lift the magazine out of your lap, change your grip from top to bottom so that the pages could be turned and then reverse all this.) Also I was glad to see you increase the size of type on your continuances. (You could improve this I think by not having your gentle readers play treasure hunt trying to end a story.)

Now for some suggestions. I do not think all of your drawings deserve a full page for them. Why not make some of the poorer ones smaller and use as space fillers at the end of continuations. In the full pages depleted by this arrangement I think more photographs could be used. If you really want to find out what features are the most popular try giving a column to a list some time of various features and ask for more or less of this and that. Please, above all things, do not make this magazine into a Ladies' Home Journal which can be read by all members of the family without causing a baby to blush. Let a man have something for once that might not suit the rest of the family. More snappy jokes and pictures, more stories that are unusual even if they are a little on the earthy side of the moral balance. Above all keep the quality of your contributors high, it probably costs more for stories by important people but they are usually worth it.

Yours for bigger and better Esquires
Willow Springs, Mo. E. Taylor Campbell

PROFANITY ON THE PAN

In spite of your attempted explanation to Dr. Sullivan concerning the irreverant use of the names of Jesus and Christ in your fiction and your frank determination to permit their use in the future in such profane ways, one cannot refrain from continuing to register protest—however feeble that protest may be. To defend yourselves on the ground that we are living "in an inordinately profane era" has the same justification as to condone crime because crime is prevalent or to neglect to stamp out sickness because an epidemic rages. Furthermore, we have always thought that "best writers" have sufficient vocabulary to express themselves emphatically without resorting to such distasteful means.

We are eager for the success of Esquire—there are plenty of magazines exclusively for the ladies—but we fear that success will not be assured when the conscientious sensibilities of many potential readers, to whom these two names have a deep religious significance, continues to be offended.

Respectfully,
Bradford, Pa. Charles A. Ward

Editor's Note: Esquire does not, as some readers have suggested, hold that profanity is essential to a man's magazine, nor feel that swear-words are either (a) smart, or (b) manly. But there is a type of fiction called (perhaps wrongly) "realistic," in which profanity is essential. To tone down such stories is to weaken their artistic value, since the latter lies largely in the accuracy with which they mirror actuality.

FURY ON THE SUBURBAN LINE

Going in on the shopping train the other morning (the shopping train is the one used by women to exchange articles they purchased in town yesterday or the day before) I got into the smoking car and found four women there, sitting in separate seats, each smoking cigarettes and each chuckling over a copy of Esquire. None of the men had a copy of the magazine. Say, what the hell? Did these women purchase the copies at the expense of the grocery budget, or did they swipe their husbands' copies and take a chance on losing them going in on the train? Any time I catch my wife grabbing my copy of Esquire and traipsing about town with it, I'm going to mess up her make-up table so she won't find her cleansing cream for a week.

Port Chester, New York Gordon Young

MORE ABOUT THE PRICE

Well, as Will Rogers would say, all I know is what I read in the papers, and your magazine, and I see where some fellow wants you to lower the price on it. Don't do it. Lower the price and the magazine gets cheaper. If people want your mag. they'll pay the price for it. I'm perfectly satisfied with the price and I'm no millionaire, by a long shot. Keep that 50c price.

Sincerely,
White Plains, N. Y. Eddy Huff

OH YEAH? WAIT'LL WE TRY

"The advertisement which would normally occupy this page has been withdrawn from all copies intended for distribution in states which have either prohibited, or delayed acting upon, the advertising of liquor."

Oh, yeah? You just didn't sell all these pages. You can't fool us.

Dallas, Texas D. D. Cahn

COMPLAINT ON LUGGAGE BY LUDWIG

A group of us here in Hollywood—actors, writers, a director and two non-professionals—were talking over Esquire the other night, and this letter is a result of the discussion.

In line with your oft-expressed determination to keep Esquire a magazine for men, may I offer a suggestion or two.

Instead of so many pages given over to what's what in wearables—and to illustrations of clothes which the great majority of even *your* readers will never do anything but read about, why not a few brief departments devoted to purely masculine hobbies?

As sponsors of a man's magazine it probably isn't news to you that the great majority of those of your readers who bleed red blood, rather than bacardis, have, and enjoy, a variety of hobbies. They like dogs; they like Skeet and Trap Shooting, and the ping of a Hornet and the smell of Rem Oil; they like arms, and pipes and tobaccos, and horses and hunting and angling; and above all, they like articles on these subjects, especially when such articles are interesting and informative, rather than technical and authoritative.

And such subjects belong in Esquire, unless you've been kidding us all along, and it's really your intention to hand us another Vogue in robust format, and with a tobacco breath!

To date, I think Esquire is the best bet ever to come off a news-stand, and just as soon as you lads wax a little less self-conscious about the names on your front cover, and a little more conscious of the fact that the quality of the articles aren't comparable with what those names lead a hardened reader to expect, you'll have a publication second to none!

Thus far, the stuff by Hemingway, Ludwig, and the majority of the other "established" scribes reads as though it was dug up out of an old trunk.

This, however, is a minor criticism, and is probably no news to you either.

I like Esquire, better than any other magazine I've ever seen.

Very truly yours,
Burbank, California Rian James

BUT WE'RE CATCHING UP?

You are at least six years behind the times. And this is a conservative estimate. In the March issue on page 123, your headline reads, 'What? Garters on a page of college fashions? Yes, sir." And the article goes on to convey the impression that this is an unheard of state of affairs. During my four years sojourn in an institution of higher learning, and certainly two years before that, I should say nine-tenths of the undergraduates wore garters. It seems that Waring's Pennsylvanians plugged their song "Collegiate" too well.

St. Louis, Mo. Hugh Semple

WARNING ON ARTINESS

Listen! For years we've been going around with our tongues hanging out for just such a swell job of man reading as "Esquire." You've got a big job to do, fellows, and you're not going to lay down on us and go "arty," are you? God save the mark! Frankly, when it comes to reading matter, I want it low-brow (not necessarily moronic) and there are 50,000,000 like me. We can't be wrong! F'rinstance—Raymond Knight. Corral and brand that guy quick, before he goes high-brow, with a clause in his contract that if he ever goes Beaux Arts he will be berled in erl.

Los Angeles, Calif. Arthur S. Kane, Jr.

WHAT'LL YOU DO WHEN *HE* CANCELS?

Paul, your author, doesn't know how to use "youall." No chain gang nigger would use "youall" thanking one man for water unless it was owned in common with some one else. Some day "youall" is going to soak all the way thru some Damyankee's thick skull.

Don't cry but I've decided not to subscribe. Reasons.

Professing to be sportsmen youall stuff page 14, March issue, with letters of a gang of hypocritical Yankees whose knowledge of what they discuss is in inverse ratio to the noise they make. Hypocritical because they would let out a yowl that could be heard on the slave block in Charleston, S. C. if a nigger lawyer bought the house next door. Brotherly love as long as it's two other fellows with you Yankees. I know—I lived in the North two years. Another reason. You aroused this racial prejudice for circulation reasons. So did little nickel Liberty several years ago. They lost money. You probably will if many of the plates in your business armor are as rotten as this one. Reason III. I borrow the fellow's next door.

Yours truly,
Bluefield, Va. George A. Pickett

ROTTEN ENGLISH OR GOOD AMERICAN?

Your magazine, like the world, is both good and bad but as long as the good (I do not use the term in a moral sense) continues to outweigh the bad I shall continue to read it. In the pages of Esquire I have found some of the rottenest English that I have seen outside of a college freshman's examination paper.

Very truly yours,
Austin, Texas C. W. Vickery

TOLERANCE FOR INTOLERANCE

I have just gotten the March issue of Esquire, and although I like the magazine very much, it seems to me that the writers of the "Sound and Fury" department have set themselves up to be competent of judging and condemning everybody who doesn't see things just the way they do. And one thing about Esquire that is very commendable is that the Editors realize (I believe) that you can't please everyone, and try to include enough articles of a varied nature so that everyone will be pleased *some of the time.* Now I think that approximately the same thing applies to the Hughes story that there has been so much heated discussion about. I say publish it, but I think that if I didn't like it, even a little bit, that I could say, "well, maybe somebody does," and then I would look for the story by Cobb, or Hemingway, or Glass, or Ludwig, or . . .

For my part I don't think that Mr. Leonard Allen made just the wisest move, but who am I, or who is anyone to call the gentleman from Philly narrow, bigoted, a crank, nuts, etc.? These extempore and impromptu remarks are not melting up with the heat, I'm sure, but (shrug of the shoulders) if the erstwhile patron feels that way about it, why, that's his privilege.

Keep up the good work. More power to you. I wouldn't know what to do about the continuations in the back of the book, but if you don't have any worse faults than that, I guess you'll do.

NO CARBON COPY TO ANYBODY.

Sincerely yours,
Wilmington, Del. Donald Paterson

Continued on page 15

Canadian Club Whisky
Hiram Walker & Sons
Walkerville Ontario Canada
Walker's
DRY GIN

"CANADIAN CLUB"

"CANADIAN CLUB" is the favorite whisky of people everywhere who appreciate the really fine things of life. This is only logical . . . for "Canadian Club" is distilled, aged in wood for years, and bottled by Hiram Walker, one of the world's largest and oldest distillers. Every step of its manufacture is safeguarded to assure the high standards of quality and purity for which this famous house is noted the world over. Its age is attested by the government stamp which seals each bottle. You can look for the same degree of satisfaction and value in Hiram Walker's London Dry Gin, and in the several fine blends of rye and bourbon which bear the Hiram Walker name.

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New ideas in fashion spring from many sources. But not all new ideas are good ideas! They must conform to good taste. To pick and choose, to interpret fashion—that is our job. Both here and abroad our Style Directors are in constant touch with important social centers. Hence the "Style-Authority" which attaches to everything that bears a Rogers Peet label—the best of everything a man wears.

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Write for our complimentary "Style Chart."

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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 12

A TOAST TO TORIES

I have read with a great deal of interest and amusement the epistolary bombardment rained on the stalwart head of subscriber Leonard F. Allen. It is not with any expectation of gratitude that I enter the fray. Mr. Allen, if I judge him rightly, may even resent my proffered assistance. But I would like to make a few observations.

For the past fifteen years, the American public has been subjected to a process of intellectual cudgelling and all-round whittling down which has been an awe-inspiring thing to behold. From all sides, at home and abroad, we have been patronizingly informed that we have the artistic appreciation of morons. The result has been an increasing tendency on our part to swing to the extreme left. With laudable but somewhat pathetic diligence we have cast off old prejudices and set out to achieve an open-mind in all things, especially in Literature. The inevitable has resulted. In abandoning the old standards we find ourselves with no new. We embrace everything that comes along under the guise of Modernism, forgetting that while Literature contains a great deal of Realism, all Realism is not Literature. Excluding the present subject of controversy, which incidently I am in favor of seeing printed, I believe there is a distinct vein of this feeling in many of the letters of the "Yeas." An atmosphere between the lines that seems to say, "Look at us. How unshockable we are, how unbigoted and without prejudice." (And unfortunately without any critical standards as well.)

Into this aura of indefiniteness steps Mr. Allen, like a hearty, red-faced blast from the past. To me the ultimate merit of his convictions is unimportant. Very few convictions will stand the test of time. They serve their purpose in providing something to live by. The real point is that Mr. Allen *has* convictions. Not only does he have them but he believes so vigorously and sincerely that he will go to the limit of his influence, by fair means or foul, to see them maintained. That, in my opinion, is the crux of the situation. It is a refreshing attitude to encounter.

With this is mind, and in sincere admiration, Gentlemen, I give you, Leonard F. Allen, stout old Tory, God bless him.

Respectfully,

Des Moines, Iowa — Jack Smock

THE AGENT HAD TO PAY FOR THEM

We feel that our family is more or less representative of The American Family, being in the "between $5,000—$12,000 a year" salary group, who drink a little, dance a little, belong to a couple of clubs, wear last year's suits protestingly, but spend the difference on books, or shows, or a new rug, or a picture, rather than toothpaste. When a new magazine comes in the mail (we subscribe to "Readers' Digest," "Time," "Saturday Evening Post," "Home and Field," "Geographic," and a few children's magazines) the whole family waits turns at it. Our two first copies of Esquire we've hidden. Heavens! What a waste of effort, money, and beauty! It's fun for most honest humans to hear a risque joke, or to see a few risque pictures in 25c worth of magazine *now and then*, but to see a great, beautiful collection of color prints and type given over almost exclusively to bawdyism is pitiful. Surely you desire to increase your subscriptions. Why can't you embody in your magazine an appeal to men of *diversified* interests? None of the men I know have minds balanced so heavily on the extra-sex-interests side. Most of them would be tremendously interested in having one color, or black-and-white page of an outstanding pictures-of-the-month, from some current exhibition, with a page of comment about the artist and his work. Your dream-pictures of cars and planes, and motor-boats are gorgeous, were they not smothered between so much trash. Most men I know would like one page of comment on business conditions. Most men I know would be interested in a page about hobbies (a different one, every month, if you like). We all like the men's fashion pages. Most men we know are interested in the latest improvements in house-construction and equipment. Heavens! You could substitute any of these things for about half of your pages and have ten times as appealing a man's magazine!

I wouldn't cancel my subscription to a good magazine because of one daring story, but I'd cancel it to any publication which expected to get money out of me for twelve issues of a collection of stories and pictures which should be taken behind the barn by nasty little boys. Please don't send me any more, but shall I pay my agent for the two copies which I have received to date?

Very truly yours,

Newton Centre. Mass. — P. A. McGill

Continued on page 17

To *her*, too -
Important

PRIDE, in everything that pertains to *him* . . . his place in the world, his achievements, all the intimate possessions that go to make up his personality.

Even the details of his dress, like the rich silk lining of his coat, seem to typify to her the assurance and good taste that are his through heritage and breeding.

"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"

William Skinner & Sons . . New York . . Established 1848

SKINNER'S
LININGS

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Ernest Hemingway plans to do some fishing at the conclusion of his present safari. There's a place on the African coast where giant sailfish are reported to run up to eighteen feet in length, and he's heading for it.

•

No collaborator's name appears on the "memoyers" of **Jimmy Durante,** for the simple reason that we can't get him to admit the possibility that he might have had some outside help in the writing. When queried on this point, he made a noise like the sudden release of compressed air, and went off muttering darkly about mutiny and mortifying.

•

Vincent Richards was one of the first of the top flight stars of tennis to try to clear up the old confusion between "professionals who draw salaries and professionals who draw living expenses." As this is written he is on tour with Tilden and Vines, helping to make this the most successful season that pro tennis had had to date.

Vincent Richards

Frank Shay, who established himself as an authority on drinking songs with *My Pious Friends and Drunken Companions,* now reveals himself as an ardent collector of culinary lore.

•

Konrad Bercovici is the best known Roumanian author. He became famous with his short stories of Gypsy life, and crashed the best seller non-fiction list with That Royal Lover. The latter enjoyed a *succes de scandale* as a very thinly-veiled expose of goings-on in the Roumanian royal family.

•

Robert Buckner spends his spare time as vice president of an advertising agency.

•

Lester Berrey and **Jean de Journette** are engaged in the preparation of a dictionary of American slang.

•

William McFee is not in the manuscript-reading business, as too many readers seem to have gathered from our note in a previous issue to the effect that he "encourages talent." He is a writer, with no more time on his hands than any other writer, and certainly not time enough to wade through the umpty-odd novel scripts that have been dumped in his lap since we made that artless remark. He has asked us, somewhat grimly, if we can't do something about it. So now we do. Lay off, it's the closed season.

•

Edward M. Barrows, whose piece on shotguns on page 43 carries the cryptic title of *Bastards and Snaphaunces,* will be remembered as the author of *Are You Ready Gentlemen?,* the duelling article which was one of the most popular features to appear in our pages to date. He is working on an article on razors, to appear in an early issue.

Langston Hughes will have a book of his short stories published late this Spring by Alfred A. Knopf. *A Good Job Gone* will be included in the volume. He has appeared in *Scribner's* and other magazines of the better class, and is a contributor to *New Masses.* He has, in the past, been better known for his poetry than for his fiction.

•

Sholom Asch is the Yiddish novelist of international reputation. His latest book, *Three Cities,* has been listed as a best seller for many weeks.

•

Benjamin de Casseres is a veteran newspaperman and essayist. He is a friend of Mencken and was a frequent contributor to *The American Mercury* during the latter's term as editor.

•

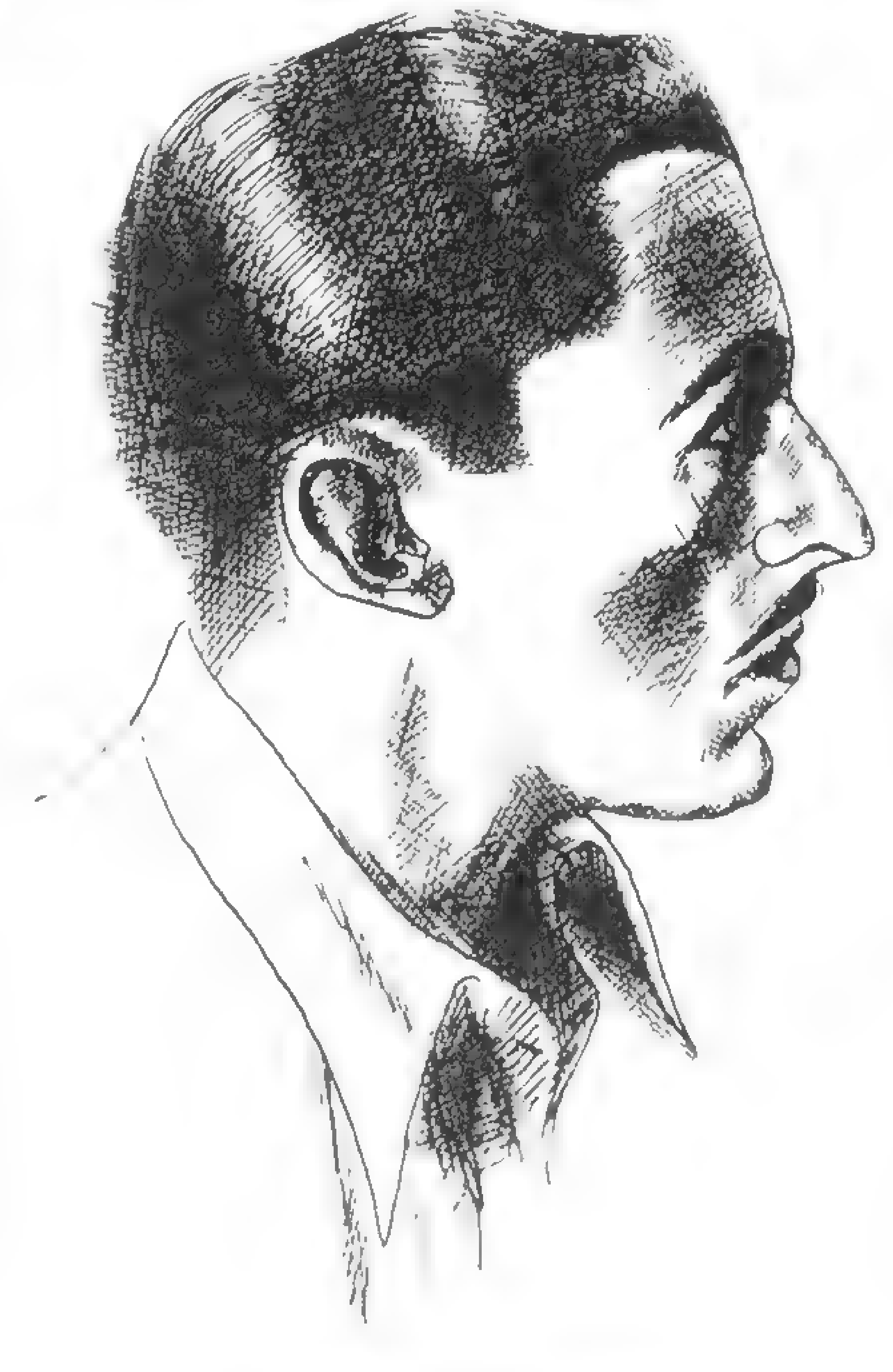
Jascha Heifetz followed Zimbalist and Elman as a protege of the late Leopold Auer. A mere boy at the time of his first American tour, at the end of the war, he won the kind of critical acclaim that is seldom stirred up twice in the same generation. With the sole exception of Fritz Kreisler, there is none today to rank with Heifetz in any possible claim to the title of leader of living violinists.

•

Byron Bishop is the author of this month's "first published story" selection, *Something to Remember You By,* which appears on page 60. By the time this sees print he will have celebrated his 21st birthday. He has compressed a varied experience into his short career thus far, having been hobo, Broadway actor, medical student and bacteriologist, ping-pong player and fencer of championship caliber, and, for a time, State subsidized lunatic. He is now headed for Hollywood. Since his story seems to us to be as obvious in its defects as in its merits, it is hard to tell, at this stage, which way he will go as a writer. Esquire prints this first story in recognition of its flair for fine sentences.

•

Gregory d'Alessio, whose cartoons are a feature of this issue, was born in New York and has always lived there. During the last thirteen of his thirty years he has worked as a Wall Street runner, shipping clerk, commercial artist's assistant (fired because his lettering wasn't so good), bank teller, and reporter on a Brooklyn newspaper. From the last-mentioned job he was fired twice. He studied art in Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, and at the Art Students' League, New York. He started freelancing four years ago and has had a headache ever since. Now he's off to Trinidad, to try to get rid of it.



Gregory d'Alessio

Fred C. Kelly has left his Ohio farm to travel about the country. He will do further work for Esquire on his pet subjects, money and the land.

•

Meyer Levin has just completed his sixth novel.

•

George Petty, the absence of whose cartoons from a couple of issues sent so many of you into half-mourning, is a Chicagoan who was born in Louisiana and studied at Julien's in Paris. Until the advent of Esquire he had confined himself to commercial art, notably to posters, including the official World's Fair Poster which he designed for the 1933 Century of Progress Exposition. His daughter is his only model. He plays basketball once a week, spends a little of his time working and a great deal of it trying to talk the editorial staff out of ideas for future work and into plans for future hunting and fishing.

George Petty

H. E. Bates lives in England. *A Story Without An End* has been adapted from his original version to meet the space-limits of Esquire. He will have another story in an early issue.

•

Frank Scully is a newspaperman who has turned to advantage the misfortune of having fought illness in an incredible number of hospitals, both here and abroad, by bringing out those two popular solaces of the sick, *Fun in Bed* and *More Fun in Bed.*

•

Charles Layng is a Chicagoan who lived abroad for a long time, contributing travel articles to American magazines. Like almost everybody else, he has come back home.

•

Raymond Knight, the big banter and broadcast man, who has been in our pages as a Russian Grand Duke, a Connecticut farmer and now, on page 78, as an opera singer, is in a dither thinking up other changes of personality, the better to fool you with.

•

Robert S. Allen is the author (with Drew Pearson) of *Washington Merry-Go-Round* and of a syndicated daily column of Washington comment.

•

Rod Cooper is the Secretary of a Kentucky Skeet Club, and the regional champion.

•

Michael Fessier is the first Esquire "discovery" to appear in these pages for a second time. His first published story, *The Man in the Black Hat,* appeared in the February issue.

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 15

. . . AND A CHASER OF SCOTCH!

To take issue with Mr. Roark Bradford, whose article ". . . and a Cup of Coffee" almost changed a gracious hostess into a malicious cat and a genial host into a snarling beast out for blood.

Happening to be among those whose weakness is a good cup of coffee, we considered Mr. Bradford's directions for making same nothing short of the answer to a good cook's prayer. Here, we exulted, was the way at last to make social history by being the first to serve the real brew to those whom we knew depended upon this beverage to placate, restore, and maintain the contentment of inner man and the peace of mind of his master.

So armed with the few simple implements mentioned as being necessary to concoct the heavenly black sirupy mixture with which we should not only prove ourselves original, but versatile hosts, we set to work. When I say work, I mean "WORK." Our coffee pot having been placed in the hot water, plus the required amount of coffee, and our measured boiling water at hand, we proceeded to coax the hardware to produce. This it did, drop by drop, covering a period of from two to six hours, during which we worked in shifts, and after which time both of us had aged perceptibly.

However, I will admit that from the doubtful looking liquid there emanated an aroma which would reduce any coffee lover's bones to dust and ashes. All of us have heard of, and longed for, the real Turkish mixture, and having not the remotest chance of getting any nearer Turkey than Indianapolis, we fondly hoped we had found the secret of how Turkish coffee might be achieved and enjoyed in Indiana.

Depending too entirely upon this, we rushed to the telephone and called a few coffee loving friends to come and see what we had at our house. They responded enthusiastically, one and all, and arrived promptly, their curiosity well piqued. Never have we felt a greater responsibility than when we bore in to the fireside our steaming pot of coffee, and our heated cream. At last, we gloated, we had found a way to revolutionize the practice of serving the lukewarm, colorless concoction heretofore known in our land as coffee. With trembling hands we poured the first cup.

"What is it?" sniffed friend No. 1. "Do we inhale it, or absorb it?"

"It's coffee, REAL coffee," burped the member of the family known as least deadly, as he served the second cup with dignity.

"Couldn't you have tried carbon monoxide, if you wish us dead?" interrogated pal No. 2.

"They say that luminal administered in large doses will put people to sleep indefinitely, or perhaps definitely," asserted another Damon.

With eyes slightly glazed we denied having any ulterior motives, but to no avail. It took no less than six large portions for each out of our privately owned and favorite Scotch to heal their outraged palates and restore peace and good fellowship.

And now I ask you, how are we to get a *good* cup of coffee? Do we imagine it, or do we brew it?

Yours truly,
South Bend, Indiana Mrs. Vaun R. Flora

HERE'S HOWE

It seems to me that a man's magazine cannot afford to let go quite so completely on an article about Etiquette as Stuart Howe's latest, "Dining without Pain." I am only a female, and I was irked, so I rather imagine the feelings of many men were even more so by the ultra Emily-Postishness of the article. Little about dining, and much about Hunt Breakfasts. The routine for the latter may be very interesting for someone to read, who has not attended one, but anyone who hunts would undoubtedly partake of many hunt breakfasts before attempting to serve one himself. And thus, would scarcely need the aid of a magazine for guide.

And—I simply roared over Mr. Howe's suggestion for greeting a guest, "How do you do? It is pleasant that you could come!" It sounded like Westbrook Pegler's explanation of why kennelmen cannot become friendly with their dogs. "Imagine calling, 'Here Grand Champion of Weeping Willow Valley' or such."

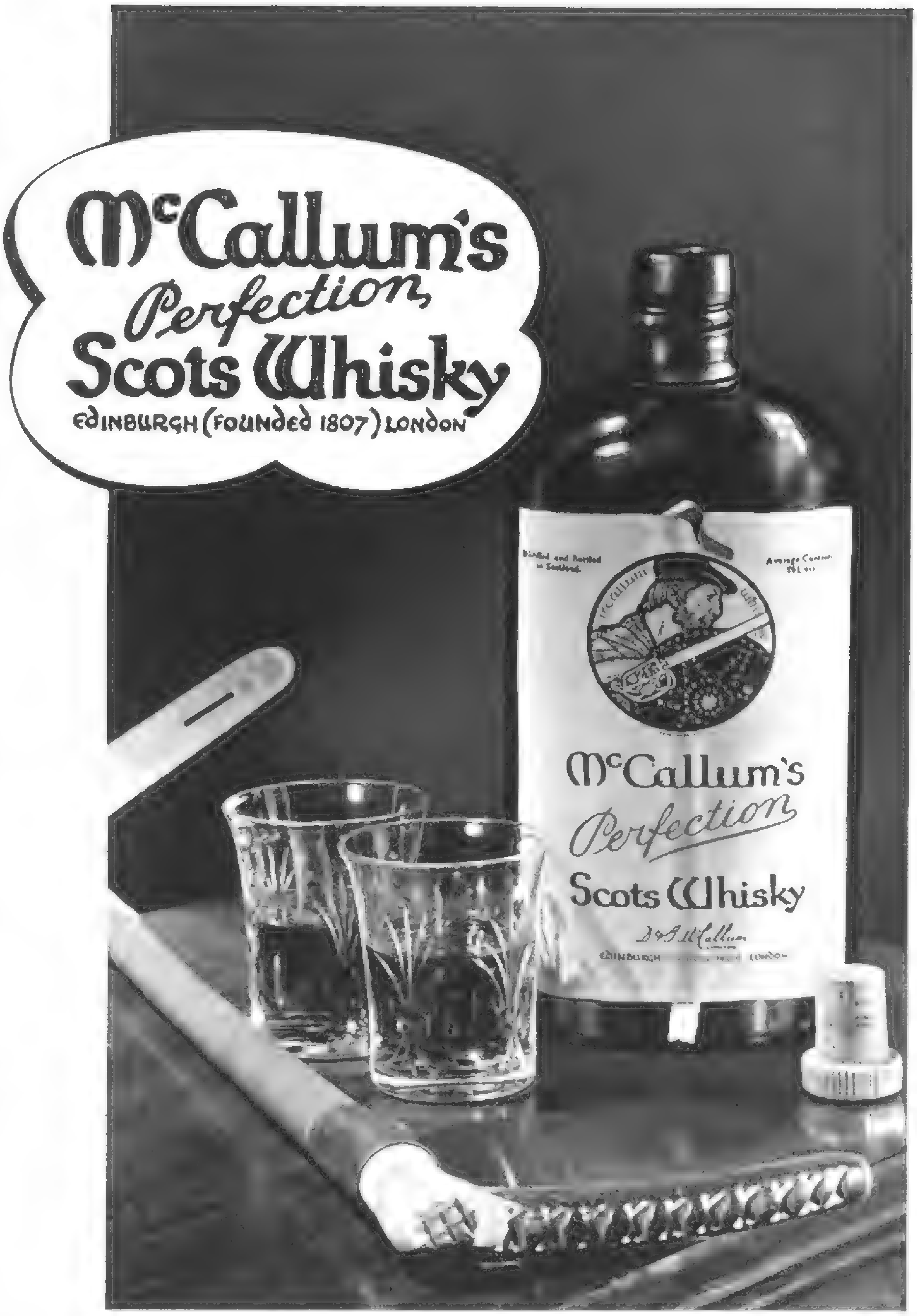
Please, Mr. Howe, don't take it all too frightfully seriously.

New York City D. Walsh Kruse.

WAIT 'TIL HE TELLS ABOUT TUNA

I liked Ralph Bandini's swordfish story. I don't know who he is, but I do know how a swordfish acts. And so does Bandini.

Very truly yours,
Kansas City, Mo. Richard L. Sutton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McCallum's Perfection Scots Whisky
Edinburgh London

On the seven seas; in famous bars of famous ports; in clubs, mess-rooms, manor houses, from pole to pole and around the equator — you will find McCallum's a symbol of civilization: the companion of leaders in high adventure; the toast of those who know good living. None but the best of genuine Scots Whiskies could earn such world-wide favor. Make it your choice. McCallum's is imported only in taped, sealed, tamper-proof bottles — a genuine Scots Whisky, distilled in a halo of peat smoke for your pleasure.

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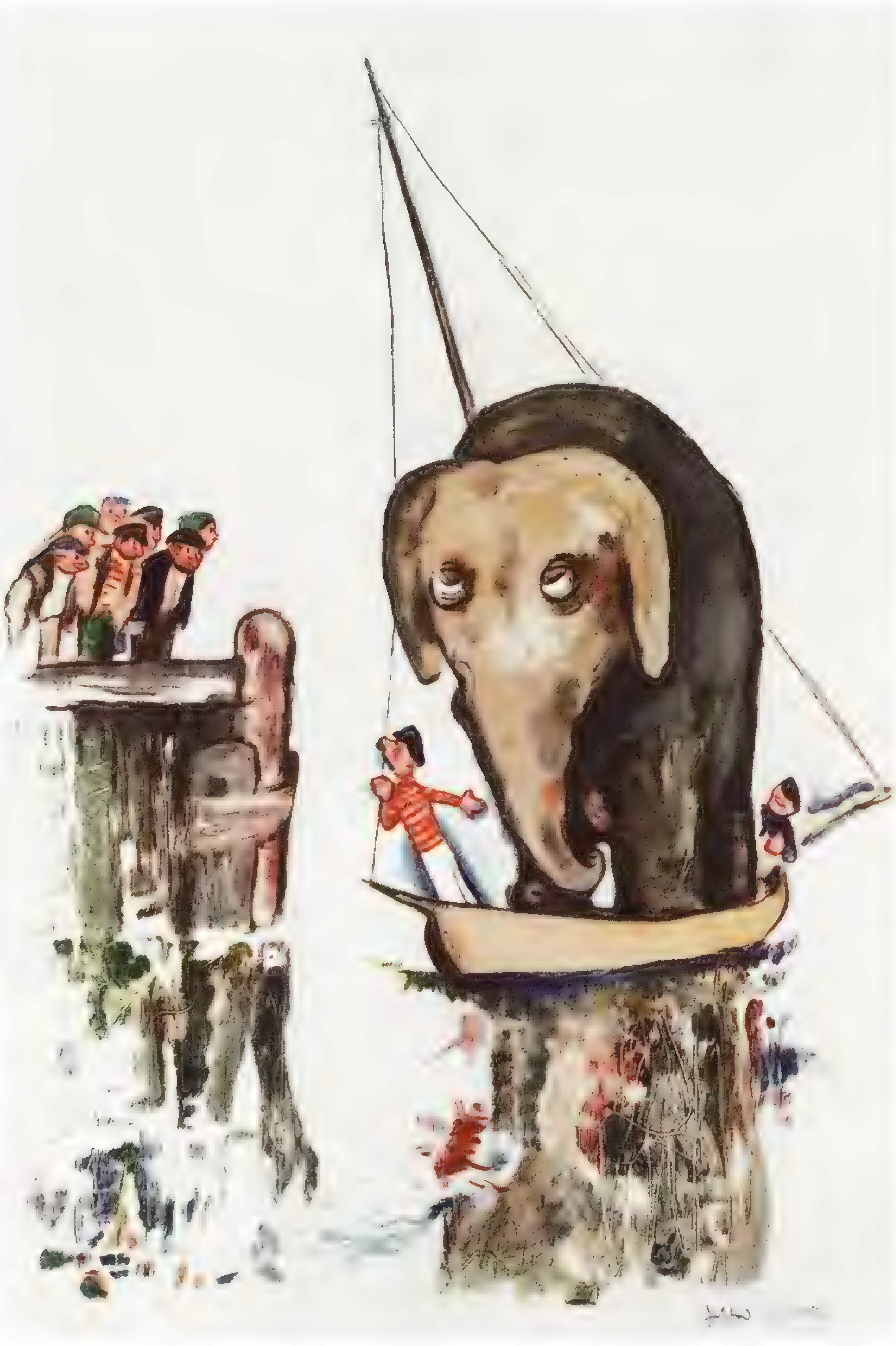

"He was a baby elephant when we started, but we took the long way home"

a. d. in Africa

A Tanganyika Letter

by ERNEST HEMINGWAY

To WRITE this sort of thing you need a typewriter. To describe, to narrate, to make funny cracks you need a typewriter. To fake along, to stall, to make light reading, to write a good piece, you need luck, two or more drinks and a typewriter. Gentlemen, there is no typewriter.

The air-mail leaves tomorrow night. Your amœbic dysentery correspondent is in bed, fully injected with emetine, having flown four hundred miles to Nairobi via Arusha from where the outfit is camped on the Serenea river on the far side of the Serengetti plain. Cause of flight, a. d. Cause of a. d. unknown. Symptoms of a. d. run from weakly insidious through spectacular to phenomenal. I believe the record is held by a Mr. McDonald with 232 movements in the twenty-four hours although many old a. d. men claim the McDonald record was never properly audited.

According to Dr. Anderson the difficulty about a. d. is to diagnose it. My own diagnosis was certainly faulty. Leaning against a tree two days ago shooting flighting sandgrouse as they came into a water hole near camp after ten days of what Dr. Anderson says was a. d. all the time, I became convinced that though an unbeliever I had been chosen as the one to bear our Lord Buddha when he should be born again on earth. While flattered at this, and wondering how much Buddha at that age would resemble Gertrude Stein, I found the imminence of the event made it difficult to take high incoming birds and finally compromised by reclining against the tree and only accepting crossing shots. This, the coming-of-Buddha symptom, Dr. Anderson describes as prolapsus.

Anyway, no matter how you get it, it is very easily cured. You feel the good effects of the emetine within six hours and the remedy, continued, kills the amœba the way quinine kills the malarial parasite. Three days from now will fly back to join the outfit in the country to the south of Ngocongoro where we are going to hunt greater Kudu. But, as stated, there is no typewriter; they won't let you drink with this; and if the reader finds this letter more dysenteric than the usual flow, lay it to the combination of circumstances.

The general run of this highland country is the finest I have ever seen. When there has been rain the plains roll green against the blue hills the way the western end of Nebraska lifts as you approach Wyoming when it has gone too long without rain. It is a brown land like Wyoming and Montana but with greater roll and distance. Much of the upland bush country that you hunt through looks exactly like an abandoned New England orchard until you top a hill and see the orchard runs on for fifty miles. Nothing that I have ever read has given any idea of the beauty of the country or the still remaining quantity of game.

On the Serengetti we struck the great migration of the wildebeeste. Where they were grazing the plain was green after a nine months' drought and it was black with the bison shaped antelope as far as you could see in all directions during a full day in the truck. The Game Department of Tanganyika estimates the herd at three million. Following them and living on the fringe of the herd were the lions, the spotted hyenas and the jackals.

Going out at sunrise every morning we would locate lions by the vultures circling above a kill. Approaching you would see the jackals trotting away and hyenas going off in that drag belly obscene gallop, looking back as they ran. If the birds were on the ground you knew the lions were gone.

Sometimes we met them in the open plain on their way toward a gully or shallow water course to lie up for the day. Sometimes we saw them on a high knoll in the plain with the herd grazing not half a mile away, lying sleepy and contemptuous looking over the country. More often we saw them under the shade of a tree or saw their great round heads lift up out of the grass of a shallow donga as they heard the noise of the truck. In two weeks and three days in lion country we saw 84 lions and lionesses. Of these twenty were maned lions.

We shot the twenty-third, the forty-seventh, the sixty-fourth and the seventy-ninth. All were shot on foot, three were killed in bush country to the west of the Serengetti and one on the plain itself. Three were full black maned lions and one was a lioness. She was in heat and when the big lion she was with was hit and had gotten into cover the lioness took up her position outside the thick bush. She wanted to charge and it was impossible to go after the lion without killing

Continued on page 146

Memoyers of a Hollywood Casanova

The world's all caviar, dansanties and swoonin' debutanties to a guy with savoir-fairy and a schnozzle

by JIMMY DURANTE

It was Garbo who says to me not long ago: "Jeemy—you are de greatest loafer in de wor-ruld!"

Did I boin up!

"It's mutiny!" I declaims, "I woiks as hard as the next guy!"

That cuts her to the quick.

"Jeemy!" she retaliates, "You do not onderstand. I mean you can make loaf like nobody's beezness!"

I regains me poise, adjusts me cravat, smooths back me wavy hair, and gives her dissa and data.

"You're tellin' me!" I ogles.

But it sets me to thinkin'. Here is Garbo—the toast of three continents, includin' the Scandinavian—and she woiships me. In the vernaculum of the streets, she's nuts about me. I ain't blamin' her. At heart Garbo is a woman, and women everywhere are clamorin' for Durante.

So I asks meself, what is it about me that gets 'em? I never thought I was good lookin', although what is my opinion against thousands? Is it me devastatin' profile? Is it me sangfrerd? The rakish tilt of me schnozzle? Or is it that soitain somethin' the public prints alludes to as me poisonality?

In order to give an insight into me tecknicky to the millions of fumblin' men who writes me daily askin' for advice, and to assuage the millions of women who is dyin' to meet me but won't never get the chancet, I'm comin' through with the lowdown on me amours with the beauties of stage and screen, not to mention the upper stratosphere of society, which has been so kind to me.

But speakin' of Garbo, before I tears the veil from the secrets of me intimate past—secrets which is soitain to send shivers down the back of women now famous in cold cream ads—let me pause to answer a question consoining which all me admirers is houndin' me. They're demandin' I should give the inside on the Garbo-Dietrich feud, as I am one of the favored few who knows it. How do I know it? The whole affair started right in me own drawin' room. It happened like this:

Shortly after arrivin' in Hollywood, I'm reclinin' in me luxuriant hotel suite, answerin' mash notes and polishin' up Einstein's Theory when me butler enters, unannounced.

"Sire," he says, "there's a woman outside who is frantical to see you."

"You got to interrupt me studious resoiches into the fourth dimensicon to tell me that?" I interrogates.

"But maestro," he answers back, "this woman is Garbo!"

Before I can inform him that Garbo to me is nothin' but a name, she comes in followed by three flunkeys, loaded with orchards. What a woman!

"Jeemy!" she cries, "For why do you ignore me? You know I am mad about you!"

"Oh, yeah?" I jeers in a refined way, "what about Barrymore?"

"Heem?" she snorts, "He iss nohthing! He iss dirt under my feet!"

"That's coverin' a lotta territory, Greta," I warns. Then I gives her the full profile and watches her melt.

"Are we alone?" she asks.

"Practically," the butler puts in.

I frizzles him with a glance, and as he cringes out of the room Garbo takes me hand and tells me what a struggle it has been existin' in a community of second-rate Byrons while I am miles away lappin' up the adulation of Broadway.

"It's life," I tells her. Then the bell rings and in walks Dietrich. What a situation!

"Cheemy!" she cries, "I luff—"

She sees Garbo and closes up like a bank.

"Marlene," I offers, "this is Greta."

"Zo!" hisses Marlene.

"I vant to be alone," says Garbo, with plenty of meanin'.

"Well, girls," I says, tryin' to relieve the intensity, "what's new?"

I guess there wasn't nothin' new, because they both left without a woid.

They ain't spoke to each other from that day to this, and before I came between 'em they say they used to be like sisters.

Me fatal attraction for women, which is why millions of 'em ain't speakin' to each other, dates back to me early childhood. How well I remembers me first affair. I'm a mere tot at the time, but me schnozzle, already fully grown, is the idol of the neighborhood. She had just toined seven, although she never looked it. The Division Street Don Juan, they calls me, on account of me two compellin' attributes—me Grecian features and me mane of tawny hair. The features I still got. Me hair I gives away lock by lock as fast as it grows in.

But I'm forgettin' me affair. Ah foist love! How poignant! How ecstatical! She was nobility—a huckster's daughter. And I wore a red, red nose—from lookin' up at her window in the noonday sun. One day I serenades her in me untrammeled baritone. It's the foist time her old man pays any attention to me, and when I crawls out from under the carrots and cabbages, her window is closed and she's gone. How mortifyin'! Me pride is hoit and she never sees me again.

Little Rosie Capistrano, where are you now? And how's your old man? Still sellin' his vegetables at robber's prices, no doubt, while I—I can step on any stage in the country and get 'em free. The brutal irony of it! I often wonders if, when you sees me pictures in the gazettes surrounded by bevies of woishipin' beauties, you ain't boined up to think what you might have had.

Lookin' backwards, I think it was Peggy Hopkins Joyce who foist awoke me to me power over women. I was poundin' a piano in a night club at the time. She comes in with a party, I gives her the eye, and one look devastates her. But I preserves me equilibrium. In the end she breaks down and asks me to her table.

"I ain't the forward type," she tells me, "but I want to ask you one question."

"I'm listenin'," I replies.

"Will you marry me?"

I'm speechless. At that time endearin' toims from women is not everyday occurrences to me. Then I regains me poise. I see she is a good kid at heart and I don't want to hoit her.

"Peggy," I confides, "Let this here beautiful thing that has come to us be a memory. I know it hoits, but you'll get over it. What am I? A butterfly. You're a one-man woman, but for me marriage ain't no more poimanent that a two-dollar wave."

I leaves her with a broken heart. Since then I hears she has married time and again in a vain attempt to find that mystical allure like I got in me eyes.

Meanwhile rumors about me pulchritude begins to seep uptown. One woman tells another: "I seen the most marvelous man!" I tries to stop it, but I gives up. You can't stop a prairie fire. Everywhere it's Jimmy the Lover! The Prince of Profiles! The Romantic Rouee! I takes it, and maintains me dignity.

When I comes to Broadway, I finds that my schnozzle has preceded me. Ah, Broadway! Where you gets your name in lights one week and the next week they hands you the light bill! Producers is ragin' over me. "You're a natural for a matinee idol," they tells me. "Fine," I says, "that leaves me me evenin's free."

In a month I'm a sensation. It's colossial! Every day is Durante Day in Times Square, with women tramplin' each other to get a kind woid from me, or a lift of me classical eyebrows.

But I got me troubles. One day I'm strollin' past the theayter and I don't see me name. What an experience! I ups to the manager. I says: "Where's me name in lights? I'm a great drawin' card!" He says to me: "You're a card, all right, but you ain't drawin'. The women all swarms to the stage door, and that ain't close enough to the box-office to keep the cashier awake." Am I chagrined! "It's art!" I tells meself. "The great ones ain't never appreciated. It was the same with Booth and Duse and Rin-tin-tin."

It's a long cry from Broadway to Park Avenue for the average mugg, but for a guy with savoir-fairy and a captivatin' schnozzle it ain't even a whimper. Minglin' with the elite adds a soitain elegance to me poisonality—a soitain *jenny say kwah*, like the French has it. Every day it's cocktail and caviar, sworees and dansanties. Durante with a manacle in his eye is Park Avenue's pet, and the debutanties is swoonin' in their tracks.

I admit it went to me head. I'm only human, despite rumors to the contrary. The adulation and the fawnin' got me. I even caught meself sayin' "My word!" instead of "My woid!" Then I meets Hope Williams.

It was at a penthouse sworee that I meets her. A sworee is a party which costs so much you got to call it somethin' nobody can pronounce. I'm non-chalantly rubbin' elbows with the social elect when Hope comes into the room. It's electric! I senses right away we are destined for each other. My looks and her social ratin'—what a combination! Right off the bat she steers over to me and says:

"Jim," she says, "I ain't goin' to split no hairs about this. I seen you for the first time a minute ago. Well—I love you!"

"It's destiny, Hope," I replies, "You ain't so bad yourself." So we slips off to an unoccupied corner of the jernt and makes our plans. Hope throws herself at me feet. I'm fed up with the caresses of the multitude. I wants a home of me own, with the patter of tiny feet and hot and cold runnin' water.

"Jim," says Hope, "Let me take you away from all this." She gestures to the mob of dowagers hangin' back waiting for autographs.

I'm about to give her the nod and make her the happiest woman in the woild, when a telegram is stuffed into me mitts. It's from Hollywood.

"Hollywood needs you," it says, "The talking screen is cryin' for you stop Harlow and Crawford can't sleep nights come at once."

"No!" I asserts, "a thousand times no! Me manly pulchritude is a gift from the gods and I refuse to commoicialize it. I'm settlin' down."

"You can't settle down," the telegram continues, "Durante is not for one woman but for all women. Your appeal is universal."

The answer is oblivious. Me duty is to the woild—Durante belongs to the populace! Just a pawn ticket in the hock shop of life! It's unaverdable. So I gives up Hope.

That night I'm on the train for Hollywood—me heart breakin' for Hope and me spirit crushed by the demands of the millions that won't give me no solitude. Sittin' in me compartment in the poiple pajama the Girl Scouts give me I gets to askin' meself what has love ever done for me. Me photo is in every bood-war in America, but it ain't the real me. It's Jimmy the Institution, not Jimmy the Man. I'm through with love, I says to meself. But I overlooks the irony of it. Durante is through with love, but is love through with Durante?

Drinkin' me cup of bitterness to the dregs, I'm detoimined to arrive sub rosy. Along the way I wires the waitin' press: "Durante the Magnificent hits Hollywood tomorrow at 2 p.m. incognitio and that don't mean without baggage you muggs it means incognitio."

So the train pulls into the station, and nobody meets me. Me, the greatest lover of his time, comin' into the citadel of romance unheralded! They takes me at me woid. I'm boinin' up! I corners the conductor. I says: "It's treason!" He says: "It's Los Angeles!"

I gets to me hotel before the news leaks out, but I ain't long for obscurity. Someone sees me and by nightfall the whole town is shakin' with anticipation. The gazettes calls it the earthquake. Sure, it's an earthquake, but who started it?

Next mornin' I hears a band playin' and rushes to the windows to receive the applaudits of me feminine admirers. But I sees no women among 'em. Instead I finds it's a delegation of Hollywood husbands callin' on me in a body and carryin' signs which reads:

"Hollywood must be made safe for homes! Durante must go!"

Male jealousy, which hounds me every moment, is again rearin' its ugly head.

"Gents!" I shouts in me ringin' baritone, "I challenge you to pernt to the home I have wrecked intentially. Can I help it if I have the form of an Adonius and the face of an Apollo? Me beauty is nothin' but a fatal coise and gladly would I exchange me pan with any of youse muggs out there!"

At that they breaks into cheers and the demonstration is over. Me poisonality has triumphed again.

When I reports to the studio for woik, the place is in a toimurl. Jean Harlow is in the front office demandin' me for a screen lover instead of Clark Gable. Gable was aghastical when he heard it. In fact he was all ears! I'm consolin' Jean and tellin' her there ain't room in the same picture for two profiles like hers and mine when in walks Norma Shearer and a dozen other eye-fillers, ravin'. Each one wants me for a leadin' man. What a tribute! They cries: "It's Durante or nothin'!"

"It's nothin'!" I answers, "You can't all have Durante, and until you decides to be nice and take your toin, I'm makin' me exit.

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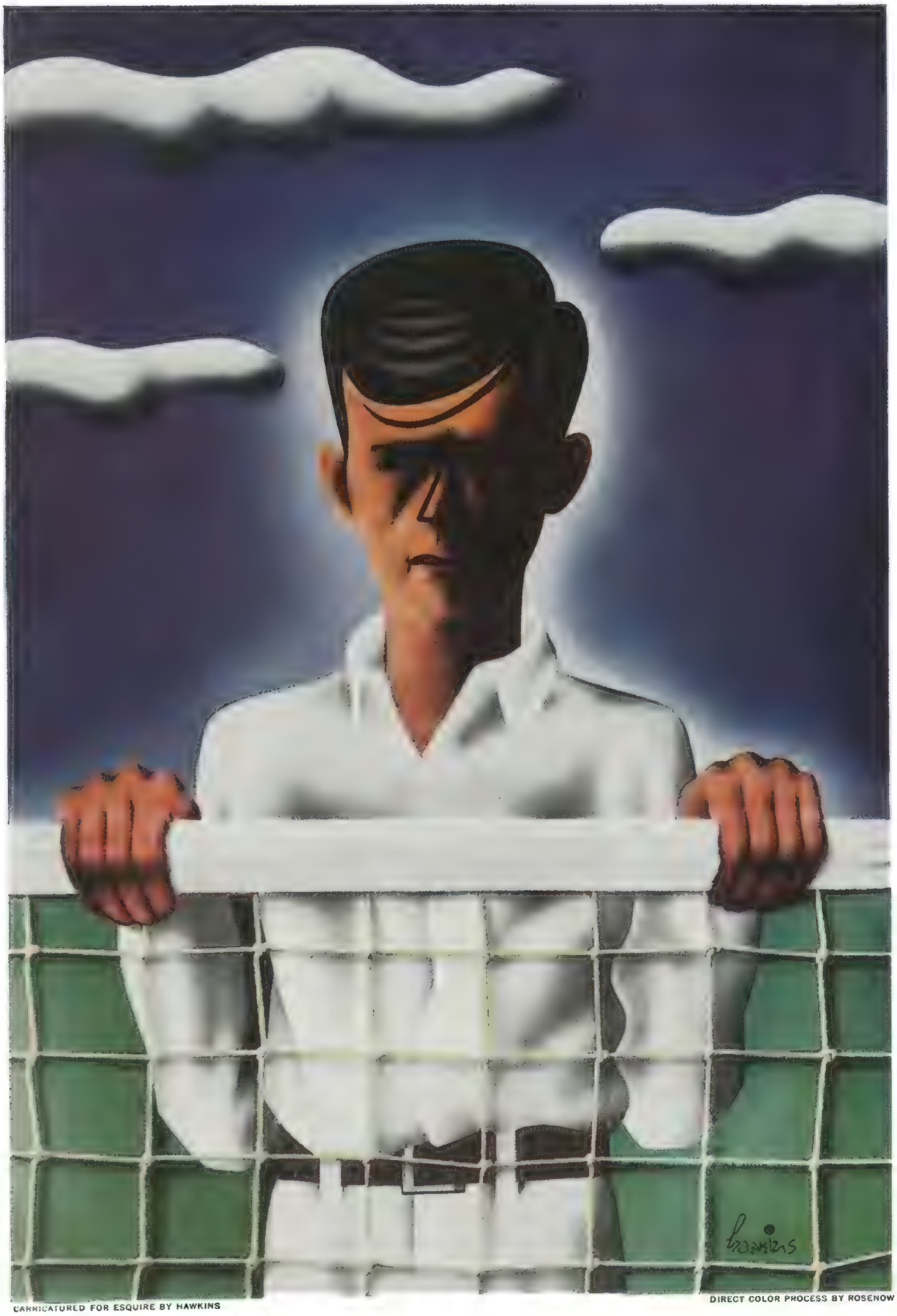
MARIONETTES BY MEYER LEVIN

PHOTOGRAPH BY GILBERT SEEHAUSEN



CARRICATURED FOR ESQUIRE BY HAWKINS

DIRECT COLOR PROCESS BY ROSENOW

FRANKIE PARKER, "headed for the top of the heap"

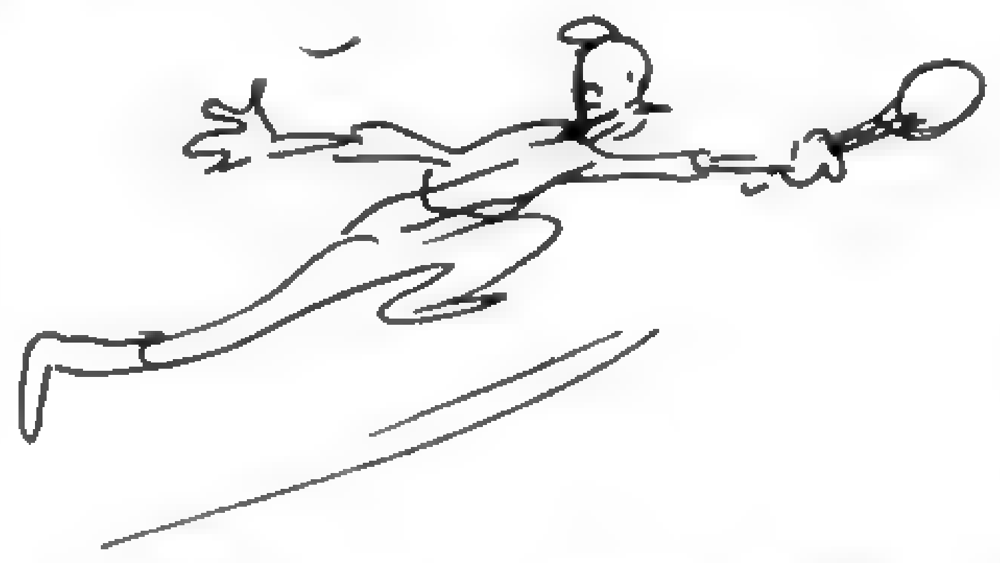
Two Years to the Davis Cup

A program which is offered, for what it is worth, to the U. S. Lawn Tennis Association

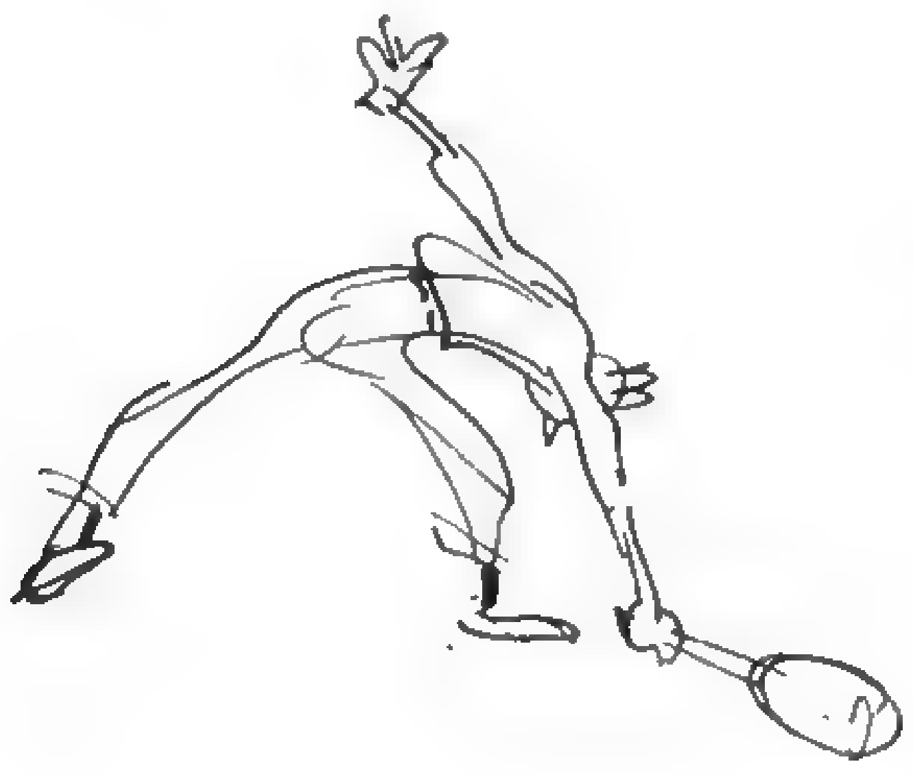
by VINCENT RICHARDS

WHAT'S wrong with our Davis Cup Team? has become one of the most popular interrogations in current American conversation. One hears it propounded between Martinis and Old Fashioneds at Park Avenue bars—declaimed in Fifth Avenue drawing rooms. At least one party of strap-hangers in every train vocalize their private opinions to the chagrin of the fellow trying to read the newspaper who has settled that point only the previous evening at the club.

What's all the shouting about? Can't we take it any more? When Big Bill Tilden and Little Bill Johnston went to Australia in 1920 and brought back the Cup to our shores it had been away some five years yet one found no hullabaloo in the daily press then such as we encounter at the present time. I suppose we formed some bad habits during the years from 1920 to 1927 when Tilden, Johnston, Williams and myself were able to hold the precious Cup, repulsing the attacks from France and Australia respectively. Well, I suppose it's no wonder that tennis fans over a million strong and sports lovers in general from Bangor to Pasadena—embracing many times that number—are puzzled by the repeated failure of our boys to bring back the Cup. Each year the team looks great. Individually and collectively the members are splendid performers. And as regularly as rain on a holiday, when spring bursts into blossom, all the newspapers blazon with the bright predictions made by those who are part and parcel of the game and whose opinions should merit respect. Yet, just as regularly a few months hence, the peak of summer finds the handsome trophy once again in foreign hands—reposing in old world glamor. Why? Surely the American boys as tennis players compare very favorably with those of other nations.



It isn't as though we don't stand a chance. It certainly is not because the brand of tennis flashed by the boys wearing the red, white and blue shields on their coats is so inferior to that played by the gentlemen from Wimbledon or the Stade Roland Garros. Then what is the trouble? At least a thousand people have put the same question to me, personally, since that memorable July afternoon in Auteuil, France, when Ellsworth Vines, slashing Californian player and America's hope, collapsed in the fourth set of his match with Fred Perry, England's premier player.



After eighteen years (I could say 20) of intimate association with the game of lawn tennis both as an amateur and a professional, and as a five time former member of the team, I feel fully qualified to write intelligently on this subject and with becoming modesty, perhaps to partly answer the problem in the following paragraphs.

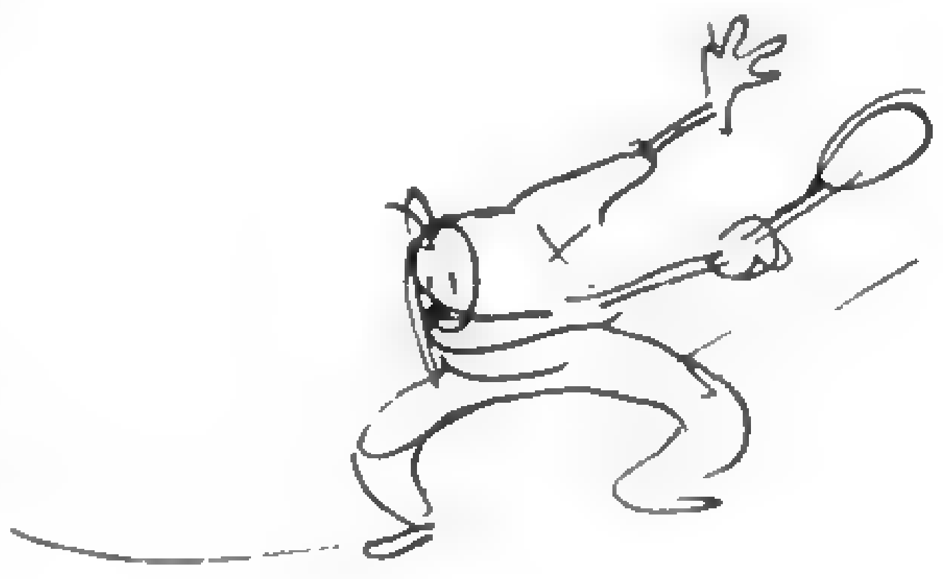
It is, after all, a problem quite close to my heart.

One who has been privileged to perform, to stand in the wings, and to peep behind the scenes of the sport as I have been, to sincerely deal with this subject, must, in conscience take into consideration both sides of the game. By that I mean the officials on the one hand, and the players on the other.

So that we will be better able to understand it all, let us go back a few years to the origin of the Cup itself. Dwight F. Davis, a great sportsman and a great statesman, former Secretary of War and Ex-Governor of the Philippine Islands, served on the courts as well as he did from behind his governmental desk. It was he who in the interests of furthering tennis donated a cup for international competition among lawn tennis playing nations in 1900. Strange as it may sound, at the turn of the century only two nations fought the challenge, England and the United States. America won then. Much has transpired since that time. Last year thirty-four nations challenged for the Cup, marking tennis beyond a question of a doubt the "sport of international sports." When the Davis Cup was introduced, tennis, it must not be forgotten, was in its infancy. Actually, it was pretty much of a pink lemonade affair played more or less exclusively by the Newport Elite and attracting very little attention in the daily sports pages. If the truth were known the game was probably scorned by the majority of sports writers for the rougher exhibitions of skill, when John L. Sullivan was the man of the hour. Indeed their attitude was probably not without some justification. How many tennis players were there in those days whose stamina had withstood a gruelling three-hour five-set match under a broiling sun such as we so frequently witness today?

The rest is history. And what history. A "natural" from its inception, its growth was inevitable. Tennis prospered—beyond the credible. The advance was both rapid and widespread and wholly unstimulated by any outside forces. As is always the case when a "sure thing" comes along, keen-eyed business men, shrewd executives throughout the country, pounced upon it with avidity. They lost no time in recognizing the potentialities of the game. Call it foresight, insight, business acumen or what you will, the fact remains in cold analysis, that the smart boys realized what a public appeal the game would enjoy and envisioned the glory and indirect but invaluable benefits they would derive in their commercial operations from a prominent connection with the United States Lawn Tennis Association. Accordingly they established themselves in honorary position. Actually the United States Lawn Tennis Association was formed in 1886, but I refer to that era of "job-grabbing and office seeking" immediately following its birth.

It little mattered that they could not manipulate a racket. They were the organizers. They could not be the players but at least they were the planners. It was in this decade that the foundation was laid for one of the greatest political machines in the realm of sports. A machine functioning so smoothly—comprehensively—automatically and with such finality that even Tammany Hall might well raise its brows, observe, and pattern with profit. Lest I be misunderstood I



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The Best Men Are Cooks

Just in case somebody should ask you—"Well, then—how would *you* plank a fish or fix a rarebit?"

by FRANK SHAY

It has not happened yet, at least not to my personal knowledge, but it can be expected. Some day soon some nice little wife is going to have her husband look at some dish she has pridefully placed before him, some recipe she got from this month's women's magazine, a little novelty that might delight the eye of a wall-paper designer or an interior decorator of the Old School, and her rough, uncouth man is going to rise on his dirty hind legs and say:

"Take that damn thing away!" Looking at her levelly he will continue, "And keep the hell outta that kitchen. You get your own grub and prepare it anyway you like while I'm at the office. But from now on I'm knocking off an hour or two earlier each day and I'm going to show you the kind of cooking an eatin' man wants."

Yet it may have already happened. It was due the day after Repeal set in. The best thing the little wife can do is to stand aside, and quietly at that, and let the righteous male wrath have its fling. She will learn something, more than she ever found in her magazines; and she cannot lose and he may give her palate something to cheer about. She must know that we liberated males are busy returning to fundamentals.

By going back to fundamentals it must not be assumed that we are beating a hasty retreat to parched corn, dried roots and raw meat. Far from it. But we are through with cafeteria meals, fol de rol dishes, those lousy and indigestible salads and the use of theatrical bill posters' paste that no self-respecting cat would drag in or out even if they were good.

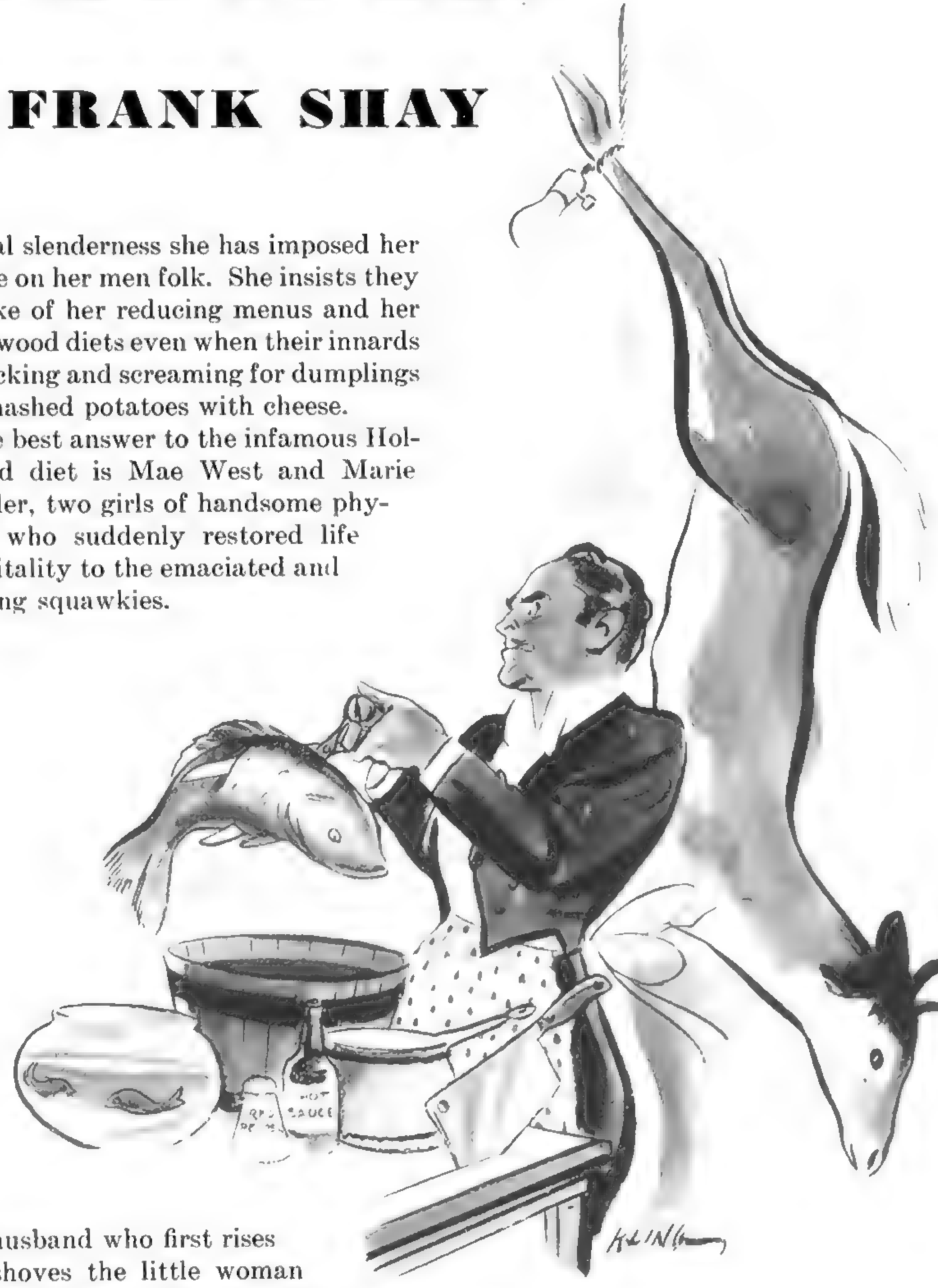
Woman got into the kitchen only through the social set-up. Man, the protector and provider, woman, the cook and caretaker. It is hardly necessary to point out that all distinguished chefs are men and that all important eating is done by the same sex.

Those nice ladies who *invent* the recipes they publish in the pages of the women's rags must have strong stomachs just to put the stuff into type; one is almost certain they are very happy in the knowledge that at home their husbands, due to economic conditions or the new leisure, are preparing something they can sink their teeth into.

The other day a lovely lady invited the writer to dinner. Says she, archly: "I know you are a good cook and I was so afraid I'd offer you something you wouldn't care for, so everything in this dinner came out of the latest issue of the *Delineator*." I won't continue for I am not one of those low fellows who ask the reader to share his miseries.

In another way the present state of American cuisine is due to woman's selfishness. In her yen for a flat stomach, skinny legs and general slenderness she has imposed her regime on her men folk. She insists they partake of her reducing menus and her Hollywood diets even when their innards are kicking and screaming for dumplings and mashed potatoes with cheese.

The best answer to the infamous Hollywood diet is Mae West and Marie Dressler, two girls of handsome physique who suddenly restored life and vitality to the emaciated and starving squawkies.



The husband who first rises and shoves the little woman aside and enters the heretofore sacred white enameled precincts may be disappointed. The icebox will probably be just as lean as the fare. First he will have to go out, and Saturday afternoon is a swell time for it, and load up on what the French call *comestibles*. Before he leaves on his errand of mercy it may be all right to pet the little woman and tell her to take Sunday off, to go to her sister's, anywhere, but not to stand around looking at him work. If she knows her husband she will probably mutter, "This is going to be good!"

True words are often spoken in jest.

Among non-cooking males there seems to be a tradition that a real cook is one who can take a bone and piece of old overcoat and turn out a ragout. Quite obviously the overcoat would have to be a worn-out raglan. In other words they believe a chef of the first water can begin with anything he finds at his hand. No such thing. Good cooking is a long and serious process, the result of careful selection of raw material and a gradual building up of the dish by proper preparation. And that wrath exhibited before the wife should not be taken into the kitchen.

Here is a Sunday morning breakfast that makes two great nations shake hands across the sea and your gastric juices thumb their noses at La Belle France. It is the kidney of Old England and the clam cake of New England, and what a marriage! Get your clams in the shells, soft-shelled or steamers. Wash them thoroughly to get the sand out of their teeth and place them with a single cup of water in a kettle. Cover tightly and cook until the shells open, no longer. When they are cool remove clams from the shells, separating the soft from the tough parts, using only the latter, which should be put through a food chopper. All this can be done on Saturday night. Strain the juice and set on ice.

In the morning use any good prepared pancake flour or, if you are so good, make your own, and substitute the clam juice for the indicated milk and water, using a little more than called for in the maker's recipe. Add the chopped clams and fry as for pancakes.

Strip and split your kidneys and soak in hot water for five minutes. Lay several rashers (slices to you) of bacon in a skillet and when they are crisp remove them to the oven. Place the kidneys in the bacon fat and fry until brown, over a slower fire than you used for the bacon. If your timing is good the clam cakes and kidneys should come off

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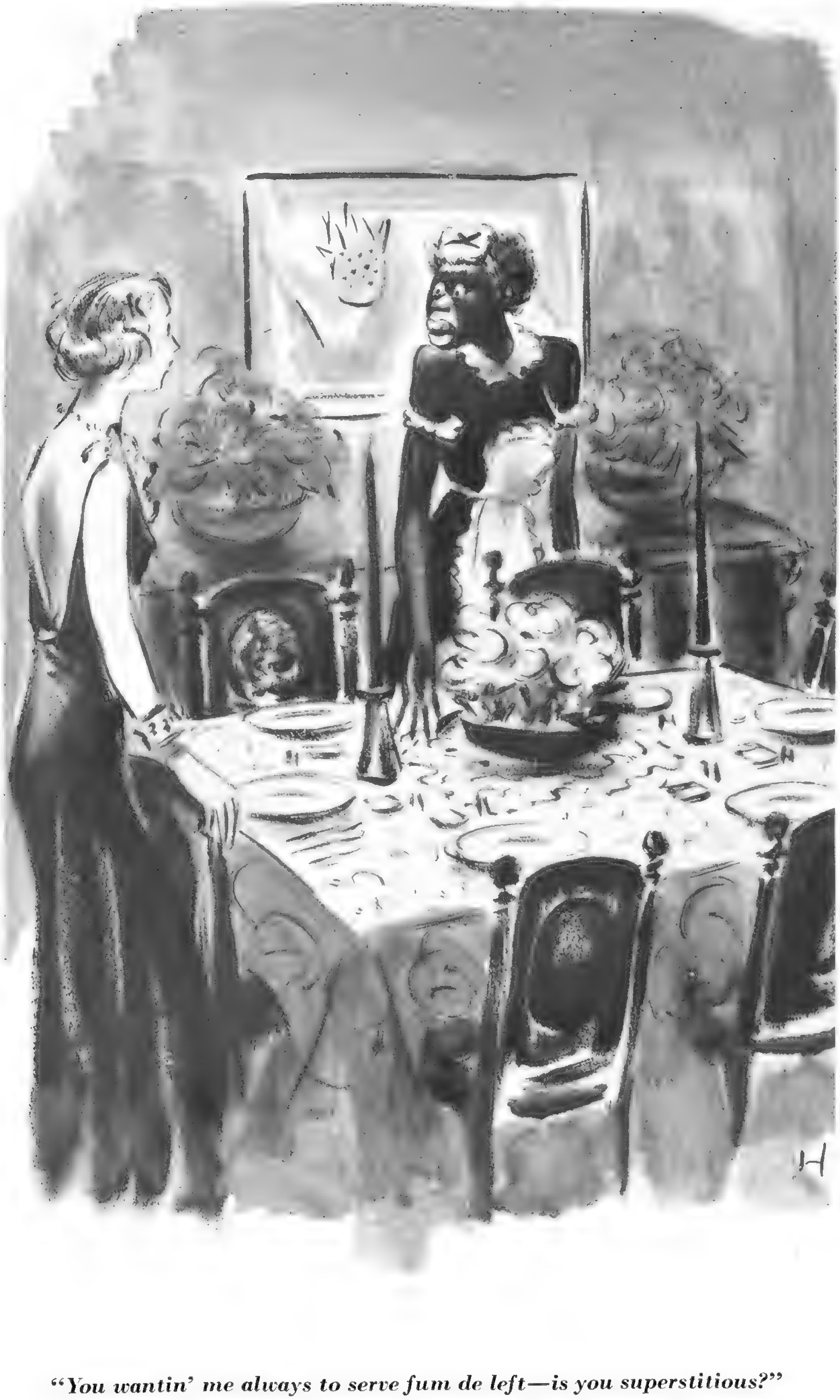


"You wantin' me always to serve fum de left—is you superstitious?"

Teleprejudice

An analysis of some of the absurd reciprocal prejudices between America and Europe

by EMIL LUDWIG

THE AMERICAN:

THESE EUROPEANS have so ancient a history that they can't even have hot rolls for breakfast. After centuries, these rolls are cold. As they think only in terms of centuries, the whole place is cluttered up with fortresses and cathedrals, the streets are narrow, the houses smaller, the courtyards darker. True enough, they are now rushing to give a veneer of New York to their old cities, but that does not change their point of view. They are old and will always remain so. This consciousness of their thousand year old past makes all Europeans sad, tiresome, and arrogant. What they call romantic, and we think comic, is based on traditions which prevent them from being natural. Nobody can enjoy life naturally; everything must fit into certain categories, and these categories are national and social.

Nationally, this little European earth of theirs is divided into some twenty countries, each of which insists upon its past, instead of insuring its future. Each places its own language and customs first, and is wholly incapable of building up an international whole. How can an Englishman, who drinks tea at five o'clock, understand a South German, who drinks beer at that hour? How can a Frenchman, who eats *sole au vin blanc* every day at noon, understand a German who eats *sauerkraut* at that hour? How can an Italian, who lolls coatless in the public square, understand a Swiss from Zurich who goes home in the street car from his office, or a Parisian who drives his little car along the Champs Elysées, or a Swede who never leaves the house without his skis? Yet, it takes only two days to get from Rome to Stockholm, whereas New York is four days away from Los Angeles. Where there is no uniformity of customs, there is jealousy, there is rivalry, constant wars.

Socially speaking, Europe also seems completely divided. A man who sells iron or glass or chemicals wholesale can, it is true, rely upon international agreements. But such arrangements are constantly upset by historic privileges called baron, count, prince and king. Does anyone believe that these people are different from other citizens? In what way do they differ more from peasants than our rich folk differ from the poor? Don't their women bear children, just like other people? The curious thing is that these titles, like the fortresses and cathedrals, have not lost their charm, although they have long since lost their money.

How do serious people occupy themselves in these little countries? They are all very serious—that's the worst of it. They collect old flags and arms, arrange music festivals, become the chairmen of societies. If one brings up the subject of money, they shut up like clams, as if that were a private matter. It is an insult to ask a man how much he makes. Yet, what could be more natural? In this part of the world it is chic not to work. What nonsense! Such people must have secret desires and pleasures, and it is probable that the rumors are true: even in love, the most natural thing in the world, they are perverse.

In addition to being reserved, they are small-minded. Instead of leaving an old car by the roadside, where some poor devil can find it and take it along, they have it repaired, over and over again. They repair everything, these Europeans: their clothes, their fortunes, their constitutions, instead of scrapping them at once and getting new ones. After all, life is short, and the life of a European is even shorter, owing to his unhealthy mode of living. The weight of history is also responsible; because they can never forget their history they are divided into nations and classes to such an extent that neither peace nor unity is possible between them. Europe is narrow and mean.

THE EUROPEAN:

When one meets Americans traveling in Europe—usually nine women with one man—they always have the same enthusiastic story to tell: in Paris they ate goose number 3632 at Froisset's; in Seville they saw a bullfight; in Rome they saw the Forum and Mussolini; in Vienna they heard a real waltz; at the Munich Hofbräu they drank a real beer; in Bayreuth they suffered through the real Parsifal; they saw the Blue Grotto in Capri, the midnight sun in Norway.

Once he has made money, the American has no culture with which to spend it. The only thing he can think of is to drive out into the country on Saturday afternoons with his wife and children and reach a maximum number of miles per hour. He is interested only in records; the fastest, the richest, the craziest, the blondest, the strongest—all record-breakers fascinate him.

Of course, it is not true that the Americans have no more money. They have simply discovered that the country will get richer if people spend their holidays at home. National greed is the real reason why they have not been coming to Europe so much in recent years.

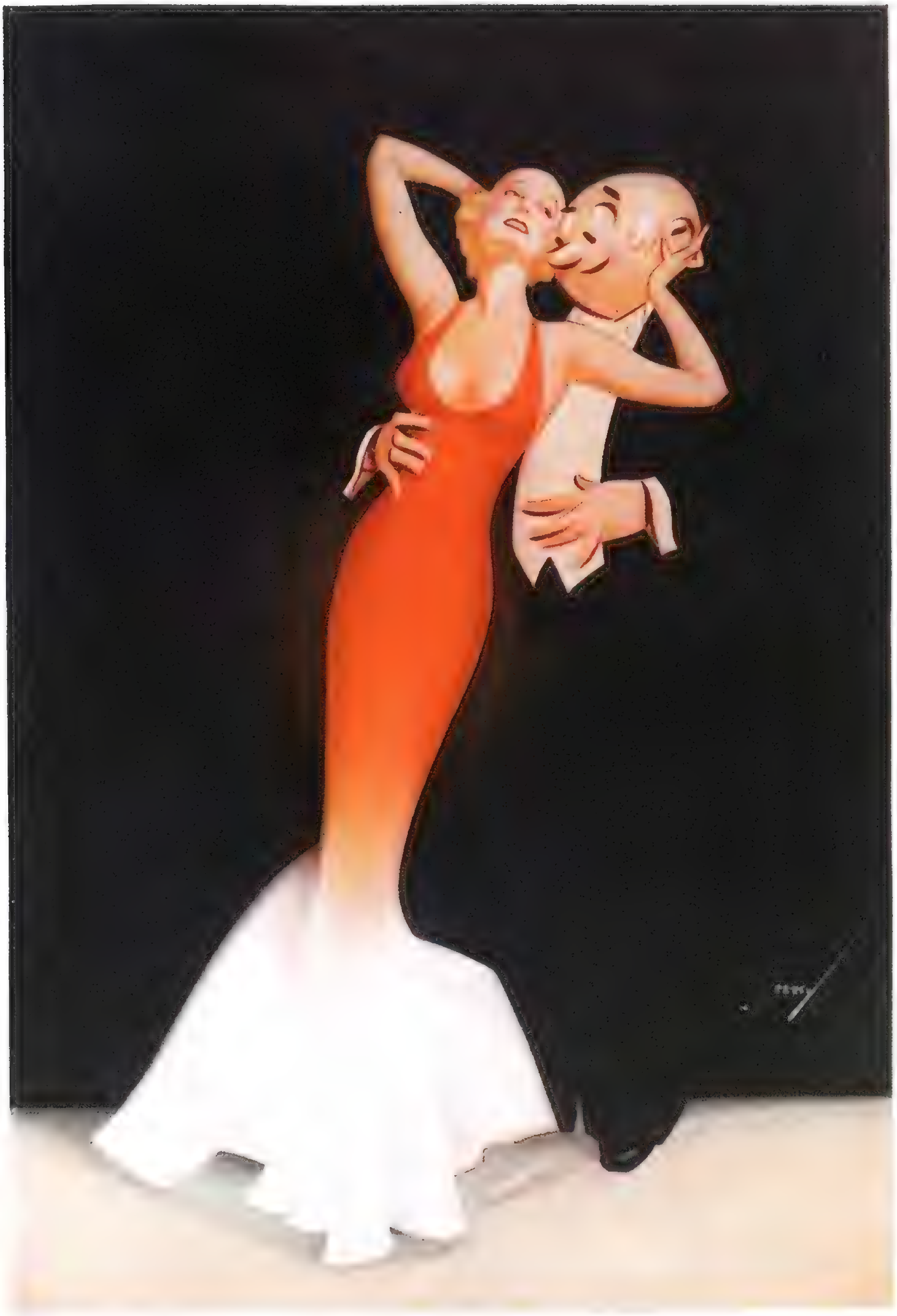
Since they have no history, they know no history. Their ignorance is unlimited. They think that Cavour was a Frenchman and Gambetta an Italian. Everything about them is standardized. They wear the same collars, and use the same razors. All American women look alike and talk about the same things. The fact that they have the best motor cars and aeroplanes is not very interesting, because the Americans have so much money that one-fourth of the population owns its own motor cars. Because they drive everywhere, and never take any exercise, they are all very fat. Furthermore, all American men are white-headed at the age of thirty-five, an indication of lack of vitality, due to speed and dollar-chasing.

Politics do not exist in America. As they have no Socialists, the rich live off the poor with impunity, since nobody cares about the poor, and least of all the State. Once every four years they put on a kind of carnival known as a Presidential election, in which millions of people who are all out for the same thing fight each other. The man who can speak the loudest during the greatest number of weeks, without getting tired, is elected. Inasmuch as the President is, in any case, completely dependent on Big Business, it does not make the slightest difference which party is elected. His election does not depend upon him, but upon his publicity agent.

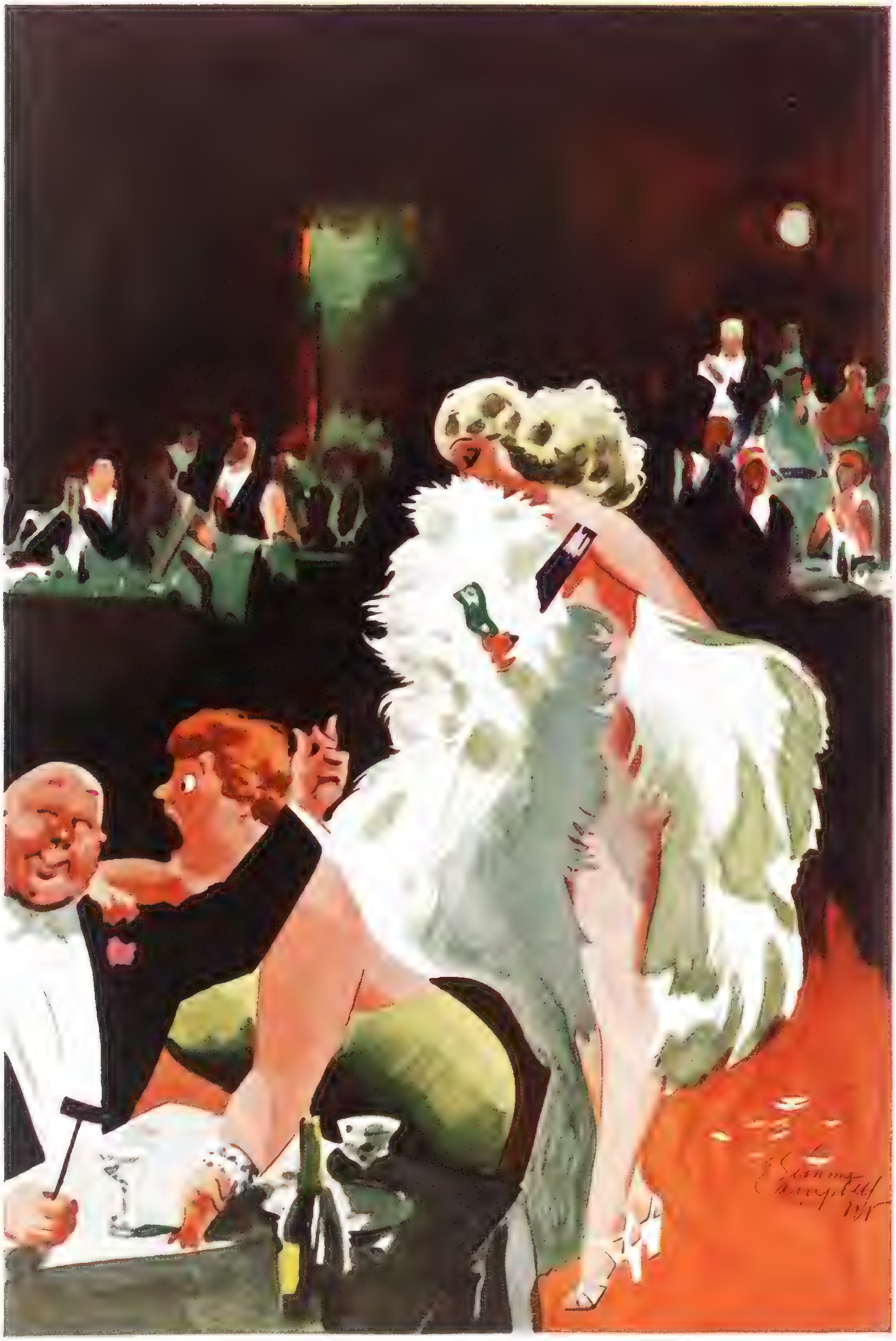
As a matter of fact, everything in America is a matter of publicity. A president, a toothbrush, a novel, a mayor, a boxer—all owe their success exclusively to publicity. Consequently, anybody can become anything, provided he has cash enough and shrewdness enough to put himself over. For this reason, women rule in America. They are interested only in appearances and their delight is to be queens in a phony world of appearances. All American women are frigid. On nights when there is a full moon, they may snuggle up to the boy friend who is driving the car. When there is no full moon, there is an eclipse of love in America.

Knowing the whole of Europe, as I do, I can testify that, slightly exaggerated, these are the views of America which, even in the year of grace 1934, are held by the average Frenchman, German, Italian, or other Europeans. The English are an exception.

The most excellent books exist, written by Europeans about America, and vice versa. If they sell well, they can reach an edition of fifty thousand copies. However, as six hundred million people in these two continents misunderstand each other, these books have no influence, even indirectly. I can see only three ways of modifying these reciprocal prejudices: (1) A greater knowledge of foreign languages amongst Americans, (2) The exchange of thousands of young people for several years during their educational period, not merely students, but manual laborers, craftsmen, and peasants, (3) Good will. (*Translated by Ernest Boyd.*)



"Let's go to Rev. Smith—he always marries me"


E. Simms Campbell

"You must be crazy—for twenty dollars I'd do that dance myself—without the fan"

Arson Sleuths

Running down the fire fiend is a job that would muddle Sherlock Holmes

by PAUL W. KEARNEY

ONE bitter cold night about two winters ago a nice little dwelling in Connecticut was destroyed by fire and the sole occupant at the time, an elderly caretaker recently engaged, escaped with a broken leg by jumping from a top floor window.

The owner of the house was a respected figure in the community; the editor of a local newspaper whose charming wife ran a tea room in the exclusive Madison Avenue section of New York. Nobody, of course, questioned the fire: and anybody who had would have been silenced by the potent fact that the insurance policy on the building was inadequate.

Obviously the fire had started from an overheated furnace. Two different neighbors recalled that much earlier in the evening of the blaze the editor had dropped in for a visit. And during the course of the conventional complaints about the severity of the weather he had laughingly remarked that it wouldn't bother him for he had "a roaring fire in the furnace."

There the matter would have dropped as just another fire had it not been for the fact that an experienced "fire detective" happened to be in the vicinity. As an arson investigator he went out to look at the ruins as a matter of course, and as he stood idly by surveying the blackened embers he overheard a chance remark that aroused his professional interest. It was nothing more than the observation by a neighbor that the victim of the fire had left his car outside long after midnight on that particular night.

Casual interrogation elicited the fact that the editor had an attached garage. And while the information would hardly stir up a layman familiar with the editor's social standing, it started this investigator working because it is his business to ponder over details that ordinary folks ignore.

Inquiry showed that the fire insurance on the house was inadequate, and this puzzled him for sane people don't burn their houses for a net loss. Yet, on the other hand, sane people don't leave their cars out in zero weather with a garage attached to the premises. The possibility that the man might be a pyromaniac could not be investigated because he was nowhere to be found. Neither was his car nor its ruins.

Suspicious but lacking a clue, the arson sleuth went to the hospital and talked with the injured caretaker. Still frightened and befuddled, the poor old man couldn't tell much; furthermore, he was brand new in the job and quite unfamiliar with the house or its owner. All he knew was that he awoke, smelled smoke, couldn't get the door open and so dropped out of the window.

No, he didn't recall locking the door—indeed, he recalled very little of anything, having been quite drunk when he went to bed.

"Humph! Does your boss know that you get drunk in his house?" queried the sleuth.

The old man chuckled. "Gosh! It was him that got me drunk."

The investigator was all ears as the story came out by degrees:

"I was living at the Municipal Lodging House when this Mr. So-and-so comes in for a caretaker. They call a flock of us down and after looking us over careful-like, he picks me and says we'll start right off in his car. I get my duds together and we're off.

"It was cold riding but the first thing I knew the new boss breaks out a bottle of rye. I took a hefty swig and he had a nip now and then, but he keeps shovin' the bottle back at me all the time and I soon had it empty. So what does he do but stop at a drug store some thirty or forty miles from here and get another pint, and by the time we got to the house I was potted for fair.

"But the boss jest laughs and helps me out of the car and even tows me up to my new bedroom and helped me get my clothes off. Say—*that's* somethin' funny!"

"What's funny?" prodded the fascinated investigator.

"Them clothes! Drunk as I was, I remember that guy helping me to undress. But when they carted me in here, I was dressed again!"

In a trice the floor nurse had fetched the old man's apparel.

"Nope," he said. "Them ain't my duds. Never saw 'em before."

A score or more questions from the eager sleuth yielded only one other detail: when the old man awoke that night, the bedclothes were over his face. Well, maybe it was a towel. Yes, it did smell funny.

The investigator's next move was to glue a telephone to his ear for a long distance call. Then he hired a car and headed for an unknown drug store "thirty or forty miles from here." He found several: in one the clerk clearly recalled a man getting out of a small car on that night. Well, yes he did buy a pint of rye. And a bottle of chloroform!

Which just about gives you the whole story. The phone call developed the fact that the editor had recently increased his *life* insurance to $75,000; inquiries elsewhere showed that his wife's tea room was on the rocks and that the husband was involved in a love affair with another woman. The investigator ran down the wife and convinced himself that she knew nothing of the love affair —or the fire. He broadcast a description of the man and before long he was arrested in the south, returned to Connecticut and imprisoned. Faced with the facts, he confessed. And that confession merely confirmed the "build up" our friend the arson sleuth had deduced for himself: selecting a man from the lodging house who resembled himself in stature, the editor got him drunk purposely and then undressed him and tucked him in bed. Wrapping a chloroform-soaked towel around his face, he put him well "out," then re-dressed the man in a suit of his (the editor's) clothes. Locking the bedroom door from the outside, he made his visits—carefully mentioning the roaring fire in the furnace each time—then came home and set fire to the place. The idea was that the charred body of the man found in the ruins would be taken for the editor's remains; the life insurance, paid to his innocent wife, would have put her on her feet again and cleared away the debts—and his own "death" would leave him free to live in security under another name with his new love.

Does it strike you as a great plot for a mystery yarn?

Well, its only flaw is that it is true as a number of people can well testify. And, in testifying, they might give you a surprising glimpse into some of the ramifications of a good arson case. Not one out of a story book, but a thing so common that hundreds of trained men specialize in the detection and prosecution of incendiaries to the exclusion of all other forms of crime.

Known technically as fire marshals and arson investigators, they work for city fire departments, state police, insurance organizations and others. They are not cops, yet they deal with a crime so intricate and so specialized that they have built up a little-noticed brand of detective work that rivals

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My Actor Friend

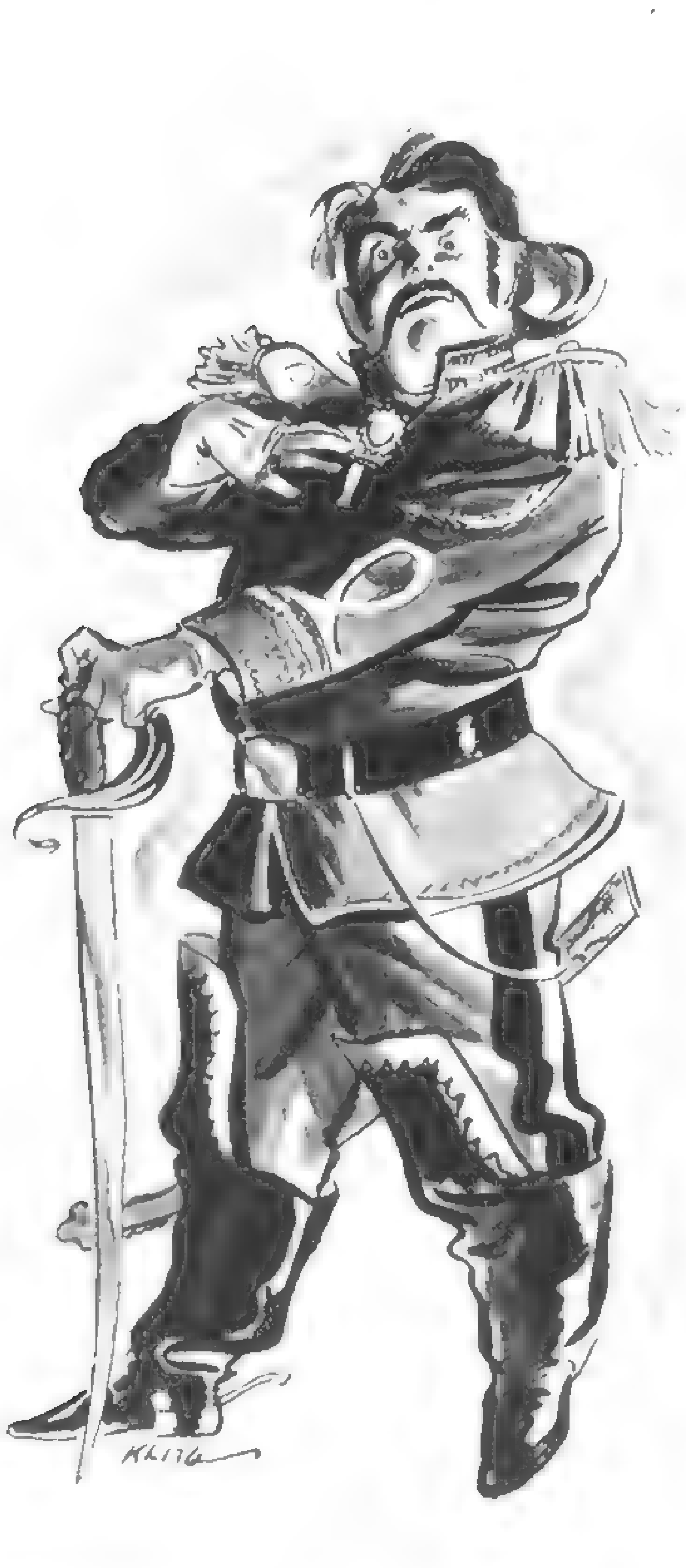
Short story concerning an old actor who played his roles too well to be successful in them

by KONRAD BERCOVICI

THOSE were the days when Thalia Theater, on the lower Bowery, was still in the heart of the Jewish East Side. But the "new blood" of the Yiddish theater dreamt of Broadway and moved closer to its lights; to Second Avenue and Fourteenth Street, and to the old Madison Square Theater. Maurice Moskowitz sailed to London, via Broadway. Madame Kalish conquered Forty-second Street. David Kessler, Ben-Ami, Maurice Schwartz, Mark Schweid, Celia Adler and our own Paul Muni forsook Second Avenue, Stark's coffee on Houston Street, and the Royale on Twelfth, and struck out for vaster spheres of action.

I remained faithful to Thalia Theater through all its vicissitudes. Through its Chinese period, its Greek period, its Armenian epoch and finally through its Italian seasons. I just couldn't let a month pass by without sitting through at least one abominable play, for two hours, on a seat that sagged, in a vast barn-like place that reeked of mouldy walls, moth-eaten velvet, garlic, bad breaths old shoe-leather, cheap perfumes, and cheaper talcum powder.

The creaking rope that hoisted the heavy curtain was music to my ears. Whenever an actor moved on the stage he raised clouds of dust. The people in the audience were always talking louder than the characters in the play. When they weren't talking, a thousand pair of jaws cracked chicken bones, munched sausages, or sipped loudly, gurgling long straws from the bottles of pop-soda bought from the candy-butcher walking up and down the aisles. While the heroine was weeping on the stage some thirsty soul was slackening his thirst.



Ai! But I had memories. I had seen Jacob Adler play Shylock on those same boards. I had watched the older Shildkraut play Napoleon. And the divine Mimi Aguglia had revealed to me, underneath those same lights, what a great actress could do with Wilde's "Salome." There was no saying when a thrill like that one wouldn't be given me again!

And I got it one evening in a Sicilian play. I don't remember much of the play; though I have seen it four times. But there was one actor, Signor Murati, who played an old man, who thrilled me the minute I saw him. At forty one gets a sneaking desire to know how one would look and act at sixty. Murati gave me a picture of myself, as I would want to be, at that age. Mellow. Understanding. Respected. Free of that "I know it all because I have already seen it" attitude which is so obnoxious to younger people.

Murati gave a great performance. I was not interested in the swashbuckling hero, or in the black-eyed full-bosomed heroine. I had eyes only for Murati.

When I saw him in his clammy dressing room, backstage, I was even more charmed by the man than by the actor. It seemed to me he didn't have to act at all. He was the part. While the "notabilis" of the district, the banker, the wholesaler and the doctor, feasted the hero and heroine after the show, in a little spaghetti house, I sat opposite Murati, with a bottle of wine between us, and listened to his warm voice and looked into his wise eyes.

That play didn't go very well. The fact is it was taken off two weeks later and left Murati without a job. I saw him often. We got into the habit of lunching together in a little restaurant on Thompson Street. We never made any appointments. I just strolled in any time between noon and one o'clock and found Murati waiting for me. When he wasn't there I waited until he came. His talk was grand and stimulating. He knew a thousand anecdotes, knew people all over the world, and had lived on a grand scale. It was a pleasure to watch him twine the spaghetti on the fork, while he talked and laughed. When he pushed the chair away from the table to lean against it, he made me feel that the hunger of the whole world had been stilled.

"What's worrying you, Murati?" I asked him one day when the fork had not wound the spaghetti very enthusiastically. "Don't you feel well?"

"Si. Si," he laughed, trying to throw me off.

I prodded and prodded. Finally he told me:

"They have a grand part for me in a play. An old general. But I have to buy my own costume. Can't rent one. Because of my corpulence."

I forgot to tell you that Murati's corpulence was nothing to sneer at. His girth was the size of a fifty gallon barrel.

"Much?" I asked.

"Fifty dollars."

To see Murati in the gold-bespangled uniform was a joy to the eye. He wore it continuously, on and off stage; to work himself into the role. It was wonderful to observe the change in his character while costumed as a general. His voice took on a commanding ring. Despite his girth he assumed a military bearing. He became a military man, in the strictest meaning of the word.

When the waiter addressed him as "Commandatore," he looked at him harshly and said to me: "That man has not served in the army. He must be a deserter. Otherwise he would have known my rank."

Murati did his best at the premiere of that play—but it was an awful concoction. Murati was grand. The other actors were grand, too—but the first act was only half through when everybody lost interest in the play and began to eat and to talk. There was a rush for the door between the first and second acts. Less than half the people saw the rise of the second act. The third act was a calamity. It was played to empty chairs.

Murati was heartbroken.

"What good is that costume to me now!"

And he owed me fifty dollars.

He was terribly depressed when we met again and ate ravenously but without appetite. Ate because he was famished. After that luncheon he skipped every other noon. When I reproached him his absences, he told me:

"I have missed six luncheons. You have spent a dollar a lunch, on an average. It makes me feel that I owe you only forty-four dollars now."

I laughed and laughed, until he laughed too.

"Murati! You still owe me fifty dollars. And you will pay back every single dollar of that fifty."

Shortly afterwards they offered him the part of an Italian count in a new play. He had no clothes. I forced him to accept another loan of twenty-five dollars to buy himself a cutaway.

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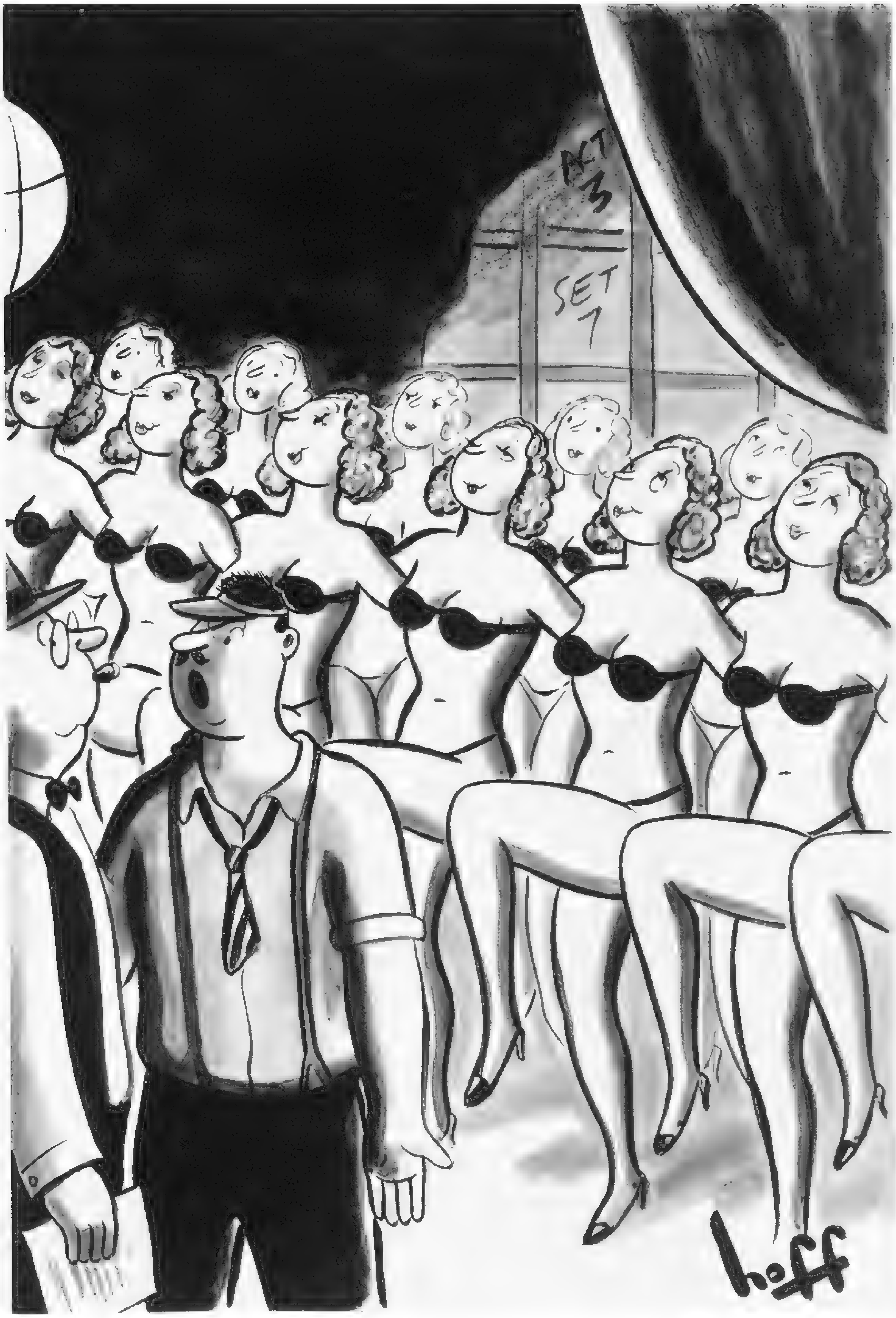
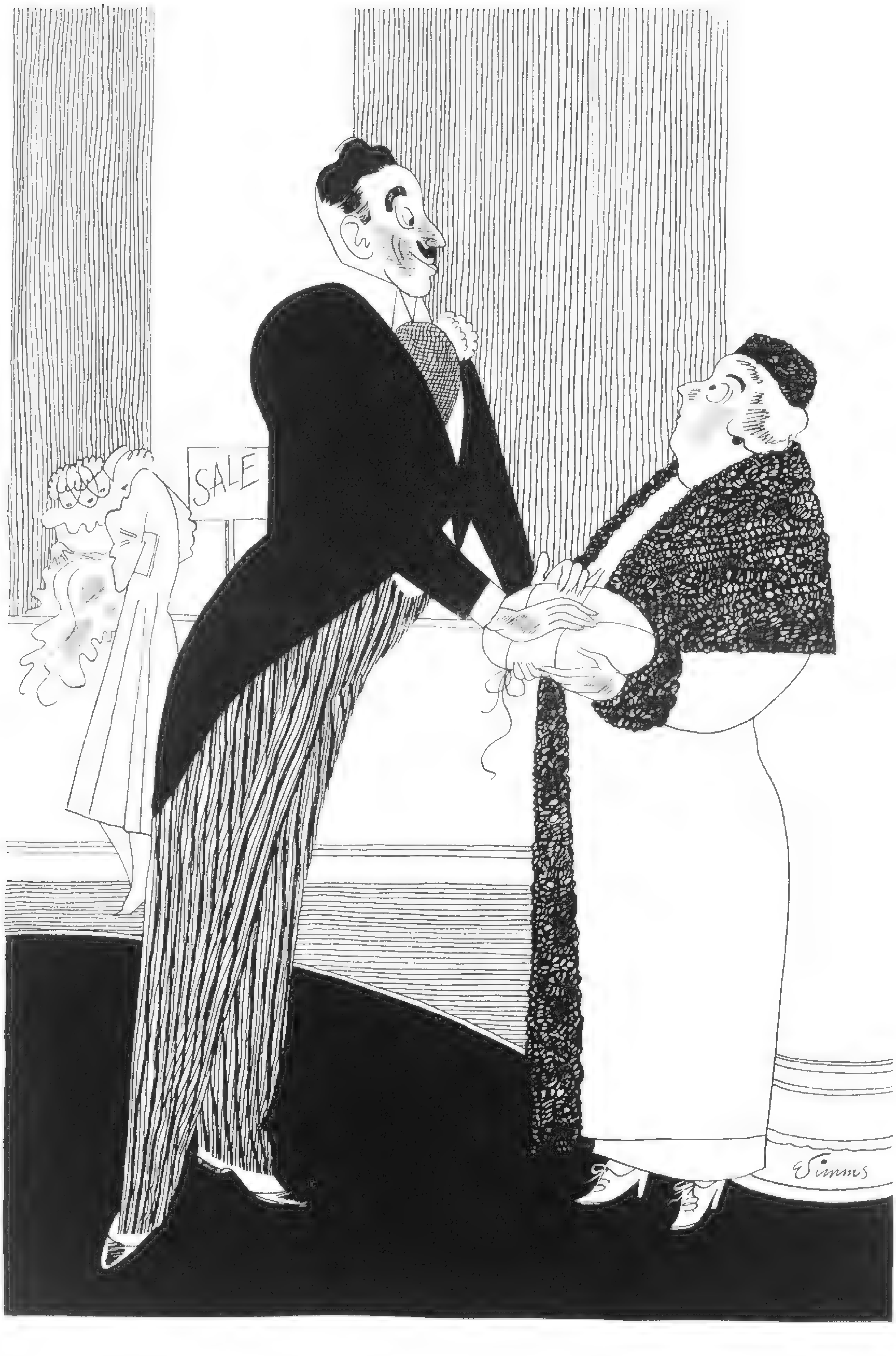

ACT 3
SET 7
hoff

"I can't do a thing with them, Mr. Garsan. They refuse to use their brains"

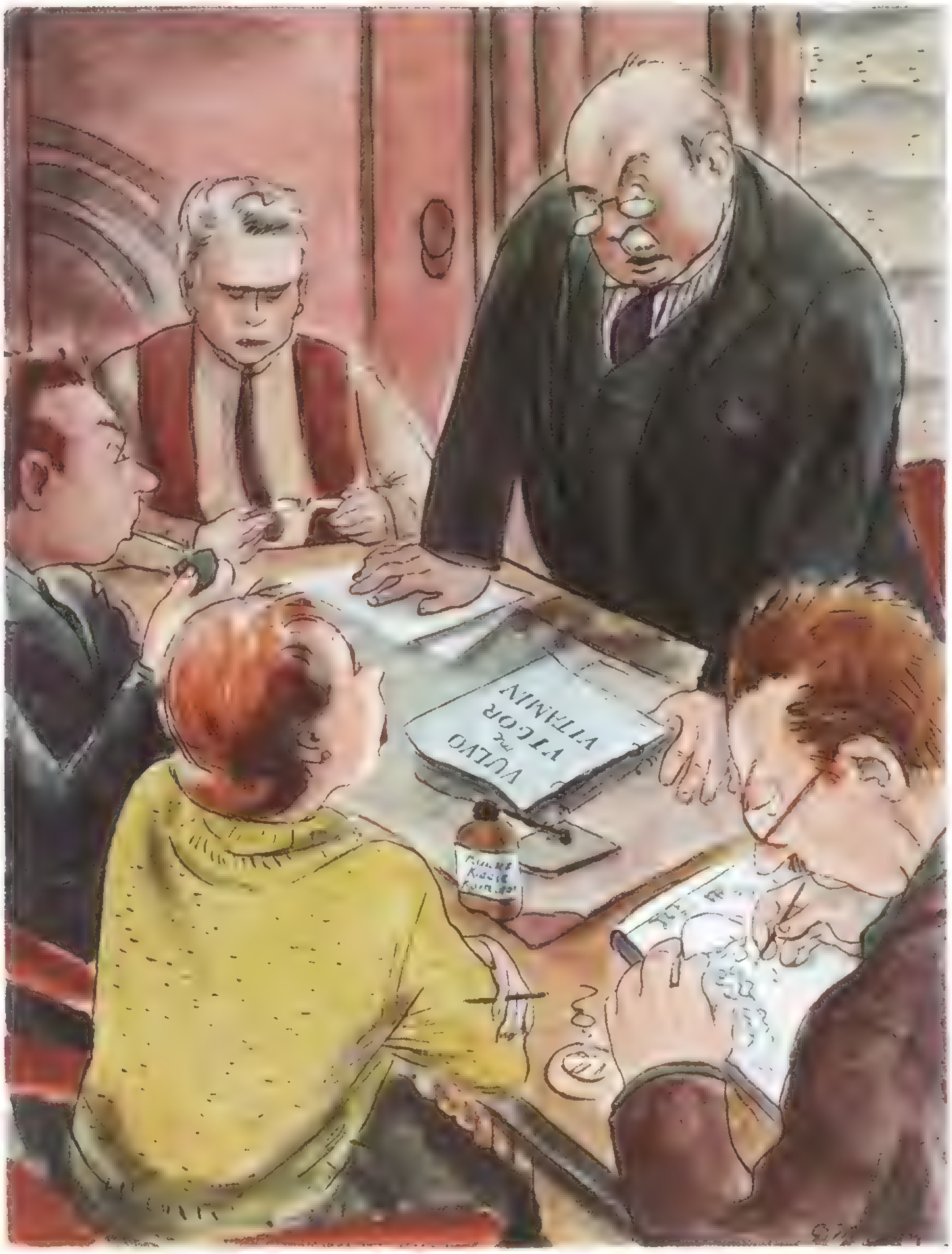


"—and think of us when you think of panties"

Bertha and the Bigamous Bey

Good humorous short story about the results of collaboration by an advertising agency's idea-men

by ROBERT BUCKNER



I CAN'T work. Not today.

This morning I had a letter from Virginia, in a square white envelope. *Mr. and Mrs. J. Tailer Whitehead request the pleasure of your presence . . . marriage of their daughter, etc.* And across the bottom of it in her loopy script Kay had written: *No rabbits by request, Tommy, and no hard feelings.*

Feelings? What would *I* be doing with feelings? Kay and Joel might call it quits for auld lang syne—I guess they're happy enough to forgive anything—but how can I forget, when the feathers in my hat are just borrowed plumage? Here I am now a partner in the business with my name on the door and a blonde secretary, all because I sank a chisel into the two best friends a fellow ever had.

You'd think with two people's work to do I wouldn't notice the silence and the empty desks. The Beagle has offered to get me two more copywriters and every day I talk to the guys he sends in, but I just can't decide. It seems strange now to have anybody else sitting in Kay's and Joel's places. I couldn't stand it. Not while there's still a whiff of Bertha and Oscar in the coat closet.

I guess we'll never have that much fun in this office again, or so much excitement. Going to work was like going to the theatre, and the check on Friday seemed almost a mistake.

Even this room was like the setting for a play, with its solid black doors and chromium trim, and dark green rugs. O, I suppose Mrs. Chumley has good taste, even if she is a nut about birth control, though our furniture is so modern I'm practically triangular from sitting on it. *Dynamic Whimsy*, she calls it, and what I call it sounds pretty much the same. The desks and chairs are all of bakelite and metal, with here and there on the walls some of Marie Laurencin's button-eyed girls framed in natural wood. Kay used to say a good scream was what this room needed, and I never knew until now how right she was.

Then too, being up here on the thirty-ninth floor of the Empire Trust made everything even more exciting. From the windows on one side you can see all the way down the Hudson to the Battery. That's where Kay and Joel used to sit. Over here on my side you get a grand view of the jail on Welfare Island, and the Hell's Gate Bridge. Whenever we had a big job on and needed inspiration we'd stand by the windows and play a game Joel invented, called *Ed Wynn's Trio in an Autogiro* (so it rhymed). Joel was Ed, Kay was Bee Lillie, and I was just Stooge the mechanic.

It wasn't all fun and games though. A business has to be on its toes these days, and if the business happens to be an advertising agency that means on a lot of other people's toes at the same time. Competition is something fierce, and there's a lot in the saying that an agency is no better than its Idea Men. That's what Kay and Joel and I were—the "bone-bringers"—originators of fresh ideas, hot, juicy and productive of gravy.

Beagle and Chumley think their social connections are what really put us on the map, but we knew different. Why for a while there the three of us had more ideas than Beagle could sell. And *good* ideas! I remember for instance the morning the idea came to me for that Hideho Hour program for Gotham Tanners. By noon Kay had worked out a Personality Baby Contest for Bottoms Up Talc; and along in the middle of the afternoon Joel came out of a huddle with his Famous Beds series for Beautybunks. Time after time it was like that. Just by being around we seemed to put ideas into each other's heads.

Ideas is right!

ONE morning early in October the buzzer called us into Beagle's old-rose-and-aluminum office for a Super Conference. For weeks the office's grapevine telegraph had been humming with rumors about two new accounts, and this was the confirmation party. We knew it as soon as we entered, for both Beagle and la Chumley looked as pleased as Punch and Judy. Beagle began as usual by shooting his mauve cuffs and passing a moist, pudgy palm over his bald head.

"Virgin fields!" he rumbled, tapping the two piles of paper on his desk. "Two brand new accounts, with two products so sensational I haven't even dared tell my own wife what they are! There's a fortune in commissions in both of them—*if we put them over!* Kay, I'm going to hold you and Joel responsible for the first one; and you, Tommy, for the second. All straight?"

We nodded and drew out our pads.

"Good. Now this first product is called Kluck's Kiddie Korrector, a Swedish birth control tablet that's set all Stockholm on its ears. This Kluck's in New York now and Mrs. Chumley has spent the last three months contacting him. We *can't* let him down! We've got to key the Kiddie Korrector to the American public. That's our problem. Now, Mrs. Chumley has already suggested a slogan for the campaign. It's a knockout, and we can begin with it. What was that line again, Mrs. Chumley?"

We turned dutifully to face the other half of Beagle & Chumley, the Complete Woman Executive from pince-nez to ground-grippers. She smoothed down her shirtwaist and cleared her throat: "I suggested *A Check for Kluck's Ration is a Check on the Population.*"

"Do you get it?" cried Beagle excitedly. "Do you see the possibilities? All the big scientists, all the Forward-Thinking Groups are behind this idea for fewer and better people! It's a *trend*, or it *will* be, with the proper advertising. So give your copy the scientific slant. Quote Dr. Schwermski of Vienna. There ought to be one. And get his beard in the picture, it adds twenty per cent to the pulling power of your copy."

"Pictures?" Joel's eyebrows went up.

"Sure. These ads are going to be *different!*" Beagle waved a diamond-encrusted fist. "We want to use pictures of breadlines, tenement districts, orphan asylums, lunatic asylums and baseball crowds. In your headlines you'll say something like this: *People, People Everywhere, and Not Enough Who Think!* And don't forget the Clergy. I understand we've got to play ball with those babies too, or they'll be right down on our necks. So make up one ad for them. Have a picture of . . . Moses, say, looking down on a crowded New York street and saying: *Begat, Begat, Begat—Where Will It End?* Got all that?"

We nodded again, but I ran a forefinger into the ear nearest Beagle, thinking perhaps I hadn't caught that quite straight. To Kay and Joel however, it was apparently as clear as crystal.

"I've already got a line!" Kay exclaimed. How's this: *Kluck's On Your Shelf Means More Room for Yourself.*"

"And this one!" from Joel. "*A Kluck a Day Keeps the Stork Away.*"

"Exactly!" Beagle shouted. "Marvelous! How is that slant, Mrs. Chumley?"

The latter toyed a moment with her pince-nez while she rolled the slogans over on her tongue.

"Warm . . . *warm*," she admitted. "But a trifle, just a teensy-weensy bit *personal*, don't you think? I mean to say, people are still so frightfully uneducated about birth control and all. I think our copy should approach the public from behind, as it were. Impersonally, scientifically."

I made a note. *B. C. ought to be impersonal.*

"Right! Then you're all set?" Beagle looked at Kay and Joel. "Six ads, also the usual posters, stuffers, etc. You've got six weeks on this job and I've decided to give you a free hand. I don't want to see anything on it until you're ready to show. Here—" he shoved the Kiddie Korrector folder across the table and began to rustle through the second batch of papers.

I swallowed and looked dazedly around. It seemed to be the normal world otherwise. Mrs. Chumley was blowing on her glasses and polishing them on her necktie. Kay was scribbling on her pad, while Joel lit a cigarette and looked thoughtfully at his nails. I still didn't know what they'd agreed on, so I made a sketch of Moses, with yards and yards of beard.

"Now *this*—" the boss continued, holding up the second folder, "is an account that's just as ready for the Big Time as the Kluck item, if only we get the right slant for it. There's positively nothing like it on the market at the present, and a million tired, dejected men throughout America should welcome it with open arms. Get this—" he paused—"I want your quick reactions: *Vulvo the Vigor Vitamin—Puts a Twinkle in Your Eye, Spring in Your Heart and Hair on Your Chest.*"

There was a considerable silence. I drew some hair on Moses' chest.

"Well? *Well?*" Beagle barked and glared around.

"Go over that once again, sir," Kay stalled.

Beagle re-read it.

"Sounds like good stuff all right," I said. "But how're they going to sell it in the Dry States?

"Good stuff!" the boss exploded. "What do you think this is—*a whiskey?* Here, read these testimonials, from the cream of European society!" He unfolded several feet of one of those accordion-pleated booklets and handed it to me. "Go on, read 'em aloud."

I read: "Among the distinguished patrons of Vulvo the Vigor Vitamin are the Bishop of Topham-on-Tweed, the Earl of Ecclefechan, Baron Wowser, the Bey of Algiers, Lord—"

Beagle stopped me. "Read us what the Bey of Algiers had to say. There's the whole Vulvo story in a nutshell."

It seems the Bey was a fool for this Vulvo. He wrote:

> *I was feeling lower than a Druze cuspidor. Nobody in the harem amused me. Even the osteopaths at Tunis gave me up. I'd just lie around the palace all day, picking at the zither. Then one day Abou ben Adhem (and maybe HIS tribe didn't increase!) told me about Vulvo. In three days I was like a new man. 'Like three new men,' the family claimed. All hail to Vulvo the Vigor Vitamin, and a prosperous Yom Kippur.*
>
> (*signed*) *The B. of Alg.*

Mrs. Chumley emitted a faint snort for the Bey's home life. I guessed rightly then that the Kiddie Korrector was more down her alley.

"What a honey *that* ad would make!" I said. "If only we could get the Bey's release on a photograph! Can't you see it, sir: the old boy in his turban, the harem girls, a couple of hookahs, and a case of Vulvo plop in the center?"

The boss weighed that one over. "No-o," he said finally, "not enough dignity. Remember these ads are going into millions of American homes, where any aspersions on the head of the house is like smacking the Blue Eagle on the beak. . .

"No, forget that harem slant. Talk about proteins, enzymes, corpuscles, osmosis—you'll find all that dope in our file B 216. We used it last year in the Flakeybits campaign. Then get a picture of a cross-section of an osmosis, before and after eating Vulvo. That always goes over big."

"We've still got that dorsal view of a molecule we took for Mulligan's Moo-More Milk," I reminded him.

"O. K. Put that in the ads too. The public's always a pushover for science. But remember, don't push 'em too far. Keep our copy simple and sincere."

"Precisely!" piped up Chumley. "Be frank and —*chummy.*"

I made another note. *Frank and Chummy on a Houseboat, or A Cruise On the Bey of Algiers.*

After we left Beagle's office and came back here we sat down at our desks without saying a word to each other and began to write. For an hour or more there wasn't any sound, but the scraping of pencils across copy pads. We'd always worked fast, on the theory that your first idea is always your best and sometimes your only one. Finally, like a tired bass fiddle in a stringed trio, one of the scrapings slowed down and quit. Kay and I, looking up, saw Joel casually fold his copy into a paper airplane and then launch it gently out the window in the general direction of Hoboken.

I looked across at Kay, and then all three of us started to chuckle.

"What've *you* got done, Tommy?" Kay laughed. There was a little blue vein at her temple which filled whenever she laughed. I can see it now, and see her still sitting there by the window, a beam of sunlight caught in her coppery hair.

I held up Moses, with the Baron Wowser weaving the ends of his beard into a Nazi flag.

"That sort of puts the great inspiration up to you, kid," Joel grinned. We strolled over to Kay's desk. Whenever we'd been stumped she'd always crashed through with a good tip.

"Well, it may need a little polishing," she said, studying her paper seriously for a second. "But it's got possibilities."

Joel read it aloud: *Now is the time for all good hookahs to come to the aid of their osmosis . . . a, e, i, o, u . . . enzymes I've met you before somewhere . . . O protein, dear protein come home with me now, the corp in the puscle strikes one . . .*

A week flew by and still the old Brain Trust hadn't begun to click. With a natural like the Bey out of the Vulvo picture, I didn't know where to start. I decided the tablets would have to be tested on somebody, but hesitated about taking them myself as I had to keep that impersonal, scientific outlook. Occasionally I'd take out the little brown bottle Beagle had given me, but every time I'd remember about the Bey's feeling like "three new men," and I'd put it back.

Meanwhile, Kay had chewed all the rubber tips off her pencils, and Joel's production of paper planes had practically reached the proportions of an air pageant in full blast.

Then, out of the fog, the first Idea broke!

"Look here!" Kay cried suddenly one morning, the old spark back again in her cornflower-blue eyes. "Who would you say offhand had the largest families?"

"Italians. Why?" Joel replied, putting the final touches on one of his double-ruddered amphibians.

"No, I mean among the *lower* animals."

"Guinea pigs." The amphibian scooted over the sill.

"Rabbits, Kay," I said. "My Aunt Kate out in Yonkers keeps Belgian hares, and darn near every time she goes to feed 'em—"

"*Rabbits—that's it!*" she jumped up excitedly. "O Tommy, can you get us two rabbits, just two? And bring 'em here to the office?" She ran over and placed both hands on my shoulders, opened wide her eyes and drowned me in the cornflowers. I guess if she'd asked me that I'd have brought her a pair of sperm whales.

"Sure, I'll get 'em," I said. "But what for?"

She didn't answer, but wheeled around and pointed a finger at Joel. "Quick," she said. "What's the main idea behind the Kiddie Korrector?"

Joel picked up the box and read the label: "To limit man's present deplorable tendency towards a surfeit, a plethora, a superfluity of his kind."

"All right," Kay conceded the point. "And answer me this. Who—er—plethoras the most? *Rabbits.* If we fed Tommy's rabbit enough of the Kiddie Korrector, sprinkled it on her spinach every day, and if nothing happens—*there's our campaign*! Beagle gets his scientific slant, Kluck gets some swell ads, and *we* get a raise—maybe!"

Joel looked blank for a moment and then he snapped his fingers. "Boy!" he yelled. "I've even got the headline for it! *If Kluck's Takes Care of a Belgian Hare, It'll Work As Well Most Anywhere.*"

"And we'll take careful tests, see?" Kay rushed on. We'll get the rabbits in a box here in the closet, and make charts like they do in hospitals." She grabbed Joel around the neck and kissed him smack on the mouth.

I had an awful time getting Bertha and Oscar away from Aunt Kate. It was only when I assured her that their pictures would probably get into the rotogravure sections that she agreed, and even then she wasn't any too keen about the idea.

I felt like Frank Buck coming back on the subway, and at 96th Street when Oscar's ears (or maybe they were Bertha's) suddenly popped out of the basket, a colored fellow sitting next to me jumped halfway down the aisle. By the time we reached Times Square all four ears were out and I just let 'em hang.

They were waiting for me with a large ventilated box, a bunch of carrots and a can of water. After we'd gotten them bedded down properly Joel rolled a carrot in Kluck's Kiddie Korrector and offered it to Bertha, and woman-like and trusting, she started right in eating it. Somehow it seemed sort of sad, and nobody spoke. When the carrot was gone Kay bent down and kissed Bertha behind the ears, and when she stood up again I noticed two drops of water shining in the soft brown fur.

By the end of the second week you couldn't sneeze in this room without blowing down a chart of Bertha's heart-rate, or her metabolism, or the reflexes of her duodenum. Joel's system, as near as I could figure it out, was to pinch her tail twice a day, and if Bertha jumped that meant she was still O.K., and he'd make a check on her charts.

Meanwhile, I was growing hourly more frantic for a good new slant on Vulvo the Vigor Vitamin. It wasn't that I didn't have any ideas: I had *too* many. Too many bum ones. I even fed a tablet to one of the pigeons in front of the Public Library, in hopes he'd go up and spit in the stone lion's eye, but it only gave him the hiccups—and me another headache.

That Saturday afternoon I came back here to the office after everybody else had gone. I remember sitting here with my chin in my hands, when I heard Bertha and Oscar quietly nibbling away in the closet. I got up, walked over to the box and raised the lid.

There was Bertha, fat, contented and asleep. Oscar, on the other hand, looked as low as anybody I'd ever seen. His eyes were dull, with rings under them, and when I picked him up and carried him back to my desk I was shocked to find how thin he'd grown. There were bare patches on his coat and I felt sort of sorry for the old fellow, with nobody charting his duodenum or anything. I began to search through my desk for a piece of chocolate when all of a sudden my eyes fell on the bottle of Vulvo.

I looked at the bottle and I looked at Oscar and then the Idea came to me in a flash. Here was the campaign right in my lap! Anybody could see that Oscar was run-down and discouraged. If Vulvo was all the Bey had said it was, then it would build him up again and give him back the Old Fight again. I figured Kay and Joel needn't know about this, because it would just mean more charts to keep, and if Beagle howled about our using the same field for our tests I'd say we did it to cut expenses. He never had a comeback for that one.

On my first layout I sketched the Bey of Algiers holding Oscar in his lap and taking a long drag on the hookah (the Bey, not Oscar). Underneath the picture I lettered in these headlines:

From a run-down rabbit
To a Bey so bigamous,
Vulvo's the habit
That makes men vigorous.

Put that ad in a man's magazine like *Elks and Moose* with a coupon and it'd pull it's head off. I got so excited I worked on until after ten o'clock, and almost forgot to feed Oscar at all. I cut a wedge in a carrot, stuck in two tablets, replaced the plug and held Oscar's nose up against it until he sighed and gave in. Just to show you how low his spirits were, he didn't even notice the Vulvo when he came to it!

The next few weeks slid by the way they always do when you're knee-deep in work. Oscar's response was more than I'd even dared hope for. His fur had grown thick and glossy and he was so full of life he nearly kicked the slats out of the box at feeding time. Whenever I fed him now he'd go for the Vulvo first and take the carrot for a

Continued on page 124

Poppings of the Corks

A compact but comprehensive dictionary of the language of drink, compiled with L. Berrey

by JEAN DEJOURNETTE

Because of the new drinking etiquette inaugurated by repeal, a great many more shades of meaning, descriptive of drunkenness, are now discriminated than during prohibition. While these nuances may not have a scientific precision as indisputable as kilowatt, they are as necessary and deserving of recognition as the varied colors of the painter. Every social function has its own assortment of words, and the imbiber must exercise a careful selection of those states of intoxication which are the most appropriate.

We Americans have yet to learn the where, when and how much. Most of us are optimists when it comes to throwing our liquor. "Just one more" is sometimes just one more than we can handle. Or than meets with the proprieties. Many a high-brow affair has thus been unwittingly turned into a brawl. Getting soused at a formal dinner is hardly the thing; getting cockeyed under the stars—well, that's something else again.

In order to ensure social correctness on every occasion, the wise guests and hosts will study carefully the rules now set forth.

TAMING THE BOOZING SLANGSTERS

It is to be continually kept in mind that the wells of English have been much defiled by bad prohibition liquor. Raw, inferior stuff that belched and spewed wretched, deformed words only fit for the gutter. But now that we are rid of a varied assortment of bath-tub concoctions, the language of venery should naturally be affected by our superior nectars. Hence a few pungent examples of the guzzlers' jargon can be omitted from our lists, not only on the grounds of decorum, but because they are hardly becoming to the new era. Plenty of liquor terms with a tang, old as well as of recent vintage, are left to describe even the vilest conditions of wretchedness. It is up to the conscientious drunk to select those degrees that are most suitable for the occasion.

For the formal social gather, he has a choice of expressions descriptive of the very slightest states of intoxication. While they may wink at and nudge each other, they never get rowdy. This is reserved for a variety of more festive occasions; from the more or less tame cocktail party, to those affairs in which swilling is all the thing, and no holds barred. Reaching a climax in the good old-fashioned he-man binge, when you can drink until it "runs out of your ears and into your hip pockets," and the only requirements are something on the hip, a lamp-post and a gutter. Many of the virile words for this condition are not safe to print.

SOME MORE BELLY-WASH ?

It is up to you, dear guzzler. If you imbibe beyond the limits of propriety, it is because you haven't given this vocabulary study of the American drinker your profound consideration—or because you just won't listen to reason, and get plastered on every possible occasion. (Oh, why do you do it?)

THE FORMAL DINNER

For this affair (let us warn you in advance) our drinking vocabulary doesn't provide as many instances of the very mild conditions of inebriation as one would at first expect. Prohibition didn't give us much of a chance to use that kind. As it is, we had to dig half of the few presented here out of the attic. Since they are something new in the experience of a people not up on the gentlemanly art of refined elbow-bending, they will demand quite a lot of experimenting to perfect. Try them out individually in private in order to learn how much (or little) liquor you need to absorb to get the required effect. Only a few minutes a day required! No teacher—no confusing details. Just a simple, easy, home-study. You'll marvel at your own rapid progress. Then surprise your friends!

Here they are:

"sober as a judge," *and* "ever so slightly nipped."

Honest—these were the only non-tipsy words in the bunch. The sober as a judge one was what we rescued from the attic. A little old-fashioned, isn't it? We couldn't find anything with even an eensy-weensy kick to wink at and nudge this one, so we made up the other phrase. More could easily have been originated; but that would be overdoing the cheating, since all the words presented here are supposed to be gleaned from current literature. We might borrow a few from the Continent. But why sponge off of them? All contributions to the Bacchus Americana should grow out of our own experience.

For the formal spread, the hostess with a regard for the gastronomic proprieties will of course serve only the most inferior of the following beverages:

Wines: In the language of conviviality known as "vino," "bacchus," or "coal-tar." Of particular wines, for quantity of slang synonyms the reds have it: "cardinal" (mulled red wine), "dago red," "ink," "red ink," "red," and "rouge." A glass of port is called a "bull's eye"; a doctored glass of wine, a "speedball." For something brisk and sparkling, bring on "angel foam," "bubbles," "cham," "chammy," "chamois," "fizz," or "sparkle"—all Bacchus Americana for champagne. If your guests desire claret, give them "blood"—they won't know the difference.

Brandy: General terms for which are, "bingo," "cold tea," "fire," "French elixir, -cream, or -lace" and the bootlegger's contribution, "upper-cut"—take it on the chin like a man. Peach brandy is "boof." Cherry brandy, "cherry bounce." A glass of brandy is called a "ball of bottled in bond" or a "ball of fire," depending upon its quality.

A good "digester" or "settler" to finish off with is a "Prairie Oyster," highly seasoned egg yolk.

THE COCKTAIL PARTY

The good humor or mirth indulged in upon this festive occasion provides a little more drinking leeway. The main thing is to remember that the reason for this pep meet is to start the evening off right. It is merely a prelude for what is to come. Not to help you turn up cockeyed at a dinner or the theater. So don't be too optimistic with mixed drinks. Too often they have proven embarrassing. After a sufficient quantity has been imbibed to swing the evening into a gay, easy pace, the limit has been reached. Another glass might be too much. The proper quantity to suit your individual resistance can be gauged, after a little practice, by the following specimens of the American vulgate for mild inebriation:

about right, bemused, blasé, bosky, bright-in-the-eye, buffy, cheerfulish, corky, damp, slightly damp, elevated, feeling funny, feeling it, feeling right royal, fired, fired-up, flawed, flushed, gay, giddy, giggled (up), glowing, happy, having the flavor, hearty, hepped (up), hotsy-totsy, inspired, (pleasantly) jingled, jolly, jus' a lil' boopadoop, a little bit on the go, mellow, merry,

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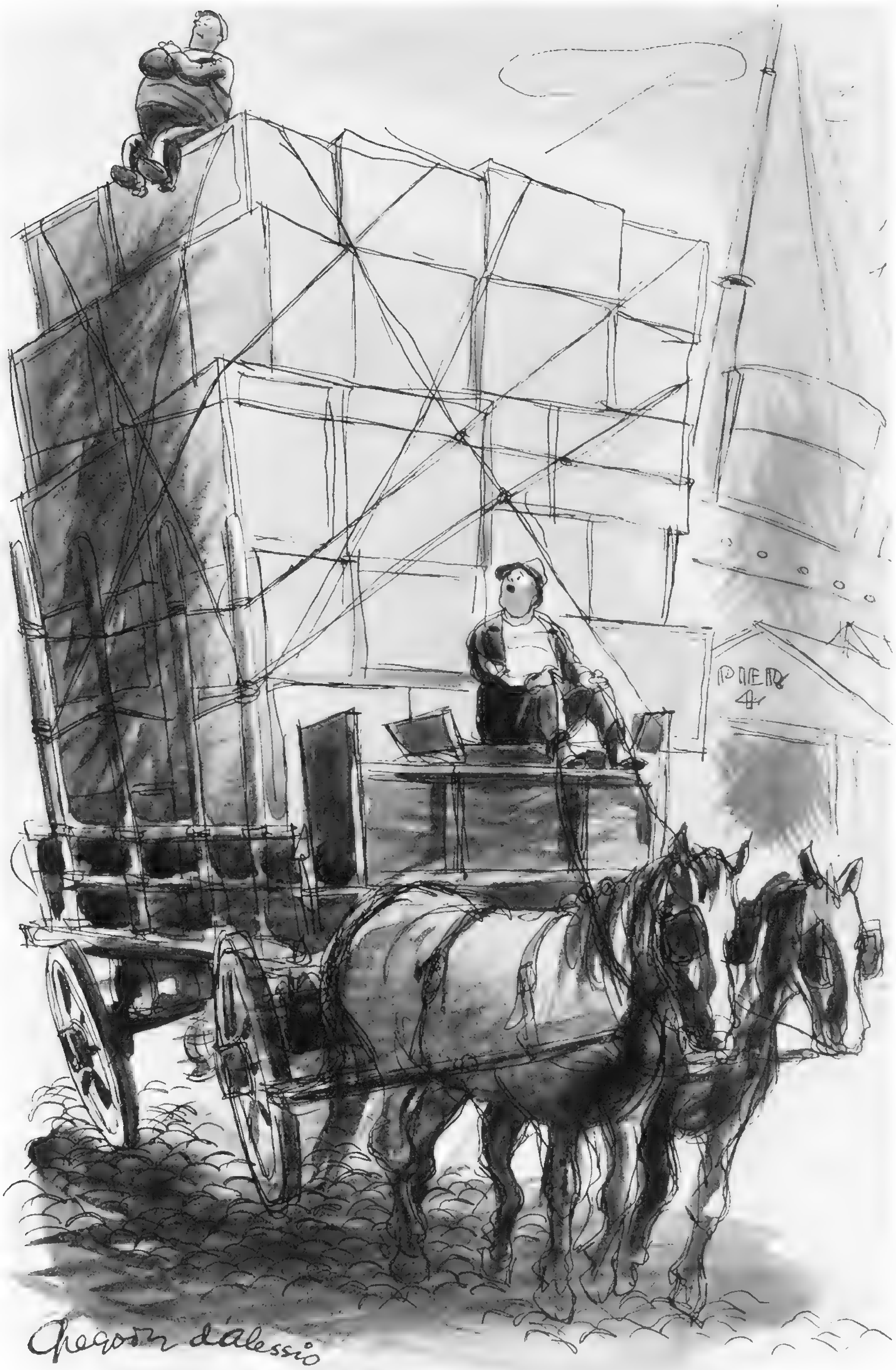
PIER 4
Gregory d'Alessio

"Well—still mad?"

The Ghost Patrol

A short story that puts a neat twist and a trick ending to the legend of the Flying Dutchman

by MAURICE RENARD

The Flying Dutchman has remained unreported for sixteen years. However, many sailors have sighted a single-stacked steamer, flying the red, black and white ensign of the Imperial German Navy, in various zones of the seven seas, a ship that is seen only at night, a long, misty silhouette sliding in a dull, spectral glow emanating from her hull.

Seamen who served in the Allied navies during the World War claim to have recognized her as the *Essen*, the raider commanded by Captain Ruckherdt. The passage of years and the small attention given to naval affairs in contrast with land battles, have almost obliterated her memory from the minds of those who live ashore. But she was well known, eagerly sought after, for several years, during the hostilities.

For thirty odd months, she preyed on Allied shipping. Then nothing was heard of her, after she sank a hospital ship and a neutral liner on the same day. Nothing official, that is, nothing that is printed in the newspapers. But most seamen know that the Flying Dutchman's long cruise is over, and that the *Essen* has assumed the ghost patrol.

Ruckherdt was on the bridge when it happened. Motionless, he was staring through the darkness as the *Essen*, only a shadow in the gloom, steamed at reduced speed, like a shark prowling the depths. Mad pride, a savage and primitive joy, filled him, a lust for power, a craving to be feared. His spirit was audacious, his knowledge of the sea, of naval tactics, was great. He gloried in the sinister talent which had placed him in the first rank of killers.

He liked to think of himself as a somber, mythological figure, a black hero, a living kin to the gigantic, wing-helmed shadows that dominate the German folklore. He believed that in centuries to come, he would be remembered as a Siegfried who had taken a place in the Halls of Valhalla. It was pleasant for him to brood on this in the boundless solitude of the ocean, where there is nothing to prevent a dream from growing.

The quivering of the deck under his boots thrilled him, he felt the ship as part of his own organism. But he craved, more than anything else, the voluptuous sensation of the chase, and the kill at the finish.

Once, at the time he had been sent on his first raiding cruise, Ruckherdt had experienced repulsion at the drowning of so many innocent, defenseless people. But his inborn cruelty soon had taken the upper hand, as his instinct to slay developed and he and his crew had gone on killing, destroying, for the sheer pleasure of the sport. Thoughts of Fatherland, of home defense, the great purpose for which they had been bred, had left them.

They had gone mad with the lust of killing, like the famous French aviator who went mad from the passion of combat and drove his racing car on sidewalks in Paris. Hospital ships, neutral vessels, anything that floated, was game. Some days, when they scanned the empty sea and sought for victims, they would have torpedoed ships of their own nation.

Ruckherdt stirred with delight at the remembrance of the sights. His clenched jaws brought his short teeth together, as he thought of the atrocious scenes he had directed.

"Fire! Fire!"

Again, he saw the long keel heave slowly upward, the vessel plunging under the waves.

"Fire! Fire!"

Again, he saw the lifeboats under the rain of his shells, foundering one by one. His hands quivered, and his fingers whitened on the rail. A satanic grin made his expression horrible, and his mad eyes roved constantly over the waters.

And he espied the strange vessel suddenly, four cable lengths ahead. And the voice of the lookout pierced the gloom at the same moment.

"Ship off the starboard bow!"

"The swine must have been asleep," Ruckherdt grumbled. "I'll have him flogged and put in irons!" He did not need to utter orders. He could control the *Essen* with the push of a handle, a pressure on a button. He halted his cruiser, and sounded the call to stations. The *Essen* ceased vibrating, seemed to be holding her breath, and rolled silently in the darkness. Ruckherdt knew that by now everything was ready, every man at his post. Gunners were at the rangefinders, shells were in the guns, torpedoes in the tubes. He felt his entire crew quivering with the same emotion that twisted his lips into a grinning smile.

The vague light of the thin crescent of moon revealed the other craft, a sailing ship sliding soundlessly over the water. Ruckherdt adjusted his night glass on her, and identified her as a brig. His smile vanished, to reappear immediately. His first astonishment, his flicker of fear, lasted but a brief second.

He understood the other's ruse.

At first, he had been tempted to believe that his eyes had deceived him, and some interior image created in his brain had substituted itself for reality. For he had beheld a terrifying sight.

She was a brig, certainly, that stranger, but a brig belonging in a marine museum, rearing her high poop and massive, carved bow with a figure-head high above the sea. She resembled an ancient Dutch brig of the days of the Hanseatic League. And Ruckherdt, a sailor and consequently superstitious, had whispered in horror.

"The Flying Dutchman, the Ghost Ship!"

His soul stirred with Wagnerian legends, as he recalled the story of that ship, condemned to cruise the seas until the end of time. He had had a moment of fear, aware that the Flying Dutchman appears only to those aboard a vessel that is doomed, and that few men have seen her and lived to report the sight. But all this passed in his mind between the two twitchings of his lips, the fading grin, the smile again. The explanation supplied to his brain was immediate.

He laughed.

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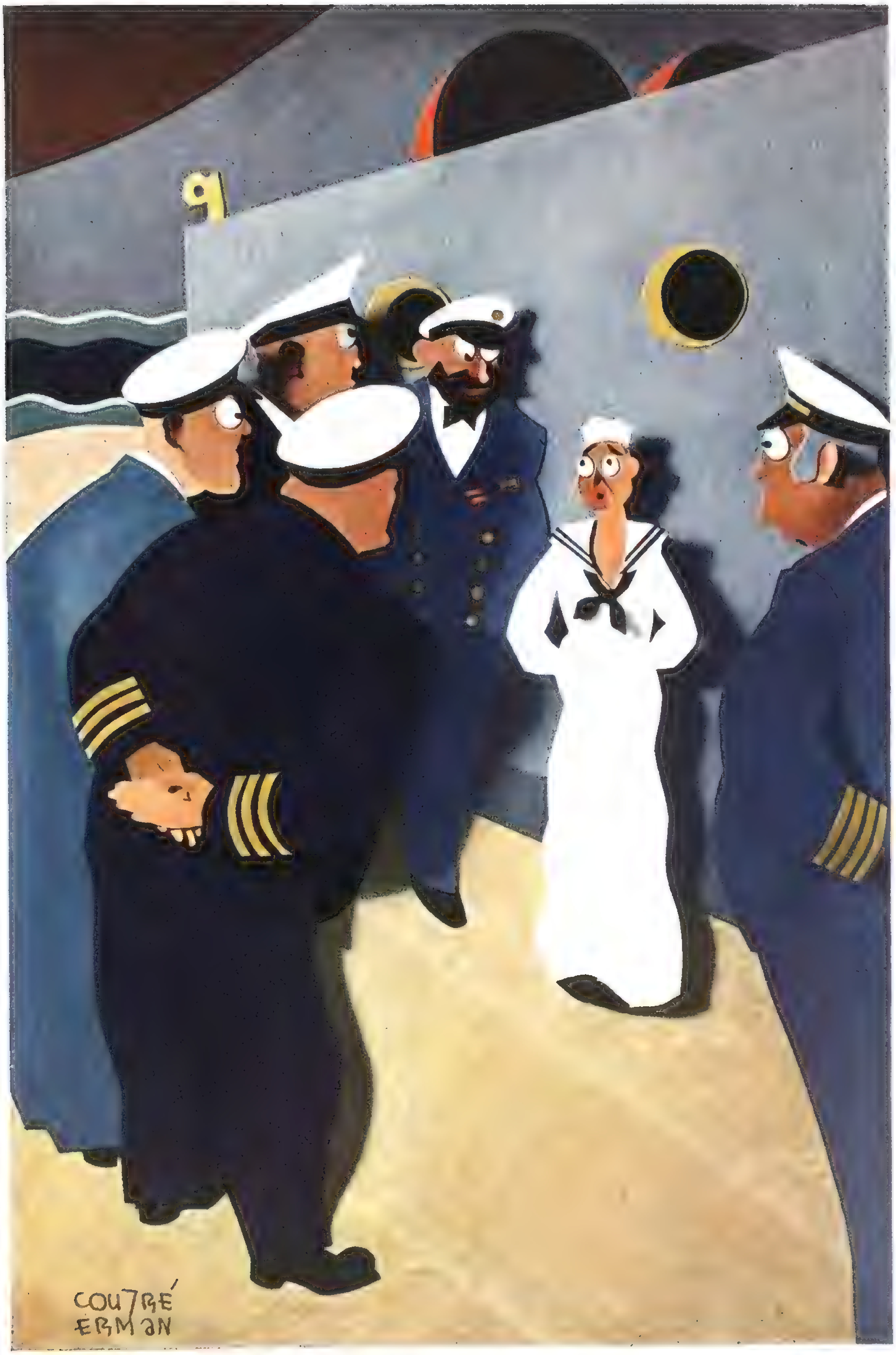
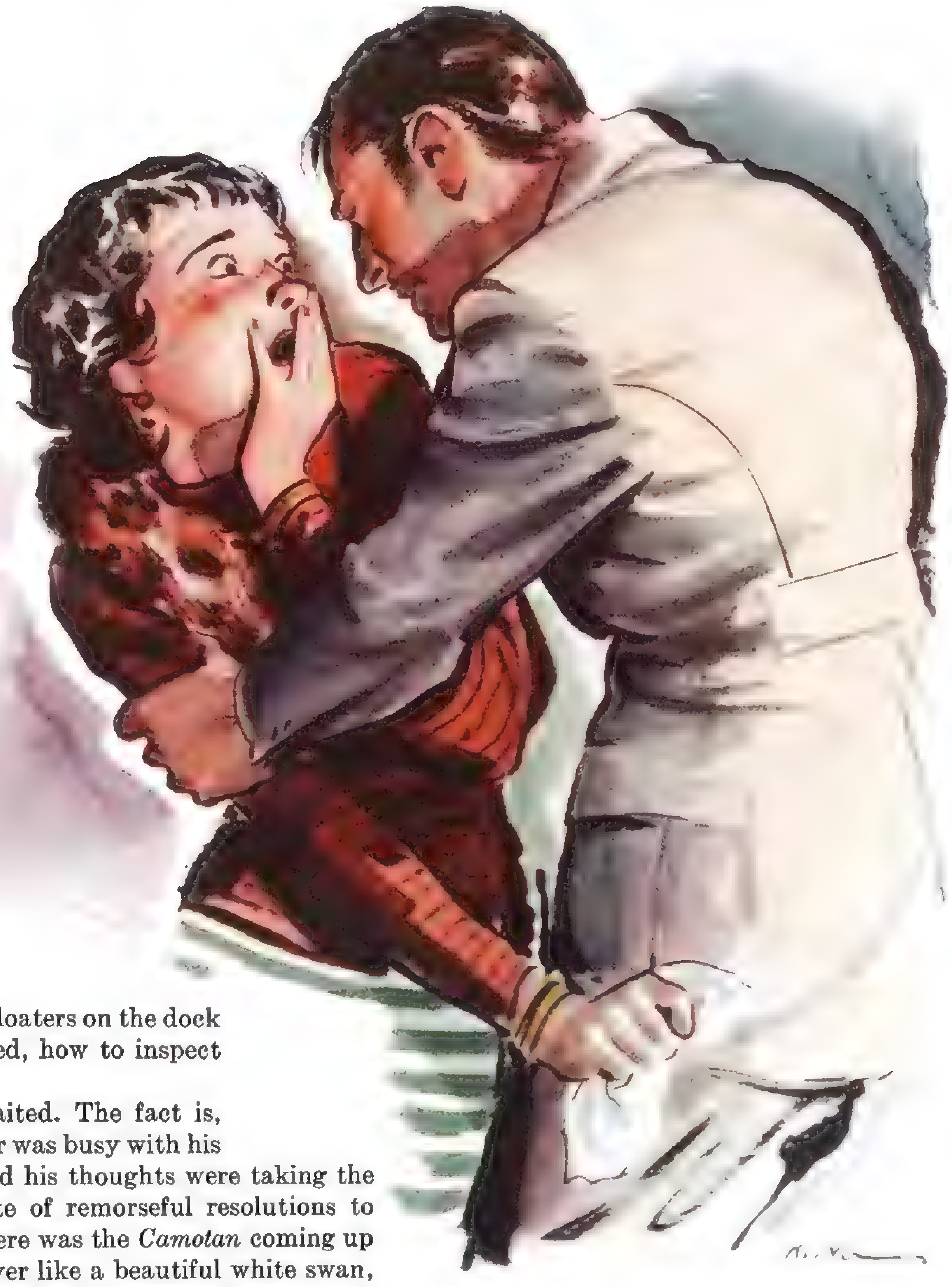

COUTRÉ
ERMAN

"Did we hear you mention something about mutiny?"

Little Angevine

A powerful two-part story of sailors ashore, concluded in the May issue of Esquire

by WILLIAM McFEE



For some time after the big bull-necked person had begun to look the men over, beckoning hither and yon to his trusties, sometimes speaking gruffly to a brawny, willing-looking newcomer, Mr. Leslie Leicester kept beyond the fringe of the crowd, even partly concealing himself behind a pillar of the vast warehouse at the foot of Calliope Street. Not that Leslie Leicester did not need a job. He had the gravest doubts whether the Brothers of St. Vincent and St. Paul would let him have any more nights in their hostel, and he was sick of their frugal meals. The Salvation Army had told him that there was plenty of work, if he cared to look. And he had visited every store in Royal and Carondelet Streets, down one side and up the other, and a few in Dumaine, with his remarkable repertoire of stories. Mr. Leslie Leicester needed a job all right.

And yet he remained in modest retirement while the bull-necked banana-boss took on his men. Already some of them were turning their coats inside out, which was their simple preparations for the coming labor. They were a mixed company of gentlemen of the road, spending the winter in the south. When the New England hills and the plains of the middle west began to whiten under the first snows of November, the gentlemen of the road, like their wealthier brothers and the swallows, flew south. You can, if you have the right sort of face, ride from Provincetown to Shreveport in other men's cars, so simple and kindly is the general run of mankind. Here they were, these men who didn't fit in with the trend of the times, men who couldn't keep up with cash registers and filing cabinets and snappy selling; men who are somehow let out the minute the peak is reached. They were old and young and middle-aged. Some were shaved and some were in that state which proves they lacked even the two-bits to make them free of a barber's chair. They were all there, waiting for the banana-boat to dock; tall and short, husky and pindling, dark and fair, Saxon, Gael and Greek—and Mr. Leslie Leicester, known as Lazy Leicester.

But Mr. Leicester knew that, if he waited, his chances were fair to middling. He had, in the course of his roving career, been in the game before. Not with the bull-necked man himself, but with other specimens of the breed in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Mobile and Galveston. He could go up now and tell that boss something and he would get a job at once. Mr. Leicester was as near being the scum of the earth as anybody can get without undue notoriety, but he had been a capable official on a plantation back of Bluefields once, and he knew, what none of the other floaters on the dock knew or cared, how to inspect the fruit.

Yet he waited. The fact is, Mr. Leicester was busy with his thoughts, and his thoughts were taking the unusual route of remorseful resolutions to get back. Here was the *Camotan* coming up the broad river like a beautiful white swan, her whistle and the brass on her hand-rails gleaming, the shining portholes encircling the faces of watching men. Mr. Leslie Leicester had once been cook's-mate on the *Camotan*, and so dreadful had been his experiences in Europe and in New York during the last dozen years, he was aware of an almost unendurable nostalgia at the thought of his happy days on board. He too had paused in his work in the galley and looked out upon the Levee as the *Camotan* rounded the last bend and began to turn her fine long bows toward the bank at the foot of Calliope Street.

The blare of the steamer's whistle roused him, and he looked round with his customary disdainful condescension. Men who were not gentlemen called Leicester by that name, yet with a dash of scorn in their tones. Perhaps he was. Perhaps he had in his fibre a frayed strand of the immortal grandeur of the old-time gentleman. He was like one of those once-splendid pieces of furniture which come down the River from the old plantations, piling up like silt in the shops of Royal Street and lodging at last in some colored man's cottage across the river, the upholstery ragged and vile, the wood battered and debased, yet with a touch of the old hauteur in the modeling of the frame. So seemed Mr. Leslie Leicester, lounging into the view of the banana-boss, a man with his shoulders hunched beneath his worn thin coat, his feet in cast off cotton socks pushing through his picked up shoes, his once handsome eyes alight with futile contempt for a world which did not take the trouble to look round.

Part of his trouble was the ease with which he could throw his enchantments over women. Could he be blamed, when the daintiest of them had been aware of him and listened, even as they stood on tip-toe to run, to the lilt and blarney of his tongue? It had never mattered whether they were chaste or otherwise, dark or fair, white, yellow or brown. The frayed and soiled tapestry of his character was still silk in texture, and

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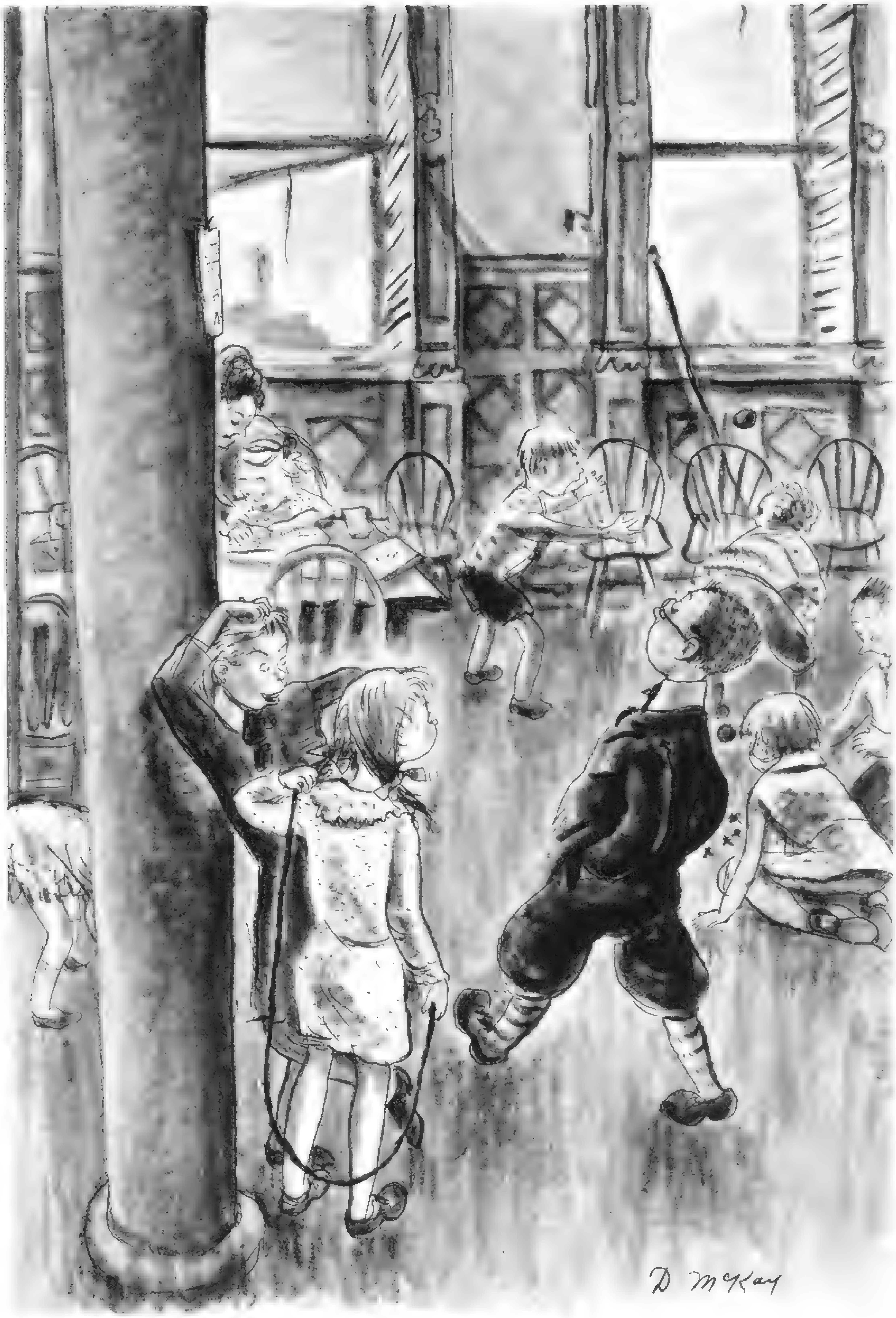
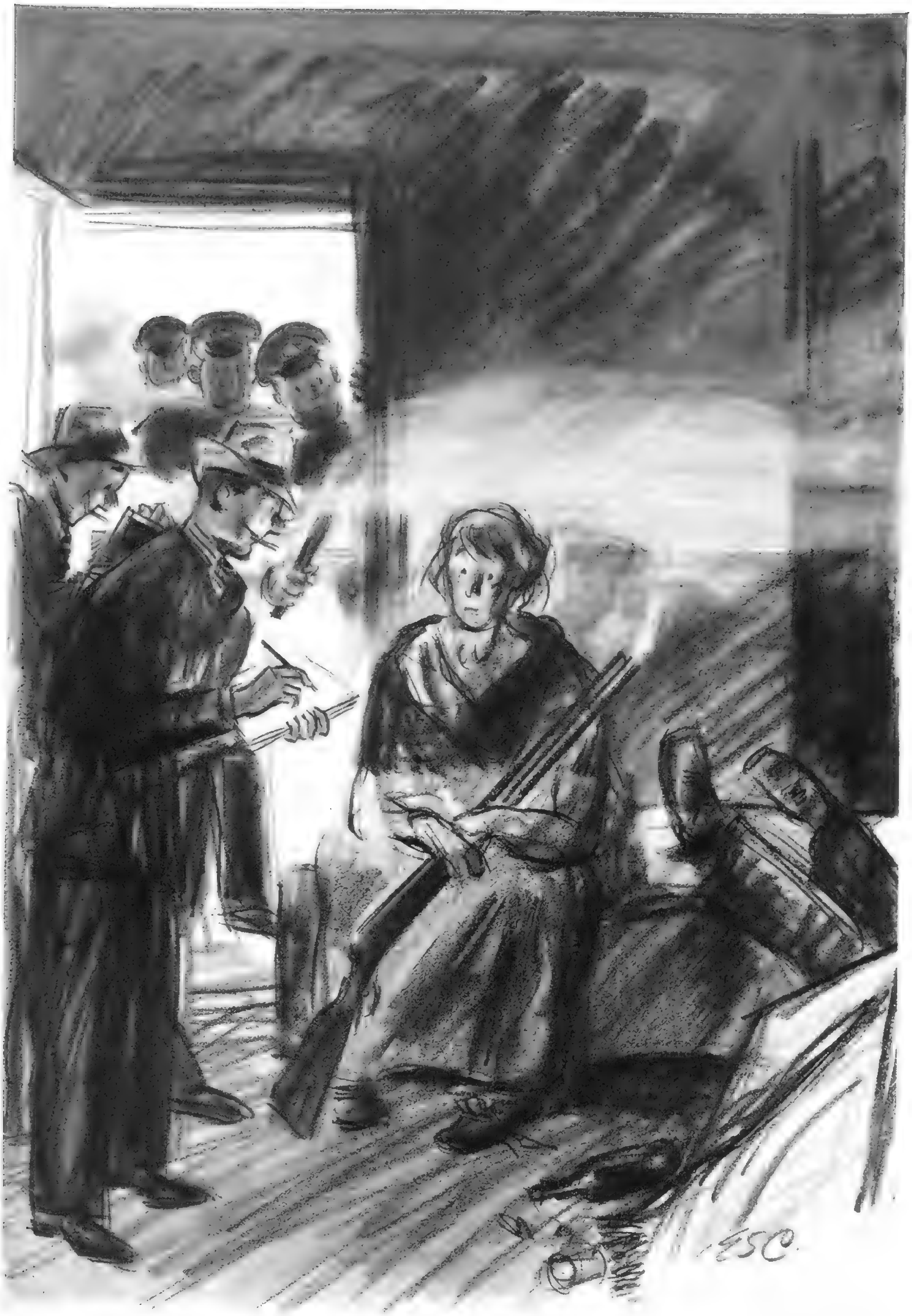


"Ever since we recognized Russia, Ivan has been awfully stuck up"



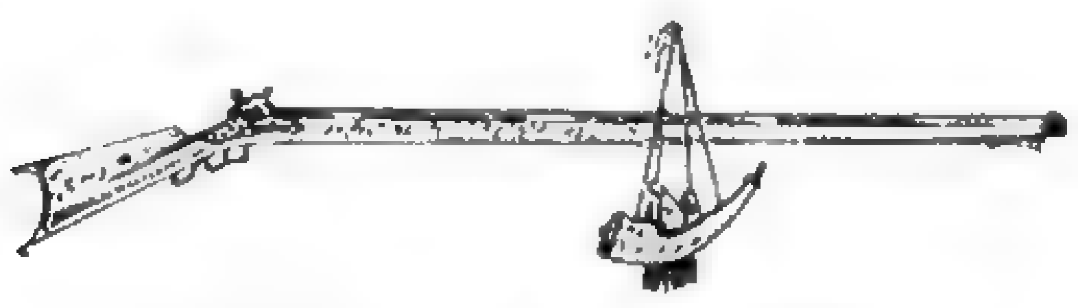
"Now just what was your reaction to your husband's beatings?"

Bastards and Snaphaunces

Devoted to something of the history, and a good deal of the lore, of modern shotguns

by EDWARD M. BARROWS

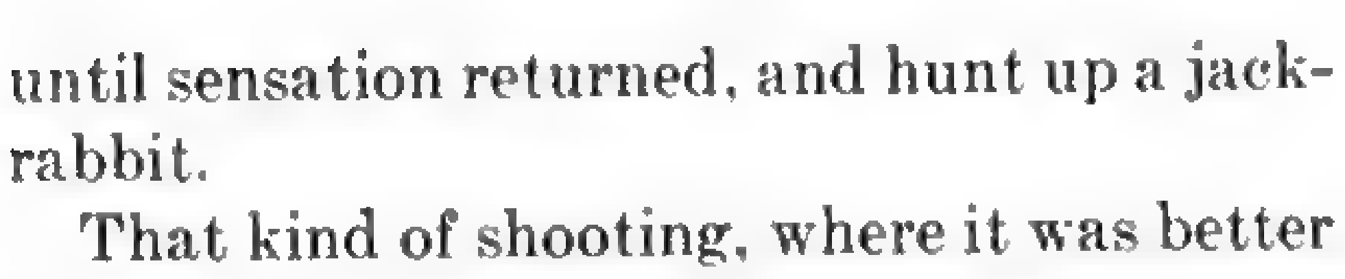
As a boy, the writer of this genealogy of gore-shedders was brought up on a single barrel, muzzle-loading shotgun. At one time it may have been used to pry a covered wagon out of the mud, for its long barrel had a sharp bend of ten degrees near the tip. When you started a prairie chicken you aimed *away* from it, timing your fire so that after the birdshot went around the corner in the gun it would cross the bird's line of flight at a given point just as the bird arrived there. Then you could rub your shoulder until sensation returned, and hunt up a jack-rabbit.



Type of rifle used by the Pioneers (Kentucky Rifle)

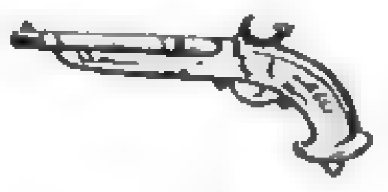
That kind of shooting, where it was better to shut your eyes and give the doctrine of chances a break, has passed away even for the shotgun. Riflemakers always have held stubbornly to the idea that a man should be allowed to hit what he shot at, as we shall see farther on. But the shotgun school of thought believed in leaving all to chance, and then increasing the chances.

Shotguns appeared in this country with the post-Mayflower Pilgrims, and were then known as blunderbusses. The name was apt, for the idea of the blunderbuss was to fire a general cargo of small objects at a mark, and hit it by mistake. The barrels were sometimes an inch in diameter at the breech and were belled out at the muzzle to three or four inches. They discharged a small handfull of pewter pellets at one firing, or iron fragments, nails or marbles if the owner had nothing else. For hunting, except for rodents and small birds, they were worse than useless. But they were in great demand for self defense. A man in doubt had only to empty one of these cornucopias full of hardware in the general direction of a stranger in the dark, and something would be sure to find him. This discouraged night prowling.



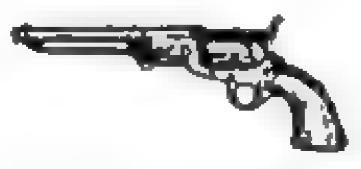
Modern big game hunting rifle (30-06 Gov't.)

In the Revolutionary period the blunderbuss lost its bell-like muzzle, increased its range, and became the favorite weapon of the sporting bloods in the more settled colonies, who had leisure for small game hunting as a pastime. Even then the best shotguns or "fowling pieces," came from England, although the American riflemakers asked no odds of any country. For the heavy work of clearing the wilderness the rifle was still indispensable, and so a compromise became popular, a double gun which had one rifle barrel and one shotgun barrel on the same stock. Gradually this was superseded by the double-barrel shotgun. The American rifle continued its own independent development, which the shotgun later shared, and thereby contributed a chapter in world history.



Type of pistol used by buccaneers

In Europe of the sixteenth century hunting was a high art, confined to the wealthy and full of formalities. There were deer hunts, or boar hunts, or wolf or bear or bird hunts, each with its special ritual of hunting, its own fanfare of bugle calls, its own haberdashery of hats, buskins, and whatnot, and its own specialties in firearms. Vastly different the case of the American pioneer. Our forefathers took whatever came to hand, and there was no foretelling the result of a day's hunt. You might return with a turkey, or a deer, or a scalp, or leave your own scalp in another's keeping. The perfect weapon was one that would supply you with enough woodland livestock to keep you from starving, while you chopped enough wood to keep you from freezing, and could persuade the Indians to let you enjoy this wild free life in the open.

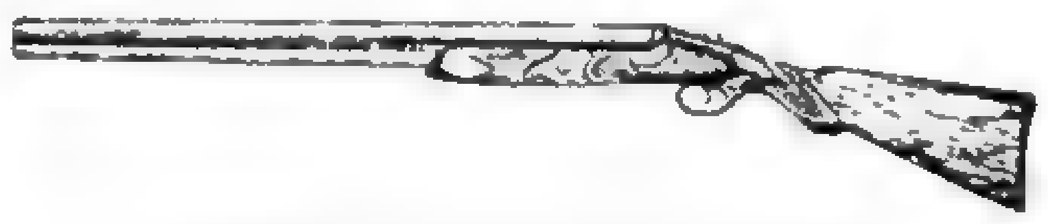


Colt cap and ball .31 five shot revolver (1850)

But the earliest weapon on this side of the Atlantic was the cumbersome matchlock and it is hard to imagine a weapon less suited to pioneer life. It weighed in the neighborhood of sixty pounds, was about six feet in length, and required a forked rest to hold the muzzle in place. The hunter held the other end under his shoulder, and aimed the piece with one hand while the other clutched a live coal on which he had to blow before he applied it to the fuse. Then he waited while the coal lit the fuse and the fuse lit the priming and the priming lit the main charge. An early "Manual of Exercise for the Matchlock Musket" gives some idea of the patience a wild animal of those days had to display in order to get shot. Forty-seven actions were required. First you "put on your bandolier," a huge diagonal belt on which were strung priming wire, "worms, scourer, bullet moulds and pouches, several yards of fuse and slowmatch, metal boxes of powder," all of which caused "much rattling" when you walked, according to eyewitnesses of those days.

Modern Colt automatic .45

Among the forty-six other motions you "place your match; place your rest; put the string of your musket around your left wrist; take up your musket." Then after twenty-six other directions, one of which was to "cast off your loose corns"—probably in order to facilitate rapid transit in case you missed—you "join your rest to the outside of your musket; draw forth your match; blow your coal; cock your match; blow the ashes from your coal; open your pan." This last order might seem irrelevant nowadays. But finally you could "give fire," provided your target was still there, or you hadn't left your priming wire in your other bandolier.



Modern type over and under double barreled shotgun

Now imagine an excited forefather going through this abracadabra in the presence of a black bear who did not like him, or dodging arrows soaked in rattle-snake poison, while he tried to blow the ashes off a live coal without letting his musket slip from under his arm. It becomes at once apparent that the matchlock was no weapon to civilize a virgin forest with.

The Puritan got this point early and promptly. A hurried order to England just before the Pequoit Indian War broke out in 1683 included many munitions of war, most germane to this narrative being "80 bastard muskets with snaphaunces and four-foot barrels, without rests." The "bastard" feature referred to a musket barrel which added the English military matchlock to the continental hunting gun and combined the best features of both, and the snaphaunces referred to an improved species of firing lock action which struck fire from flint and steel and thus did away with the match and the tinshop bandolier.

It was this hybrid firearm, since legitimatized by a long succession of patents, that is the ancestor of today's high-powered automatic rifles and hammerless double-barrel shotguns. For on the Allegheny frontier, William Penn's settlers evolved from it the formidable "long rifles." The importance of this weapon, known as the "Kentucky rifle," has only recently been realized by historians, for we are coming to understand that nations are made, or unmade, more by what their citizens grow and make and wear and shoot, than by the treaties and wars of their political chronicles.

Inferior in manpower, discipline, military skill and resources, the Colonists yet held off the English armies nearly three years, until

Continued on page 152

Airplanes on Tracks

A comment on the beginning vogue for streamlining railroad trains, following the airplane's example

by ALEXIS de SAKHNOFFSKY

SINCE the first so-called streamlined trains are about to be put into actual operation, it seems opportune to outline some of the new problems involved.

In spite of the fierce competition of airplanes and buses, until recently nothing has been done to improve the riding ease or appearance of trains. And now that a number of radically new principles are being introduced, it is interesting to consider the possibilities.

Without going into technical descriptions we shall study two aspects of the question, confining the discussion to considerations of appearance and atmosphere.

The world-wide publicity given those new trains brought out their advantages in terms of light-weight speed and economy. And immediately in the public mind arose this doubt—how safe are those extra light trains at such ultra high speeds? Of course we know that the very conservative railroad companies who had the courage to adopt the new solutions, did so only after satisfying themselves that they are perfectly safe. But there are two ways of persuading the public of their safety.

One is to stress the fact that in spite of the light weight there is nothing "tinny" about them because the only logical material for their construction is either stainless or ordinary steel, which in itself suggests strength, duralumin, which possesses an astonishing solidity in conjunction with its extremely light weight.

The second point is that in appearance the new trains must suggest stability and bulk. Too straight sides give a weak appearance, and to obtain the desired effect we must make our product "architecturally correct," i.e., tapered towards the base. The sketch on the next page illustrates this idea. Borrowing from the automobile the new rolled belt effect we adapt it to our train by pushing in the sides from the center up. The new outline will not affect materially the inside room, will help the streamlining and will give an illusion of speed.

We must not forget that the perfectly streamlined shape is clumsy, and we have to compromise with science for art's sake. When gaudy effects are obtained with color contrasts as an afterthought, and lines have not been first designed to determine the color limitations, the effect is undeniably cheap. This has always in the past been the mistake made by those who styled and colored railroad cars and commercial vehicles and it is a tendency that has held over in some of the latest crude attempts to get speed effects on perfectly plain surfaces. "We will see how we can cut in the contrasting color when the job is ready"—has been the reasoning in so many cases, with disastrous results.

We illustrate in our sketch how we use as a pretext for a contrasting color the raised tapered portion of the roof, which can house air and light ducts.

The front view emphasizes the egg shape while the three windshield wipers seem to be a "natural" on the triple windshield. Streamlined headlamps and "pants" over the wheels contrive to make the train definitely 1935.

In studying the problem of atmosphere let us go back to home decoration. Sometimes it happens that on entering a home or just a room, you suddenly feel happy, your mind is at peace and a delightful calm comes over you. This is because your subconscious mind is registering a perfectly and tastefully balanced environment. A scientific balance smoothly blends details into a homogeneous ensemble.

This unity is the definition of successful decoration. Whenever our attention is attracted by the beauty of one particular object, the decorator has failed to maintain balance. And why should we live and travel among atrocities? Long contact with ugly things will not, as some have argued, result in a new conception of beauty, but in a complete loss of taste.

The search for beauty on trains reveals an even more appalling condition. Far from a balanced ensemble, the train interiors strike you as being devoid of a single pleasing feature. Depressingly dull color schemes, uninviting seats, awkward shades and impossible lighting are just a few of the things we have to put up with.

And now that noise elimination and air conditioning have been proposed, better interior decoration is the next improvement that should be considered.

Indirect lighting ought to be made to give a more restful effect, because with the new, considerably more silent cars, our attention will be much less distracted by outside noises, and will be focused upon surrounding objects.

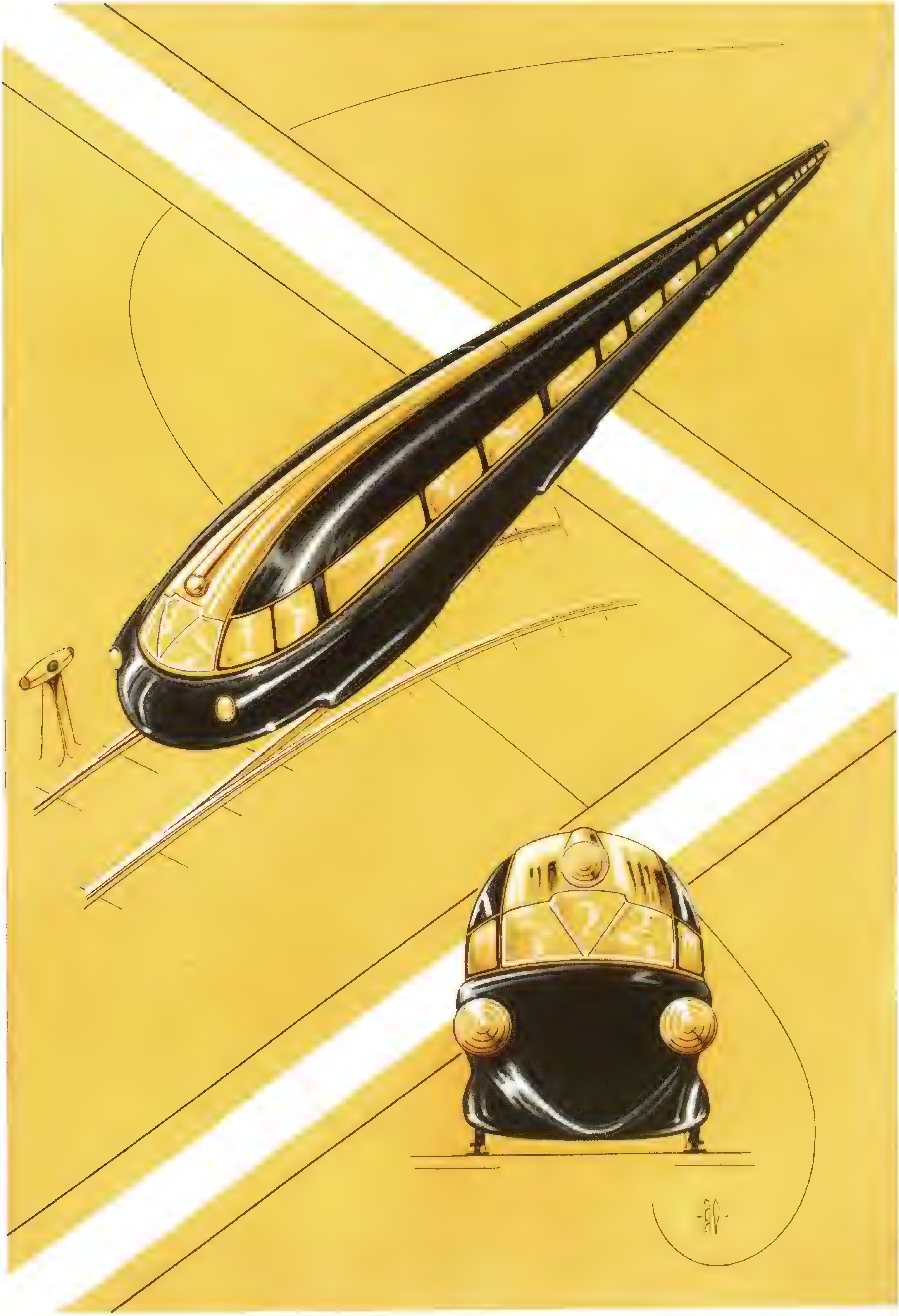
Let us, therefore, have really comfortable and adjustable seat backs, and blended color schemes. Let us discard forever that anti-artistic imitation wood grain finish, and use instead one of the dozens of attractive new bronze, gunmetal or other metallic finishes —always modern looking, clean and restful to the eye. Rest rooms should be styled as carefully as bathrooms in modern homes. The idea is not to copy exactly what has been done in homes of course, but to establish a new style for streamlined trains inspired by the requirements of low weight, speed, and safety influenced by the spirit of machinery which is all around us . . . an agreeable reminder of the fast era we are living in.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This may not be the best place, but certainly it is a good time, to disavow any intention on the part of this department to show working drawings or designs from which, without further depiction of detail on paper, construction can be undertaken.

Count Alexis has been taken to task by some readers for failing to do certain things which he certainly never intended to do in the first place. In the February issue, for example, there was a drawing showing a car with front fenders carrying a skirt which completely encased the upper half of the wheel. There were a number of letters hooting at this detail, on the ground that the drawing did not show how the front wheels, thus encased, could be turned in and out for the rounding of street corners. This is somewhat comparable to the elementary type of art criticism that would condemn Whistler's Mother, as a painting, solely on the ground that it does not show (being a profile) how the poor old lady could ever eat a square meal. Count Alexis could have put in a small detail drawing, showing another view of the wheel and fender in question, to make it clear that the wheel could be turned. So, for that matter, could Whistler have put in, next to that lovely old head, an outline drawing of the face front-view, to serve as a reminder that the thin line of the lady's lips, seen from the side, nevertheless represented a mouth of functional shape and width.

In the March issue, this department was devoted to problems of exterior and interior decoration as applied to airliners. A number of readers have objected that the airplane, as shown in the sketch, couldn't fly. This is another evidence of the tendency to mistake a sketch for a working drawing, or blueprint. To say that a plane in flight, sketched as it appears, in perspective, to an observer on the ground, could not fly is like saying that a skyscraper, photographed as it appears from the air, couldn't stand up.

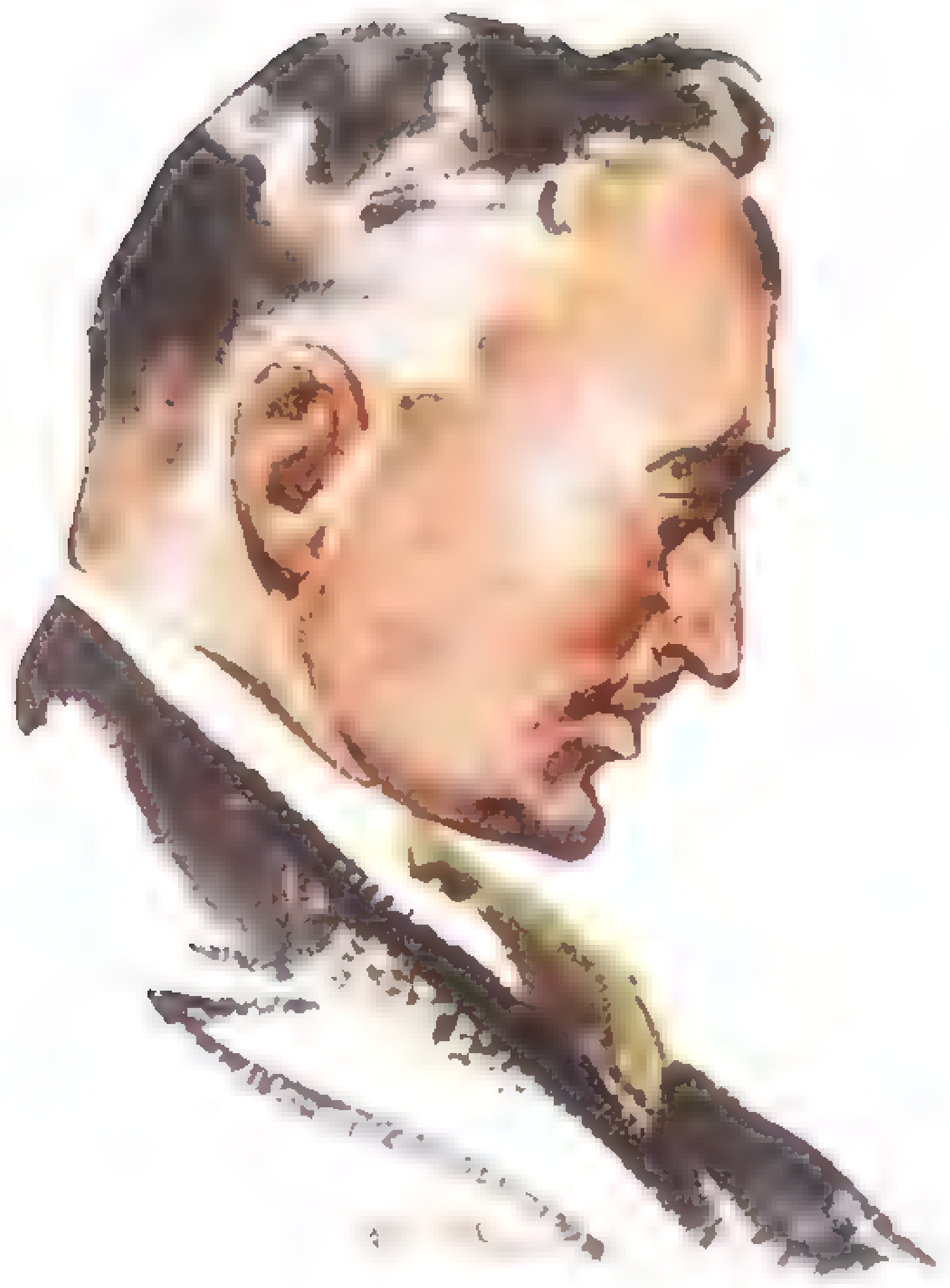
The point of the foregoing is not that this department is closed to criticism, but that criticism is invited, provided it criticizes these drawings and ideas for what they are, rather than for what they are not. They are presented in these pages primarily as fashion notes, in the field of mechanics, just as Mr. Fellows' drawings are fashion notes in the field of apparel. So far, no tailors have objected to Mr. Fellows' drawings on the ground that they couldn't be followed as cutting patterns for the laying out of suits of clothes.



A Good Job Gone

The story twelve men out of every thirteen wanted—but the thirteenth can always skip

by LANGSTON HUGHES



It was a good job. Best I ever had. I got it my last year in high school and it took me damn near through college. I'm sure sorry it didn't last. I made good money, too. Made so much that I changed from City College to Columbia my Sophomore year. Mr. Lloyd saw to it I got a good education. He had nothing against the Negro race, he said, and I don't believe he did. He certainly treated me swell from the time I met him till that high brown I'm gonna tell you about drove him crazy.

Now, Mr. Lloyd was a man like this: he had plenty of money, he liked his licker, and he liked his women. That was all. A damn nice guy—till he got hold of this jane from Harlem. Or till she got hold of him. My people—they won't do. They'd mess up the Lord if he got too intimate with 'em. Poor Negroes! I guess I was to blame, too. I should of told Mr. Lloyd she didn't mean him no good. But I was minding my own business, and that time I minded it too well.

But that was one of the things Mr. Lloyd told me when I went to work there. He said, "Boy, you're working for me—nobody else. Keep your mouth shut about what goes on here, and I'll look out for you. You're in school, ain't you? Well, you won't want to have to worry about money to buy books and take your girl-friends out—not if you stay with me."

He paid me twenty-two dollars a week, and I ate and slept in. He had a four-room apartment, as cozy a place as you'd want to see, looking right over Riverside Drive. Swell view. In the summer when Mr. Lloyd was in Paris or Berlin, I didn't have a damn thing to do but eat and sleep, and air the furniture. I got so tired, that I went to summer school.

"What you gonna be, boy?" he said.

I said, "A dentist, I reckon."

He said, "Go to it. They make a hell of a lot of money—if they got enough sex appeal."

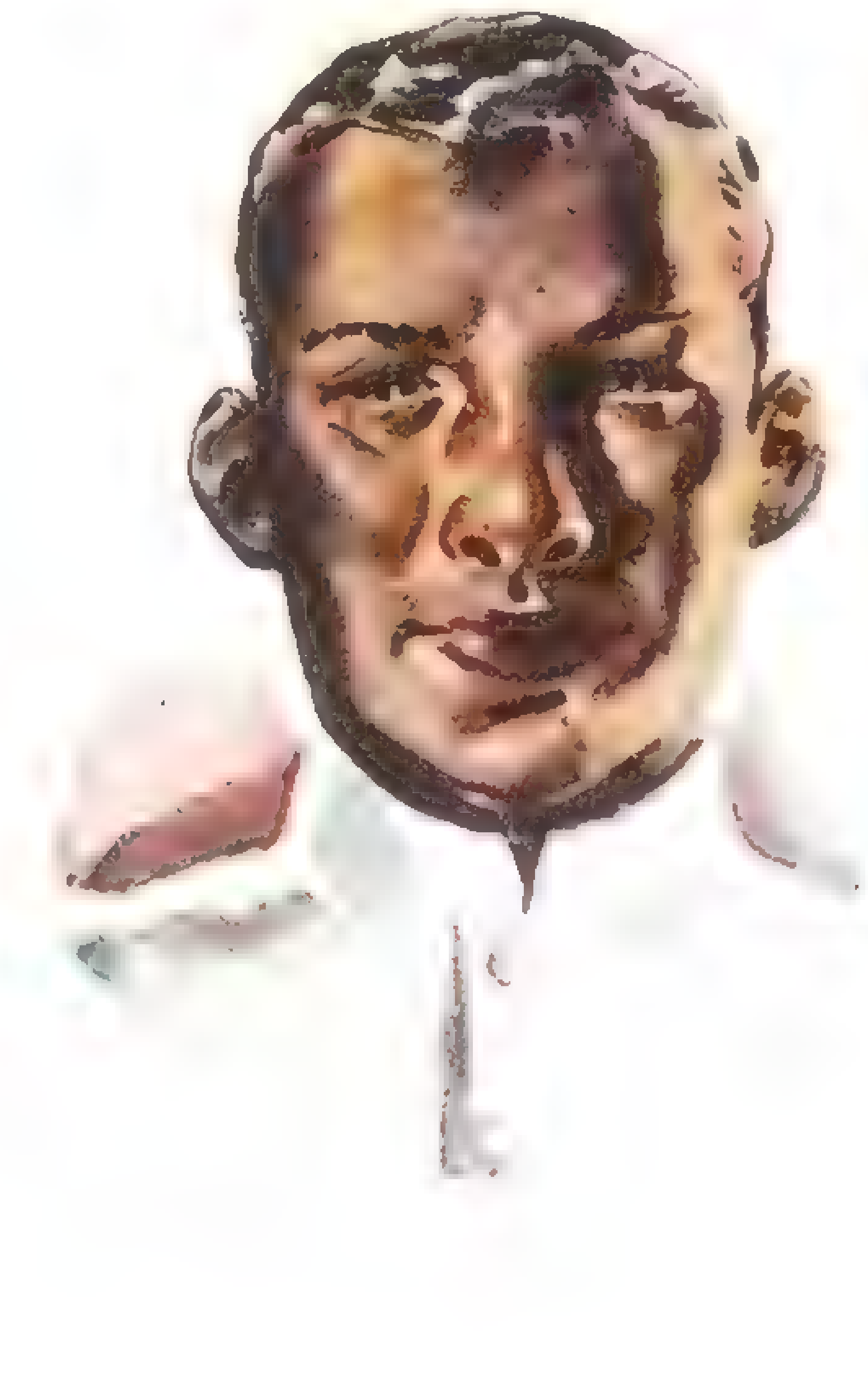
He was always talking about sex-appeal and lovin'. He knew more dirty stories than any man I ever saw, Mr. Lloyd did. And he liked his women young and pretty. That's about all I did, spent my time cleaning up after some woman he'd have around, or makin' sandwiches and drinks in the evenings. When I did something extra, he'd throw me a fiver anytime. I made oodles o' money. Hell of a fine guy, Mr. Lloyd, with his 40-11 pretty gals—right out of the Follies or the Scandals, sweet and willing.

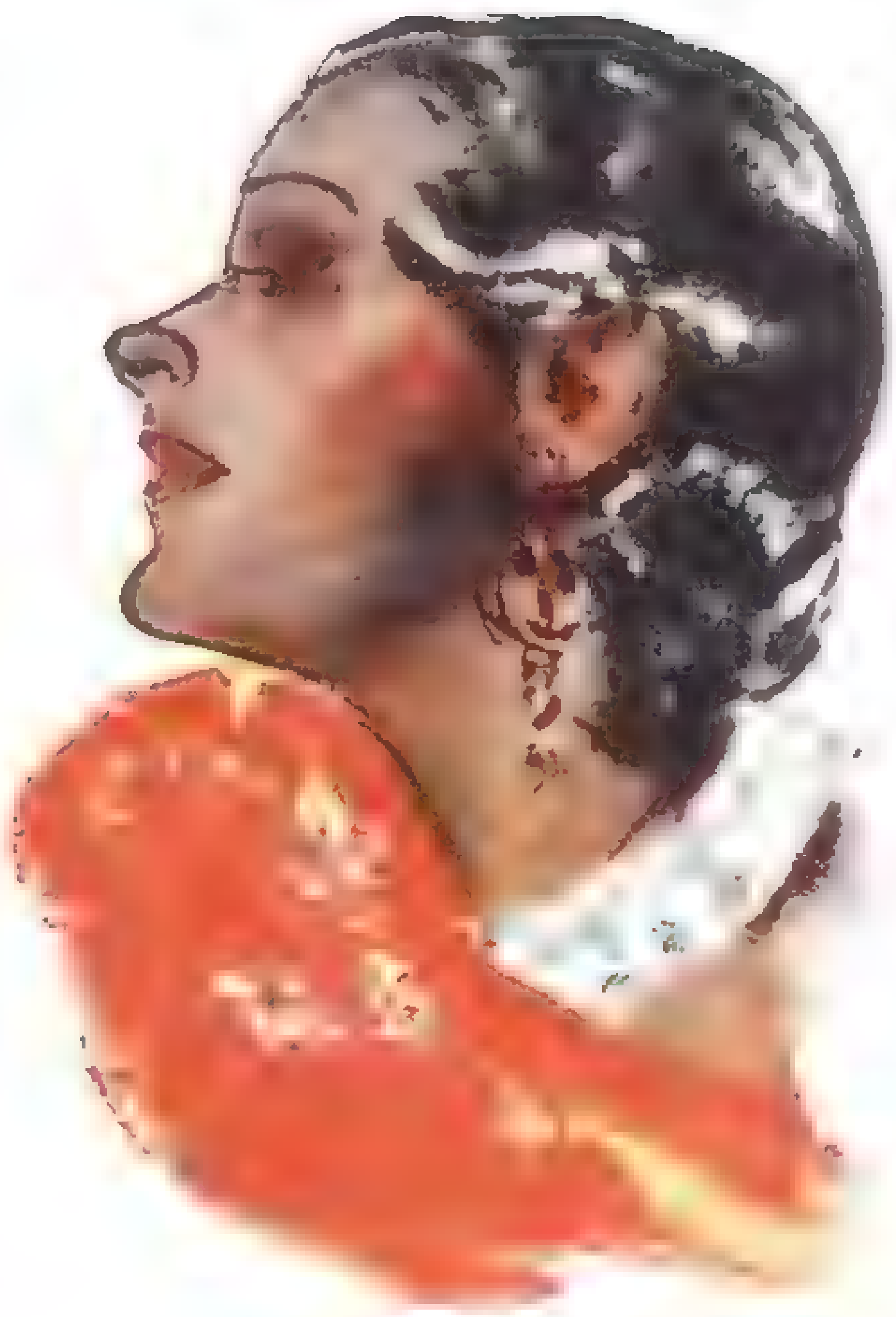
His wife was paralyzed, so I guess he had to have a little outside fun. They lived together in White Plains on a big estate. But he had a suite in the Hotel Styvesant, and a office down on Broad. He says, when I got the job, "Boy, no matter what you find out about me, where I live, or where I work, don't *you* connect up with no place but here. No matter what happens on Riverside Drive, don't you take it no further."

"Yes, sir, Mr. Lloyd," I said, because I knew where my bread was buttered. So I never went near the office or saw any of his other help but the chauffeur—and him a Jap.

Only thing I didn't like about the job, he used to bring some awfully cheap women there sometimes—big timers, but cheap inside. Didn't know how to treat a servant. One of 'em used to nigger and darkie me around, but I got her told right quietly one time, and Mr. Lloyd backed me up.

The boss said, "This is no ordinary boy. True, he's my servant, but I got him in Columbia studying to be a dentist, and he's just as white inside as he is black out. Treat him right, or I'll see why." And it wasn't long before this dame was gone, and he had a little Irish girl with blue eyes that he treated mean as hell.





Another thing I didn't like, though. Sometimes I used to have to drink a hell of a lot with him. When there was no women around, and Mr. Lloyd would get one of his blue spells and start talking about his wife, and how she hadn't walked for 18 years, just laying flat on her back. After about an hour of this, he'd want me to start drinking with him. And when he felt good from licker, he'd start talking free about women in general, and he'd ask me what they were like in Harlem. Then he'd tell me what they were like in Montreal and Havana and Honolulu. He'd even had Gypsy women in Spain.

Then he would drink and drink, and make me drink with him. And we'd both be so drunk I couldn't go to classes the next morning, and he wouldn't go to the office maybe all day. About four o'clock he'd send me out for some clam broth and an American Mercury, so he could sober up on Mencken. I'd give him a alcohol rub, then he'd go off to his suite in the Styvesant and have dinner with the society folks he knew. I might not see him again for days. But he'd slip me a greenback usually.

"Boy, you'll never lose anything through sticking with me! Here." And it would be a fiver.

Sometimes I wouldn't see Mr. Lloyd for weeks. Then he'd show up late at night with a chippie, and I'd start making drinks and sandwiches and smoothing down the bed. Then there'd be a round o' women, six or eight different ones in a row, for days. And me working my hips off keeping 'em fed and lickered up. This would go on till he got tired and had the blues again. Then he'd beat the hell out of one of his women and send her off. Then we'd get drunk again. When he sobered up he'd telephone for his chauffeur to drive him to White Plains to see his old lady, or down to the hotel where

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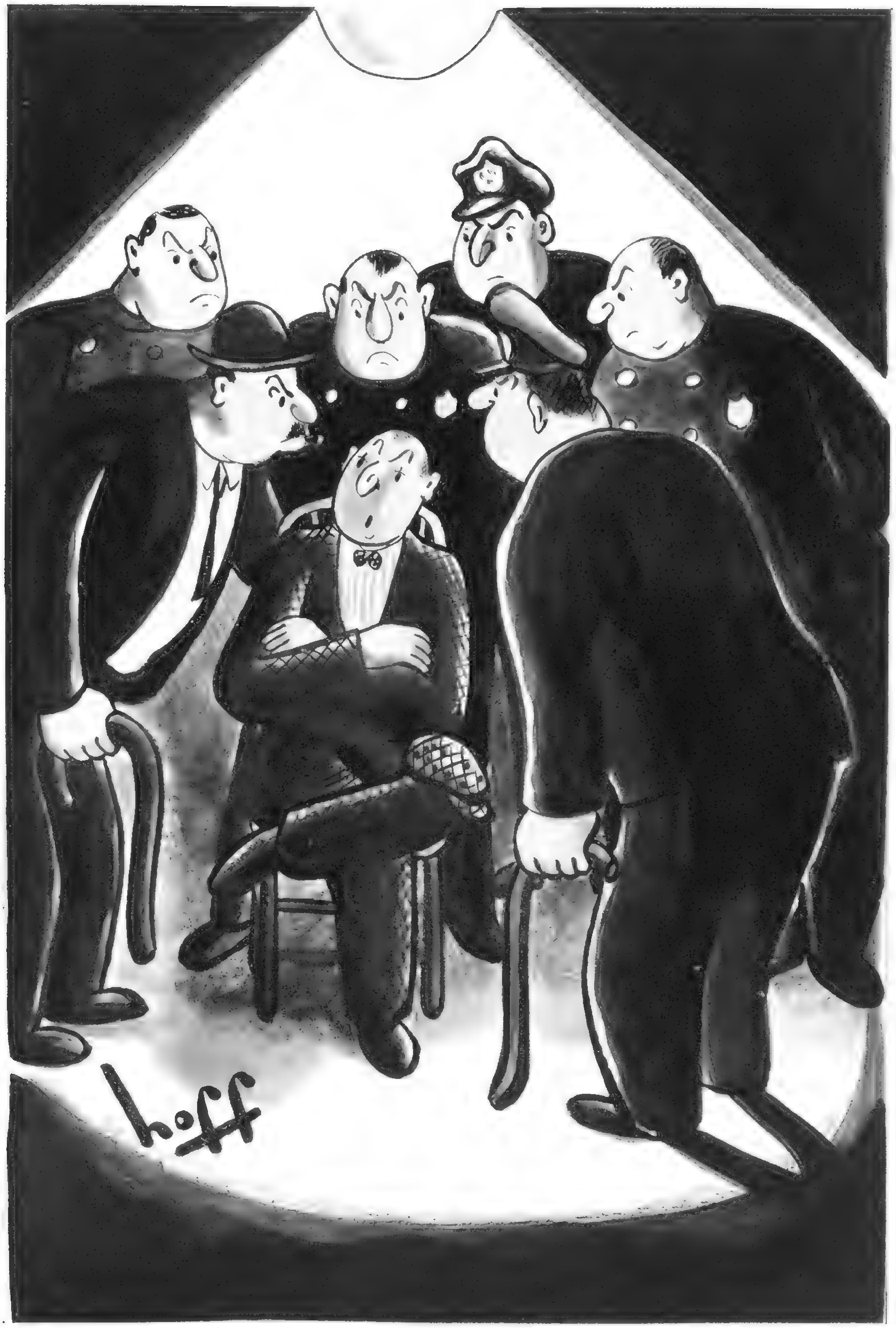


"First apologize for calling me a liar!"

The Red Hat

Deftly handled study of the effect of a bad woman's image on a good man's imagination

by SHOLOM ASCH

For several weeks Adolf Levinson had been in a state of extreme nervousness and restlessness. The reason for this was so trivial, yet unpleasant, that he was ashamed to confide in anybody, not even his best friend. One evening, as Adolf was leaving his office on Broadway, he noticed a woman at the street corner. She had a sallow complexion and wore a red hat. From a distance he had been struck by the red hat and so, without any particular intention, his glance rested on the woman as she stood there. His eyes met those of a seductive and challenging street-walker who, with a shameless, friendly smile, offered him her olive-skinned body. Adolf looked away and walked on. As he did so, he could feel that the woman was looking after him, and it suddenly occurred to him that he had only to look around and to catch her eye, and she would immediately follow him, if he so wished. Then he would have the opportunity of being together with an absolutely new person and to discover the secrets of someone quite unknown to him . . .

Adolf was ashamed of this thought and began to wonder how such an idea could have entered his head. "Who knows," he said to himself, "what taint this woman may have? Her very appearance suggests it." He had the same sensation as if an uncorked bottle of poison were standing on a table, with a glass beside it. He began to wonder why the authorities paid so little attention to dangers of this kind. "Such a woman should stand in the middle of the street amongst people! It is the same as if someone dug a hole in the ground at a point where the traffic was thickest."

He entered a candy store and bought a pound of chocolate cherries. Then he dived into the nearest subway station, and was plunged in the human stream which pours into the Bronx every evening . . .

As Adolf was taking off his hat and coat in the narrow hall of his apartment, he noticed that there was no light in the dining-room and shouted:

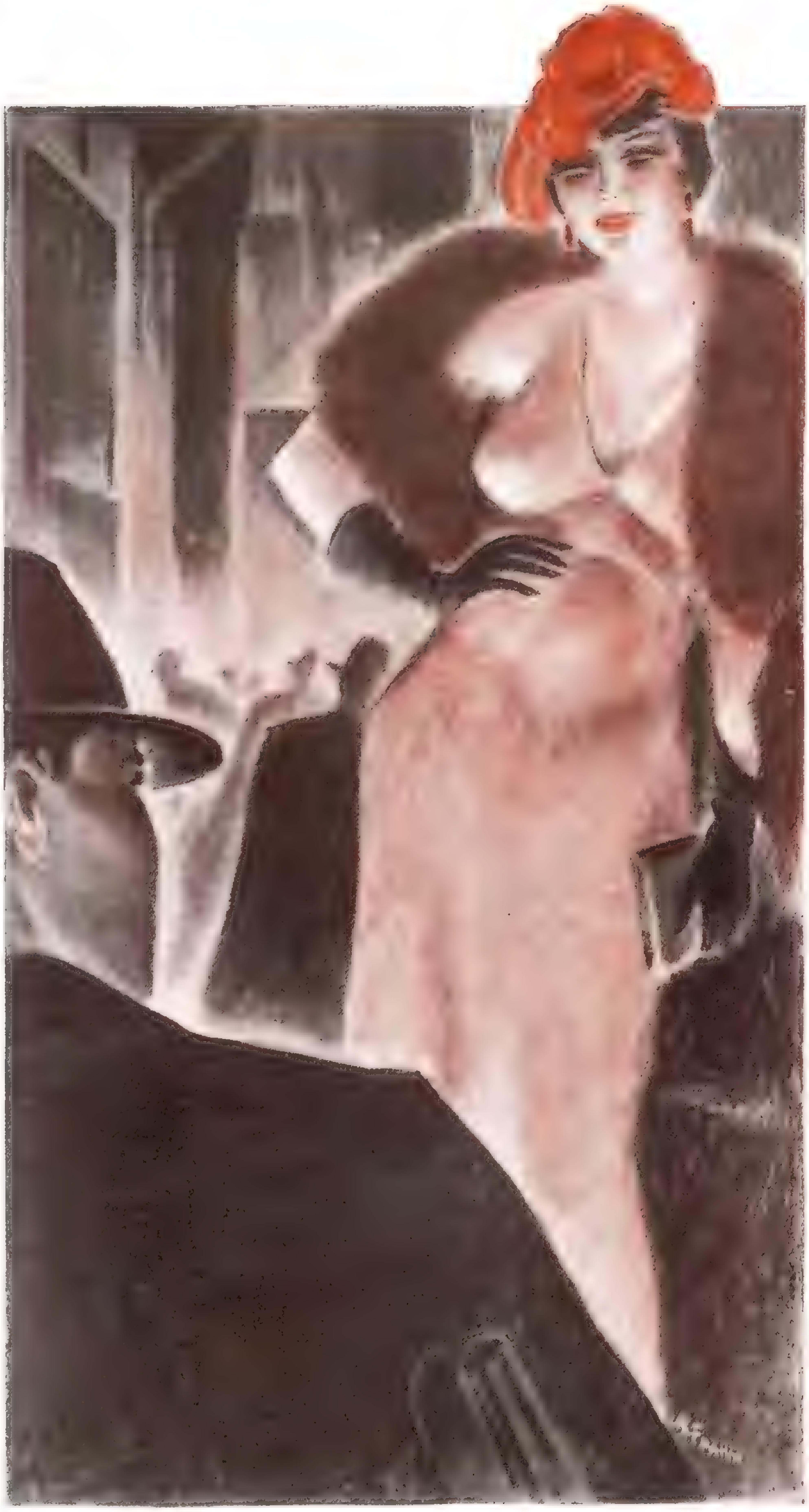
"Hello, Bessie!"

"Come here, I'm with the children!"

He entered the brightly lighted, clean bedroom, glowing with homely warmth and cheerfulness. His young wife was soothing the baby, and Little Fatty, his three year old son, was playing with his Teddy bear on the sofa. There was a pile of freshly ironed linen on the large wide bed. His wife had just begun to put it away in the closet.

"Please, don't give him any chocolates; he has stomach ache," she cried, pointing to the boy.

But Little Fatty had already noticed the



package of cherries in his father's hand, and began loudly to beg for them.

"One will surely not do him any harm. He likes them so much."

"You'll make him ill, and then he won't want his milk."

In spite of his three years, Little Fatty was already so stout that it seemed as if his mother had stuffed him full of food to provide him with reserves for his future life. In return for the chocolate which was given to him, he had to drink two glasses of milk and eat a full bowl of cereal, before he was allowed to go to bed—a truly terrific price to pay for one little piece of chocolate.

"And how is baby?"

"Just as well as I am. You know, baby feels well when I do. When I don't sleep, baby doesn't. When I eat, she also wants to eat. If I have a bad day, so does she."

Laughing, Adolf kissed his wife, and, as he did so, his cheek touched the tiny face of the baby, and he noticed the soft odor of milk which the body of the child exuded. Something unspeakably pure enfolded him. He had the feeling of escaping from a great danger, now that he had regained the clean, childish atmosphere of his warm home . . .

In the night time, as he lay alone in bed, his thoughts returned again and again to the olive-skinned woman with the red hat, whom he had met that evening at the street corner. Now he really understood the charm of the surreptitious, seductive glances of those mascaraed eyes, which seemed veiled in sin . . . He began to feel the enchanting charm of such a woman and, his whole being filled with desire, his thoughts and feelings dwelt upon the exquisite secrets which must be concealed in the body of an unvirtuous woman . . . He was attracted by the dark shade of her skin and the challenge of her morbid eyes, but particularly by the red hat.

He felt as if this red hat on her head was a part of her body . . . He tried in vain to take his thoughts off this woman by thinking of the consequences of the taint with which she was infected. It actually became a part of her attraction, which filled every fibre of his being with longing. It was as if the taint revealed in her eyes was luring him into the depths, through her soft glances. This was part of the attractive secret which he desired to unveil. With all the imagination and responsiveness of a strong, healthy and youthful man, he explored the secret vices of the street-walker . . .

In the morning he awoke, angry and ashamed. In the bed beside him lay his young wife, with the baby beside her. The room was pervaded by that familiar, almost personal odor peculiar to everybody's bedroom. The freshly ironed linen was piled up in an open closet—again something very personal. The baby's face was pressed to her mother's breast who, as she lay asleep, looked like a tender bird confided into the hands and protection of God. She had the face of a little helpless child, and the tender veins in her neck quivered when the baby snuggled closer to her. Her hair flowed out from beneath her silk boudoir cap and fell on her small, young breast, which still seemed to demand protection. Everything that greeted Adolf's eyes was so intimately his that it would have seemed a crime to him if a stranger had dared to look into the room . . . Yet it was in this room, where his wife and baby lay half naked, in this sanctuary, in this holy place, which breathed purity, that he dared to entertain such thoughts! "How could I," he asked himself, "bring this woman into the bedroom where my wife and child are sleeping, this woman of the streets soiled with vice and disease—even if only in my own imagination?"

On his way to the office all the energy awoke in him which had made his career possible. Now all his thoughts were concentrated on his ambitious plans for the future. And it so happened that these very plans for the future violently contradicted his sinful thoughts. "How could I, a competent young lawyer whose ambition it is to become a judge at the next election—how could I think such things? I, who believe so firmly in a healthy moral life, I who, armed with this conviction, stand before the voters and talk to them of the necessity of preserving morality—I who offer myself as a judge, solely on the ground that I will be the faithful guardian of morality—how can I harbor such dirty thoughts and feelings?"

All during the day, so long as the sun was shining through the office windows, Levinson was not troubled by sinful thoughts. He worked busily, studying the papers of several cases of a difficult nature, in which he was appearing for the defence. He dictated a great many letters and took up the affairs of an orphan asylum of which he was the vice-chairman, and accepted several invitations from charity organizations through which he hoped to increase his popularity. But then came evening. The bright lights of Broadway were reflected through the office windows and there entered the roar and murmur which rise from the streets, when thousands and thousands of young men and women stream homewards out of their offices and fill the streets to overflowing. Levinson again became unusually restless and excited, at this hour when the peculiar odor of the New York evening filled the air, when the smell of freshly cooked food arises from hundreds of restaurants, when the electric lights flare up outside theatres and movie houses, when the particular atmosphere of Broadway is most perceptible. He knew that she was standing with her red hat at the street corner, near the candy store. All he had to do, if he wished, was to go there and give her a sign, and she would follow him into the little Italian restaurant in the side street. There they would both drink Italian red wine and when it was quite dark, they would go over to a small hotel. There she would reveal to him all the secrets, all the sweet delights hidden in the graceful body of this olive-skinned woman . . .

He shuddered. The thought that it all depended on him, that he could make her follow him, and demand from her anything he wished—this thought attracted him and excited him. He felt that he was weakening and was afraid of himself.

Adolf Levinson was a moral man. He had never touched any other woman but his wife. She was the first woman in his life. While he was still at high school, it was his ambition to make something of his life. This ambition was the cause of his exemplary life. His career must be unspotted. For this reason, more out of calculation than desire, he had taken more interest in sports than in women, and had married very young. His wife was the young and scarcely developed daughter of a politician who could be useful to him in his career. He loved his wife, because he had never possessed another woman, and he was a model husband and father. But everything he did was calculated and had gradually become such a habit that he was unconscious of this and thought it was his natural disposition. Yet, this cannot be said with absolute certainty. Perhaps his inner purity was the real reason for his respectable way of living and was now causing him to shudder at his sinful thoughts.

He was afraid he might yield to temptation, so he left his office and called on his friend Gluckstein, the lawyer, whose office was in the neighborhood. He waited a good half hour until Gluckstein had finished his work and they could go home together. At the corner he again noticed the woman in the red hat. She was standing there, obviously engaged in animated and confidential conversation with a tall man. The eyes of both were laughing. The red lips and morbid glance of her mascaraed eyes, as they boldly gazed at the stranger, made a deep impression on Adolf Levinson. He noticed that she had thrown back her brown fox fur, so that her neck was uncovered, and he was also struck by her pale, slim hands. This time the woman in the red hat made an even deeper impression on him. The fact that she was talking to a man and that, as he had noticed, they had gone to the little Italian restaurant, excited him still more and attracted him more strongly to this woman.

That night his thoughts were again centered on the woman in the red hat. He could not get her out of his mind. His own wife no longer attracted him. He looked at her in a quiet and friendly fashion, but never more than friendly. And there was a certain pity in this friendliness, because she was so tender and trustful, and had such a slender neck in which the veins were as visible as in that of a weak little child.

Things went on like this for some time. One day he had an inspiration. In the window of a large department store he saw a red hat. He went in and bought it and took it home. His wife was burning with curiosity to see what he had brought her. He hid the parcel and excited her curiosity still more by holding back the secret until after supper. At the evening meal they had some red wine, which had been in the house for quite a long time but had never before been brought to the table. His wife smiled in amazement:

"What does all this mean?"

"We must toast the present I've bought for you."

When curiosity had finally produced a state of nervous excitement in the little woman and she was therefore interesting, Levinson took the red hat out of the box and put it on his wife's head.

"This is for you."

She laughed out loud:

"What, a red hat for me? What awful taste! Only brunettes can wear red, ha, ha!"

It was true, the bright red hat was curiously unsuited to her. She looked like a child at a masquerade ball. Adolf saw his mistake and was ashamed of himself.

After that, he brought his wife a new present almost every day, and always something quite unusual: silk underwear with coquettish lace, in all sorts of striking colors, openwork stockings, and bright clothes cut

Continued on page 100

Row, Damit, Row

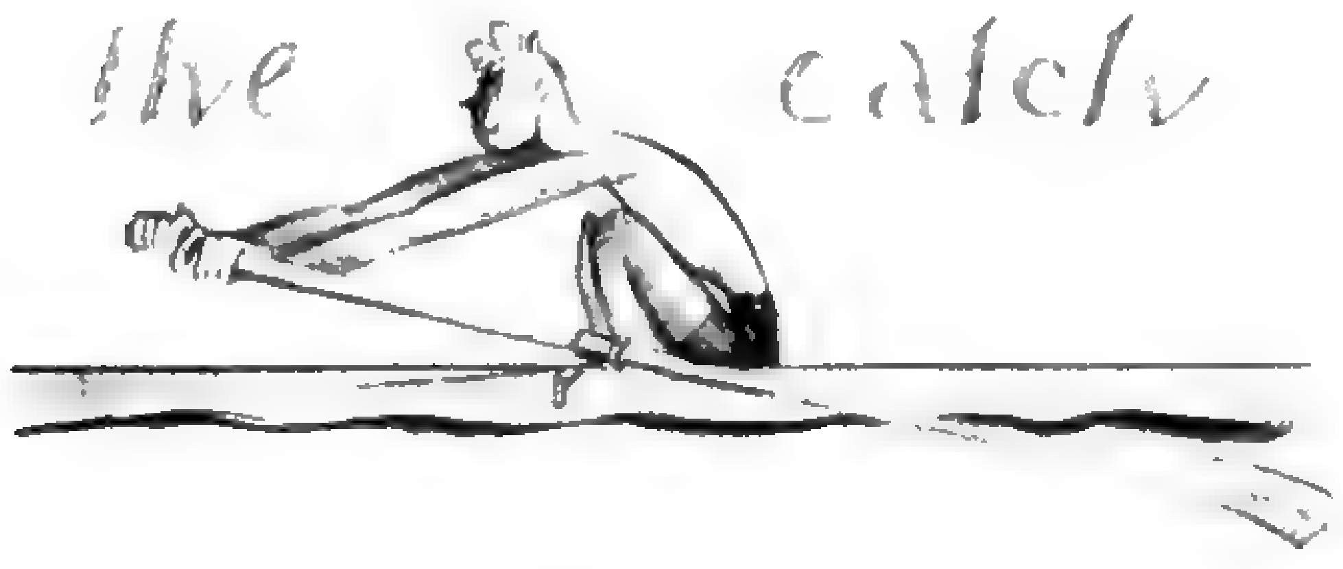
Interesting and authoritative guide to the least understood sport, as told to Clarence Dirks

by AL ULBRICKSON

Coach of the University of Washington crew

Maybe I was lucky last year. My Washington crew beat California, two-time Olympic Game champion at both the 2,000 meter and three-mile distances. It went on to Long Beach, Calif., to win from Yale, Harvard and Cornell. It was faster at four miles than at three and, I believe, would have stood a good chance of winning on the Hudson if the Poughkeepsie race had been held.

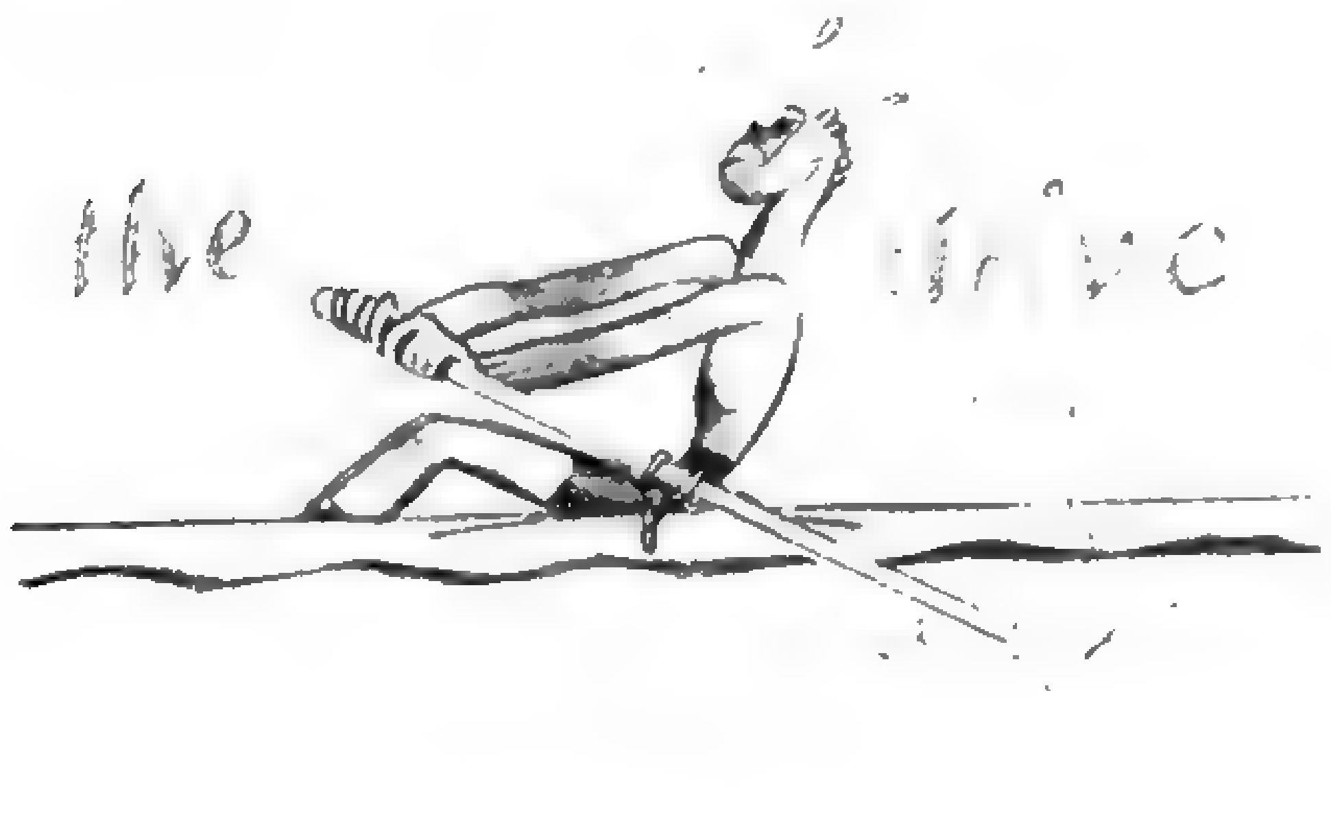
It was, by far, the best crew I have ever put together. It had what newspaper men call "plenty of swift." It had a good "catch," a smooth "release," excellent "spacing" and a superb "run." So far as I could see none of the boys was "knifing in," "washing out," "skying," "shooting his slide." The "recovery" was a thing of beauty and the shell traveled just as smoothly at thirty-four as it did at twenty-eight.



Are you following me? Or to most of you is a "crab" something caught in a net and served in salad? Is a good "catch" something one of the Giants did to help win the World Series? Is a "feather" an instrument with which to tickle a sleeping person's nose?

Men who have never rowed tell me we crew coaches speak a language of our own. They tell me of all the sports enjoyed by the great American public rowing is one of the oldest, the most colorful and, at the same time, the least understood. Moreover they tell me no one has ever taken time out to explain in simple terms the "A" "B" "C's" of rowing. As a matter of fact I have been told an oarsman is the only athlete that scrimmages on his posterior annex. We shall see!

The University of Washington, as you know, is in Seattle. It is a state institution located on the shores of Lake Washington. It is a school where the teachings of Hiram Conibear originated; a school which first gained national prominence under the coaching of Ed Leader now at Yale, under Rusty Callow now at Pennsylvania. It was under Rusty that I learned my rowing.



The boat house nestles in the willows where the Montlake Canal forms a "Y" and widens into the lake-bay. It is a weather-beaten structure, an old airplane hangar gone collegiate. Bending before it is a two hundred foot float, six inches above the water. On a clear day you can see to the south and east Mount Rainier rearing its snowy dome through a collar of mist. You can see the bay fringed with willows and acres and acres of matted reeds. It is a good spot for rowing though we get more than our share of rough water from October right through until the latter part of April.

Let's go inside.

From the hangar's high rafters hang faded pennants of California, Yale, Princeton, Navy, Cornell, Columbia, Pennsylvania, Harvard, Syracuse, M. I. T. and Wisconsin. We used to have one of Stanford, but it has been so long since the Cardinals rowed, their banner has been lost in the shuffle. Most of the universities named, Washington, at one time or another, has defeated. Others are the products of artistic student managers.

Racked four-high are cigar-shaped shells, bottoms up. Stacked on end are white-tipped oars. A shed-within-a-shed to the left houses the dressing and shower rooms. The windowed cubby hole is the office. In there in addition to the desk used by myself and Tom Bolles, my freshman coach, are pictures of Conibear, the grand old man of Washington rowing; of Ky Ebright, a former Washington coxswain and now coach at California, and of great varsity crews. The '23 gang was our first Poughkeepsie winner and the '26 outfit our last. The '33 crew was the one which won on the Oakland Estuary and at the Long Beach Marine Stadium.

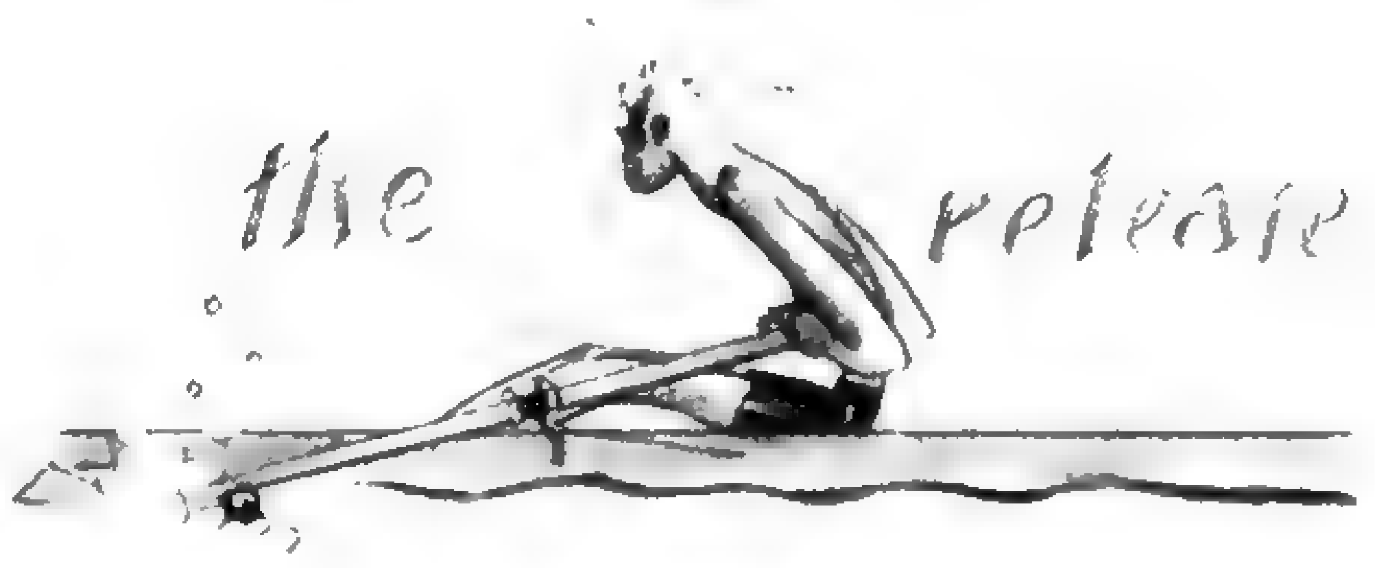
Since our present purpose is to give a clear picture of rowing, to interpret and make clear most of its colloquial expressions, we might as well do it right by having one of the student managers provide necessary equipment. It consists of short socks, soft leather moccasins, sleeveless jersey, sweat shirt, trunks and a locker.

I always start a gang of freshmen off with a short training talk. I tell them to eat no fried meats, no pastries, plenty of vegetables. I recommend good, substantial, wholesome foods; the kind mothers cook. I tell them to go to bed regularly at 10 o'clock, to get up promptly at 7. To cut out the smoking, chewing, and drinking. Around the crew house no profanity is permitted. To be in condition to row a man must be a total abstainer all year; he can't mistreat his body six months and expect to be at his best the other six.

Before putting beginners to work I give them the rowing commands—the pass words of our lodge. They mean to the sweepster what "whoa," "giddyup," "back," et cetera, mean to a horse. The first is, "Ready all." It corresponds to the track man's warning, "Get on your marks!" "Ready all" means to move forward into a position to row. The second command is "Stroke!" It corresponds to the "Go!" in track, the "Hike!" in football. "Stroke!" is the command of execution. Our stop signal is "Weigh enough!"

At the start of the California-Washington race, for example, the commands are as follows:

"Ready, California?
"Ready, Washington?
"Ready, all?
"Stroke!"



Freshmen now get oars and slides. The former are twelve feet long. Slides are small, form-fitting wooden seats with wheels. They travel on tracks. Then off to the rowing scow we go.

Washington's scow is called Old Nero. It is a wide, flat-bottomed tub with facilities for sixteen men. Eight sit on the starboard side. Eight on the port. A two-foot plank runs down the middle, forming a sort of path or bridge along which Tom and I can walk, pausing here and there to instruct beginners.

Just why we call our scow Old Nero is not exactly clear. We have had one in our rowing family ever since the days of Hiram Conibear. In 1924 the Old Man's ship sank and the present one was built. We use it from October, when the frosh first report, to the latter part of November when men can be trusted in shell barges.

Oarsmen naturally right handed are told to sit on the left; those left handed to sit on the right. There really is a reason. The hand next to the water is called the "feathering" hand; the one nearest the scow's center is the

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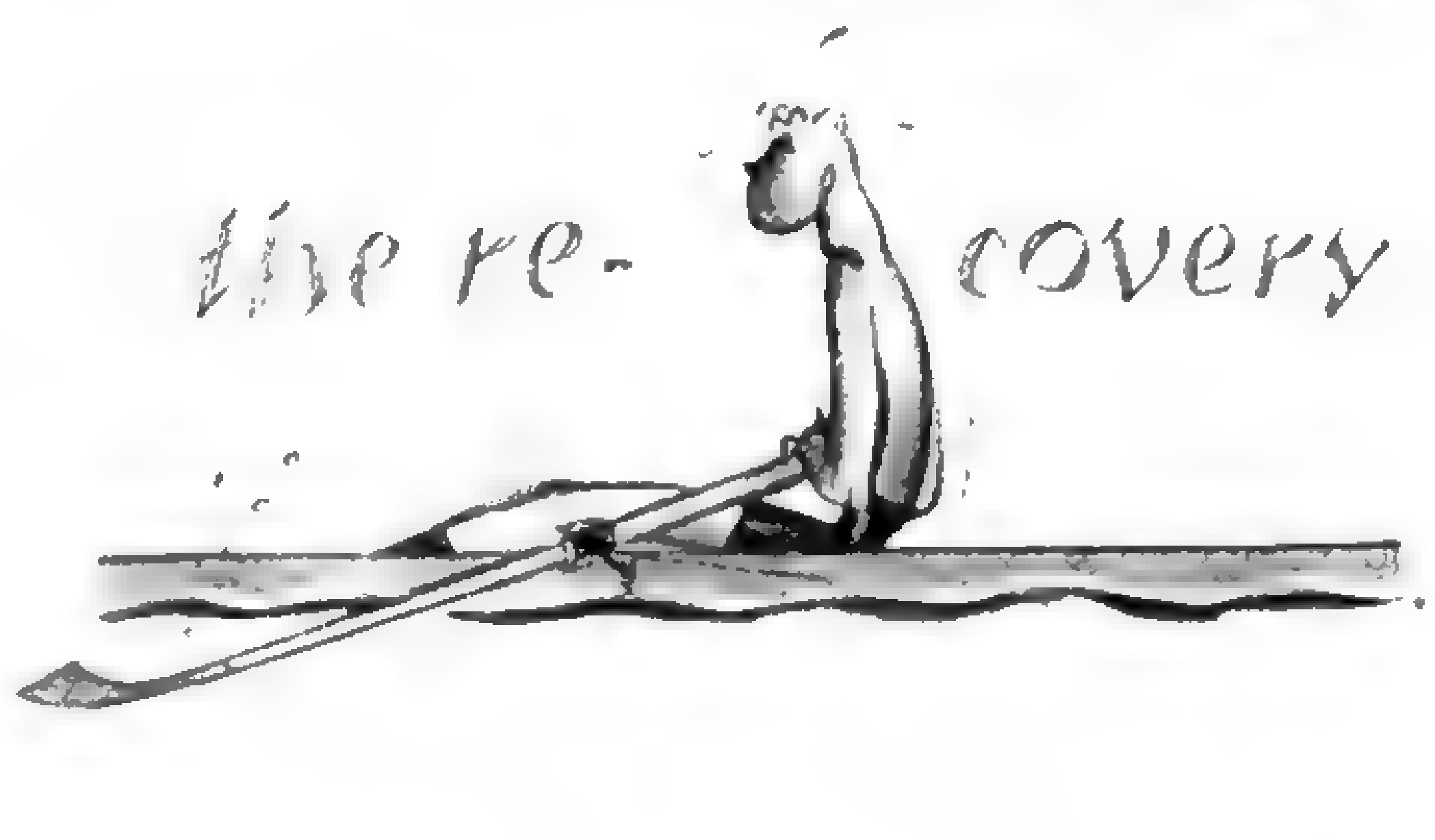
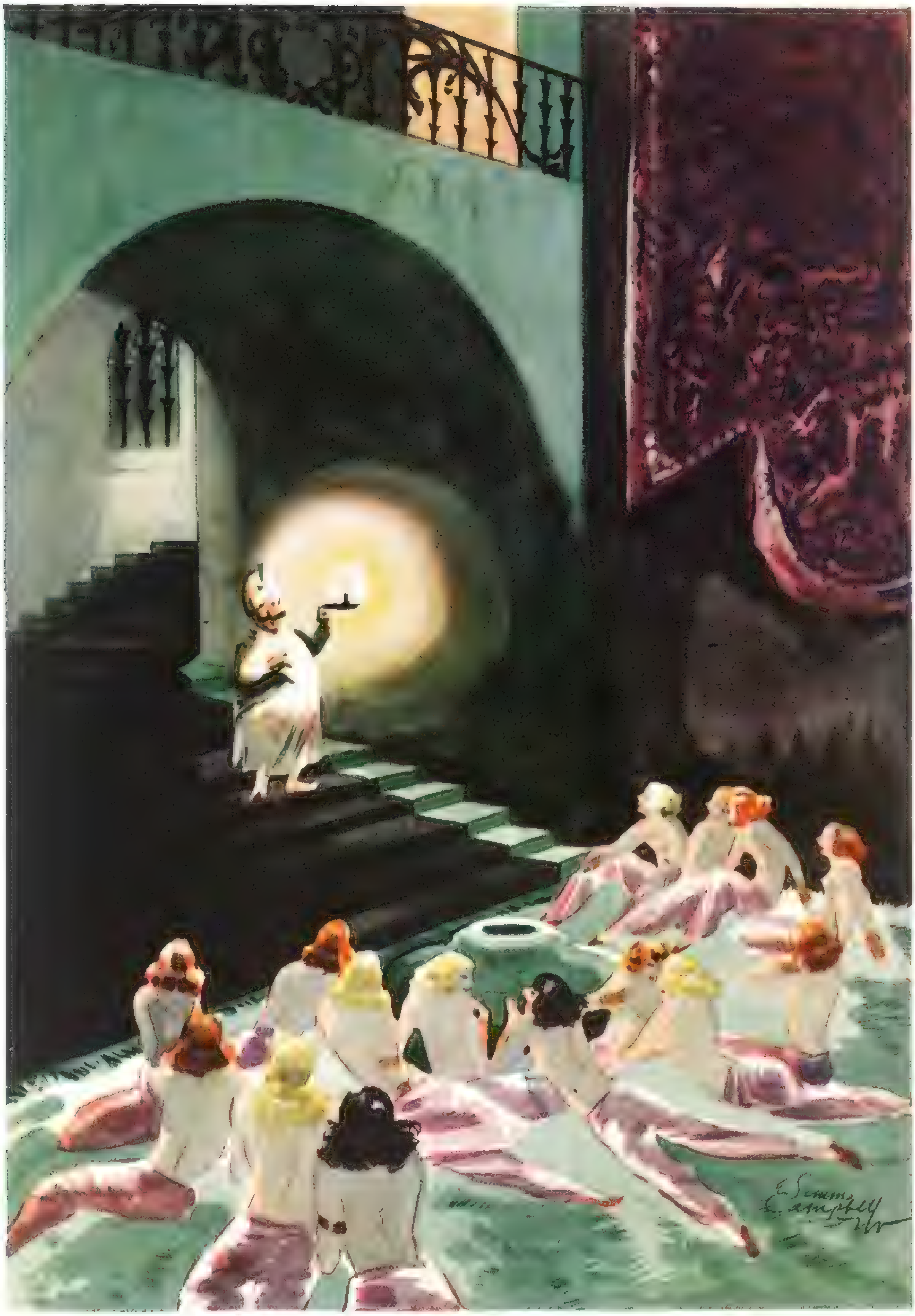
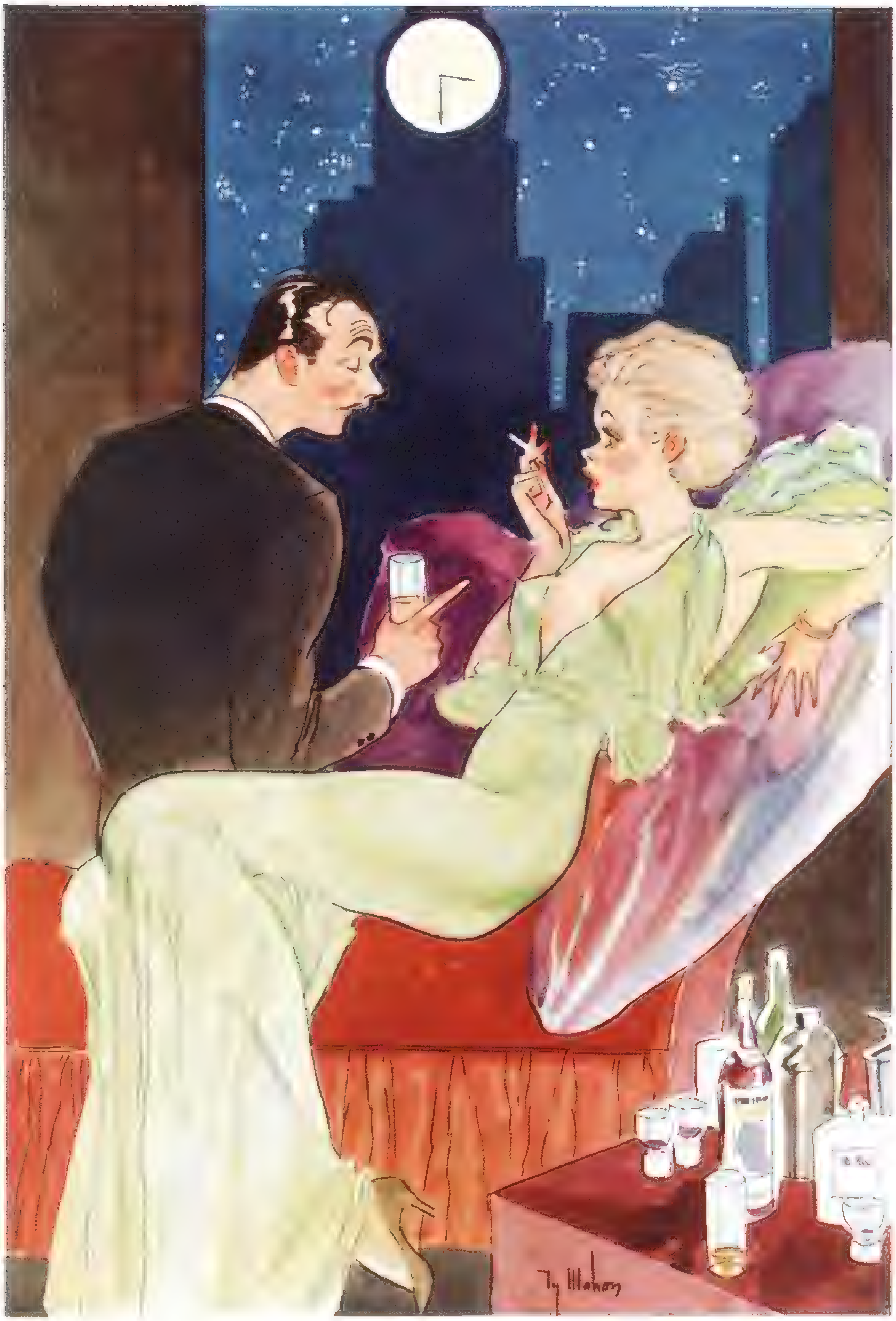



E. Simms Campbell

"Eenie-meenie-minie-moe!"



"Half-past three? Suppose I ought to tell my wife I won't be home for dinner?"

The King of Party Throwers

Discursive and anecdotal study —naming names by the dozen—of Robert Winthrop Chanler, playboy

by BENJAMIN DE CASSERES

AMONG the glittering legends of that frisky quarter of a century between about 1904 and 1929 that increase in girth and stature in the minds of the thousands who knew him and frequented his houses in New York and Paris is that of Robert Winthrop Chanler. To those who did not know him he was, vaguely, an erratic artist who came into the limelight in 1910 for a few days when he married Lina Cavalieri, a then famous star of the Metropolitan Opera House, after having made a settlement on her of $150,000, her desertion of Chanler the day after the marriage, and John Armstrong Chaloner's cable to his brother Robert, "Who's looney now?" Chaloner had been put into an insane asylum in New York by the Chanler family, had escaped and was basking in his abstruse philosophical studies on his Virginia estate when La Cavalieri clipped Robert for one hundred and fifty grand in exchange for a single legalized *nuit de Cléopâtre*. Peeved at his family for his incarceration, John Armstrong Chanler changed his name to Chaloner. The whole outside world let out a great horse-laugh and quickly forgot Chanler and Chaloner.

There *was* something looney—grotesquely, heroically, hilariously looney—about Robert W. Chanler; but it was—both in his art and in his life—the looniness of genius, the looniness of a frenzied individualist, the looniness of a man always lit and drenched in the Sun of Alcohol, a sun that never set. The union in him of genius, painting and alcohol was seamless and indissoluble.

The two most vivid personalities that I ever met were Robert Winthrop Chanler and James Gibbons Huneker. They were miles apart culturally, for Chanler knew and cared for little outside of paint, while Huneker was the universal man. But they meet mentally on the common ground of their venomous, Flaubertian hatred of Philistia and all it contained.

Chanler's love of art came natural to him. He was a furious rebellious unit inside of a circle of conservative American aristocrats. His mother was an Astor. He was a direct descendant of Peter Stuyvesant. For ancestors he had Colonial Governors, famous jurists and clergymen, and as he said once, "the whole damn American Revolution." He passed his boyhood in Rokeby, the family estate in Dutchess County—a boyhood as sheltered and as exclusive as Rasselas, the wall-jumping Prince of Abyssinia. But no one who knew the explosive, dynamic, temperamental Bob could possibly conceive that he would ever have passed his life at Rokeby as a mere country gentleman. The Crazy Beauty of Rops, El Greco, Goya, Poe, Baudelaire and the sensuous symbolism of the East were in his atavistic blood-stream. Paris, Rome and Florence called, and Robert was off. He broke with all conventional art schools and movements and knew he was a Renaissance man when he discovered Pinturrichio and Gozzoli in the Vorgia apartments in the Vatican and the Riccardi Palace in Florence. The essence of art, to him, was decorative. All his life he roared against realism and believed that the only work worth while was that which was purely imaginative. Indeed, he belonged in every fibre of his being to the flaming lawlessness of the Italian Renaissance.

Chanler's relatives never quite forgave him for becoming an artist and the broiling bohemian of two worlds. He perferred the company of loafers of genius to the higher strata of the Horse Show and the tony country clubs. And to thrust his always implacable and insurgent individualism in the faces of his relatives he wore overalls and an artist's smock, or pajamas, when they streamed in to see him in their soup-and-fish outfits. But whether in smock or jumpers, Chanler was always a man of epical mould.

It was in 1902 after painting his famous Peacock panels—hallucinatingly beautiful creations in greens and reds—that he returned to New York. He was then about thirty. It was at this time that I first saw him in Jack's all-night restaurant, although I did not get to know him for some years afterward. He looked like a god—or a Colossal Goat of the Night—*Hyrcus Nocturnum*—painted by a Goya. He was well over six feet. An orbicular face in which every feature had been pounded out by a drunken Vulcan. Dynamic exuberance popped out of every pore. He was a Dionysian revel all by himself. A tremendous bush

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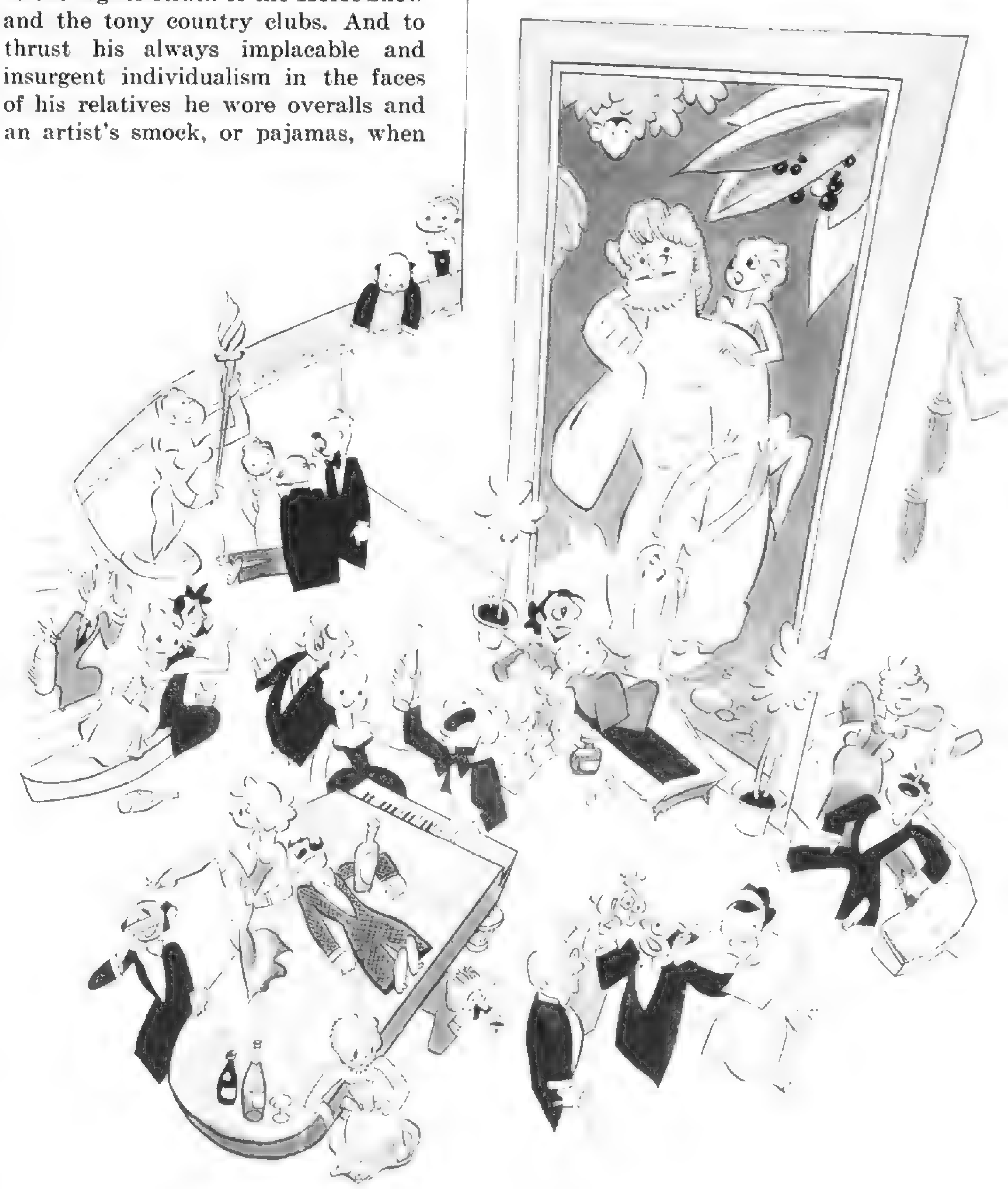

Men Without Music

What the famous violinist thinks about, while you fumble with your program and look bored or pained

by JASCHA HEIFETZ

There occurred in Washington, last Spring, one of the most curious exchanges of diplomatic courtesy of modern times. The Premier of France had come to America to talk over some aspects of the French debt. At a farewell reception tendered the visitor, Mr. Herriot and Mr. Woodin, our then Secretary of the Treasury, revealed to each other their mutual interest in music. "When I get home," the Premier is reported to have confided to Mr. Woodin, "I will send you my book on Beethoven." And Mr. Woodin, concealing as best he could his astonishment at the musical erudition of a celebrated politician, but not to be outdone, replied, "And I will send you my latest suite for orchestra." That, at least, is the story.

I have an idea that Mr. Herriot was even more astonished at Mr. Woodin's achievement. While it isn't, of course, the usual thing for a European statesman to toss off a book on Beethoven, it is a fact that music in Europe has been and continues to be a national concern. France has its subsidized opera. So have Belgium, Germany and Russia. No Russian would be astonished to hear that Stalin practices the violin in his spare moments. But here in America music is still regarded as a pastime in many quarters, one suited to ladies who have nothing better to do. On hearing that Mr. Woodin composes music most American men must have shrugged their shoulders. Indeed, it would not be surprising to hear this whimsical avocation blamed for Mr. Woodin's temporary retirement to private life. It is still difficult for us to believe that a hard-headed business man can find the time and the inclination to dabble in the most unutilitarian of the arts.

I am aware that America spends more money on music than France and Germany combined, and that musicians flock to us as to an Eldorado. We boast, it is true, the finest orchestras in the world and the most expensive opera. During the season every notable artist and every distinguished musical ensemble tours the United States. Our musical taste, which not so long ago was looked down upon by Europeans, is now as discriminating as one can find anywhere abroad. On the face of things nothing seems to be wrong with our American musical scene. Yet something is wrong, at least for me. And that something is the patronizing attitude towards music on the part of the American male.

Having played in America almost continuously for the past sixteen years I have had many opportunities to observe all manner of concert audiences in every part of the country. In general these audiences may be said to have consisted mainly of women. I go, of course, on the assumption that a good percentage of the men who attended were there in the role of escorts. You may wonder how I can tell a music lover from an escort. It is really a simple matter, as any artist who has scanned faces out front year after year will tell you. Actors say that they can sense the attitude of audiences, although they cannot distinguish individual faces. How much easier must it be for a musical performer to sense the character of an audience that sits to him in a lighted auditorium.

Fredrike Decker

He can tell, during the pause between the first and second numbers on his program, whether the well dressed gentleman who flanks the well dressed lady in the fourth row on the aisle has really come to hear the Cesar Franck Sonata or is there simply in the capacity of a pretender. He can tell by the gentleman's impersonal manner as he thumbs his program and by the perfunctory way in which he claps his hands. He can tell by his lynx-like disappearance at the first intimation of an intermission, and by his passion to be gone the moment the printed program is ended. The artist can also spot the dummy escort in the green room after the concert. He recognizes him by his air of amused fortitude, which says as plainly as words that he is there only to indulge the whim of his wife, his daughter or his dinner partner. Often this unwilling patron retires to the furthest reaches of the "artist's" room from where he watches the ladies "making fools of themselves," as he no doubt phrases the innocent curiosity or the feeling of gratitude which makes people seek out the performer after a concert. Sometimes this cynical attitude is replaced by a grudging admiration for a "fellow" who is able to attract a good-sized paying audience. Such a "fellow" evidently has "something." In which case "you have to hand it to him," though he does, to be sure, get away with "murder." I find it as easy to sense the presence of this man as that of the male music lover who lurks in the background because he is too shy to make known to the artist his pleasure and his appreciation.

Naturally, the larger cities of America boast a fair proportion of men among their concert audiences. The formation of numerous symphony orchestras and the critical reporting of enlightened newspapers have had an enormous influence on the artistic leanings of men. The interest in music shown by a few wealthy men and expressed in such substantial bequests as the Juillard and the Eastman Foundations has not been without effect. Nothing, of course, is so convincing as a willingness to lay out millions for an art, and the general idea is that there must surely be something imposing about music if strictly business minded millionaires can loosen up to such an extent. It is rather in the smaller communities, distant from large cultural centres, that the male indifference to music is to be met with. There the men, for the most part, still look upon music as woman's business, along with afternoon bridge, psychoanalysis and tatting.

I have often been amused at the embarrassment of these non-musical fathers, brothers and sweethearts who, cornered at, let us say, a reception or supper party in the home of some small town's leading woman patron of music have attempted to explain to me their lack of interest in violin playing. "I had just as soon listen to a couple of cats on a back fence," a desperate old gentleman confided to me at an after-concert party. There are plenty of other alibis, the commonest of which is the plea of a defective musical ear. "For the life of me I can't carry a tune," is a frequent assertion. I generally profess astonishment at the confession. "You mean to say you can't hum or sing 'My Country 'tis of Thee'?" "Oh, yes, I suppose I can sing that." "How about 'The Last Roundup'?" I ask again. "Well, I guess I can sing that, too." It almost always transpires that the earless man can sing every well known tune. He then comes back with "Yes, but the things you play on your violin are not tunes." And he is shocked to learn that tunes are the foundation of all music, from the violin sonatas of Bach to the latest song hit.

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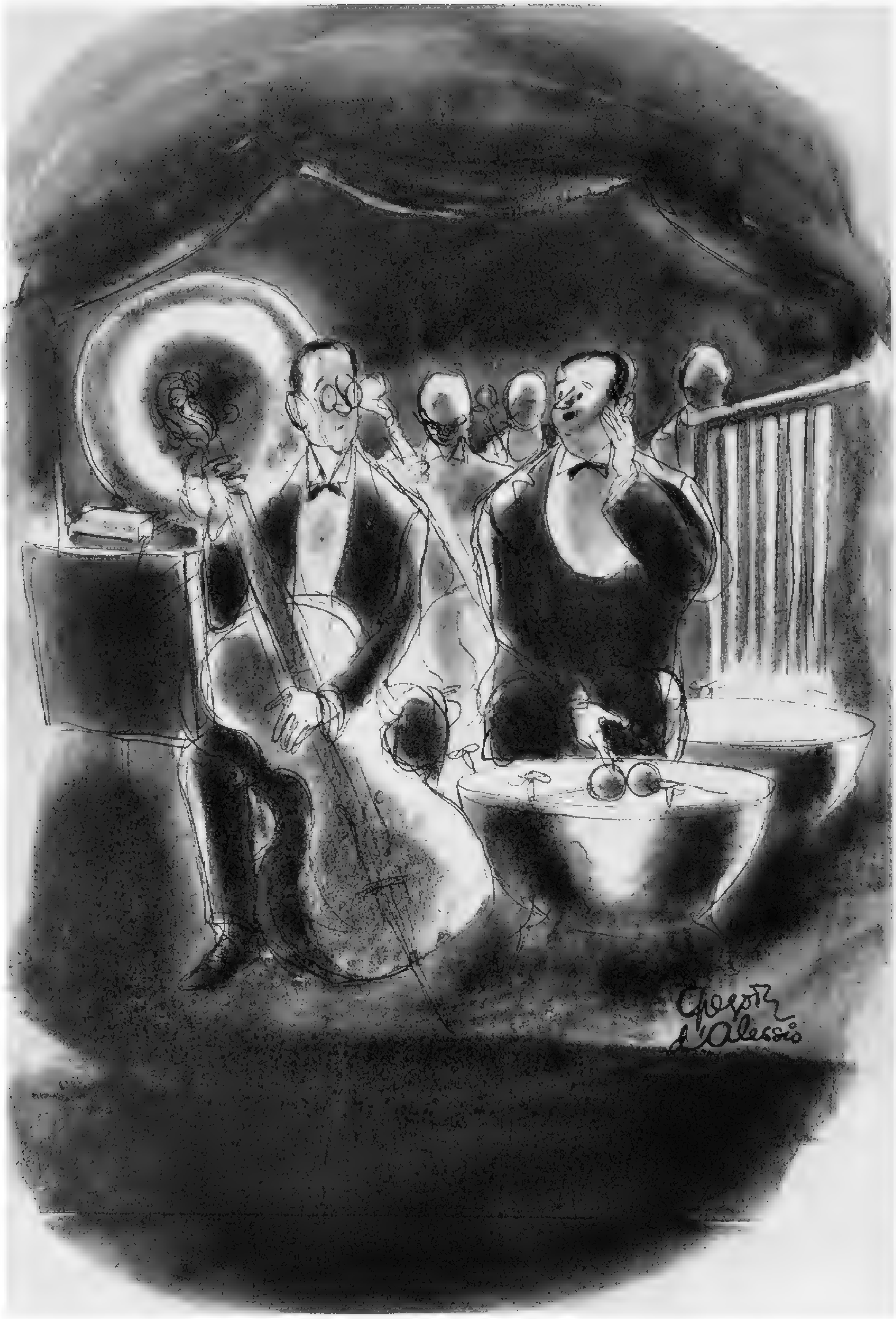
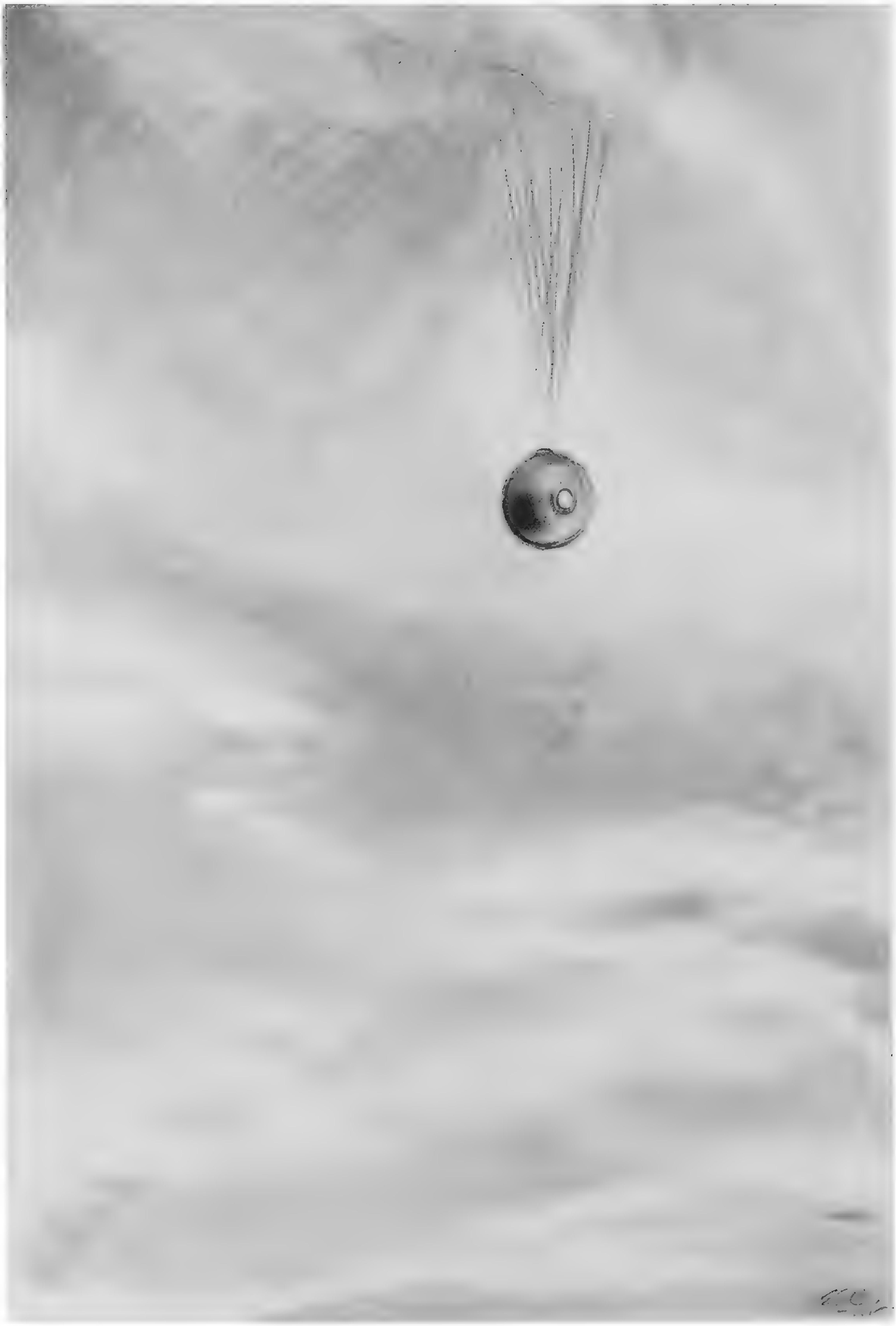

George d'Alessio

"Psst—at 9:43½ will you give this a bang or two? I've got to run out for a shave"

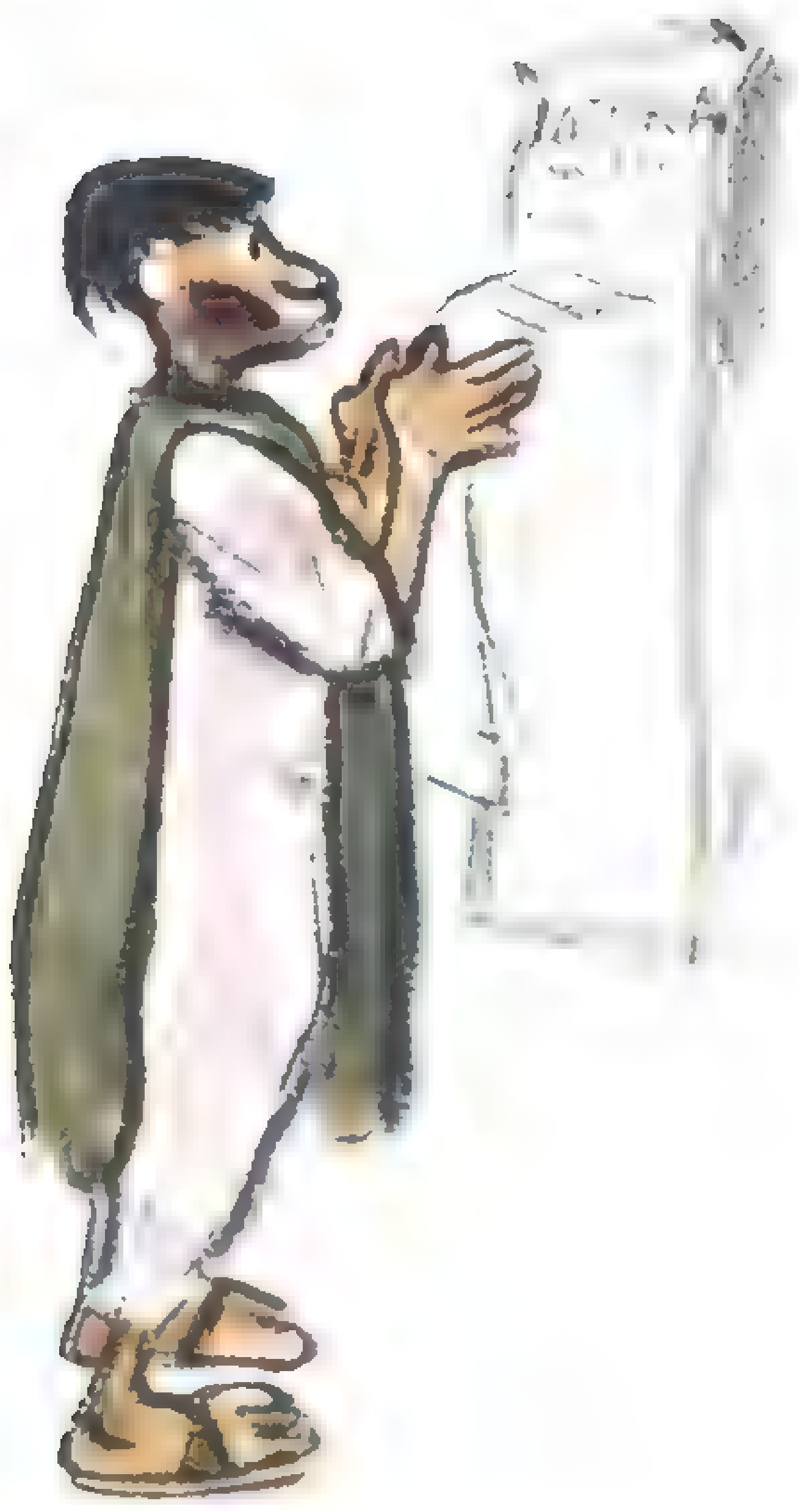


"Why professor—I thought you stratosphere men would be different"

Let's Have a Lottery

Suggestion, with supporting data, for a lottery as the happiest, if not least radical, recovery move

by D. E. WHEELER



"IFFEN I wins I'se happy, and iffen I don't, somebody else is, and it ain't cost anybody much foh eve'ybody to have a lot o' fun!"

That was Martha May's answer to my questioning her on her daily indulgence in her "numbers" on dreams and other portents. My wife had told me that our good-natured colored girl spent from a dime to a quarter every day on this popular successor to the old-time policy game.

"But don't you lose far more than you win?" I asked.

"Nossuh!" exclaimed Martha May. "I wonned a hunderd and ten dollahs las' month, and I ain't spent more'n fifteen dollahs this year yet!"

Incidentally, this negro maid has the naïveté to play each Sunday's hymn numbers on Monday, and if she is lucky with one of them she divvies her winnings with the church.

Her happy philosophy about her long-shot chances in the game, together with the news from France that its first national lottery in a hundred years had been a stupendous success, set me on the trail of the eternal resources in the gambling instinct.

I had been reliably informed that the "numbers" game in Boston alone represented approximately 100,000 participants and a daily "kitty" of $40,000. Multiply this by what is staked every day in similar games in New York City (Harlem particularly), Chicago, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, San Francisco (a Chinese variety), Washington, D. C. and a score of other American cities, and the total is staggering, without adding the $100,000 a day that goes into coin, dice and card machines, punch-boards and many other forms of petty chance set-ups. Obviously, it is hardly necessary to call attention to horse-racing bets, sweepstakes, and the larger forms of gambling which also involve vast annual sums.

Everybody knows that you can't kill the gambling instinct in *homo sapiens*, and that legislation is ineffective against it, but why can't this element of original sin be put to good purpose, as done in France recently, and funds raised for unemployment, veteran and old-age pensions, farm relief and other humane works through all of us taking a chance and, as Martha May says, enjoying it?

Wits of American statesmen, politicians, sociologists and professors of economics have been fairly addled to find ways and means for meeting federal, state and municipal needs during the last four years, and the future has been borrowed from again and again. Borrowing from a non-existent future is not gambling, evidently. However, at the end of October, 1933, a bill was laid before the legislature of Massachusetts by Representative Lewis R. Sullivan which might meet the urgent demands for money in any part of this country that followed its recommendations, though in a fashion that is reprehensible to many good people, looked upon as admirable by as many more, but whatever the individual attitude, always effective—

State lotteries!

They are illegal, to be sure, and in the past were such a focus of all kinds of scandal and crime that the Northern peoples have banned them from having any place whatever in government, even after they proved a prime factor in raising revenue. Their "wickedness," if properly controlled, may help to relieve desperate economic conditions again, as it has in other days.

Representative Sullivan's bill is likely to be merely the first blow of the old discredited bugle. Following historic precedent in the United States, his bill provided for a carefully devised and officially superintended lottery in the Bay State, the proceeds of which were to be divided into three parts: 50 per cent of the amount received for prizes, 25 per cent for the state itself, and 25 per cent for the depleted treasuries of cities and towns in Massachusetts.

Courageous as the Puritan Commonwealth has been in the black times of our history, it is doubtful that she will be bold enough to adopt Mr. Sullivan's bill. For such a proposal will be regarded as nothing short of treason to mankind and decent society by those opposed to any and all capitalization of the gambling instinct, even though it will seem directly in line with reason and common sense to those who hold that this form of vice, like the drinking of intoxicants, is ineradicable in the human race and should be given legal recognition and control similar to that being evolved for post-Repeal liquor.

At the present time, Nevada is the only state of the forty-eight in the Union that officially admits that man is a gambling animal, and makes profitable allowance for his inherent weakness. Louisiana put an end to her notorious state lottery in 1890, but it is about a hundred years ago that Massachusetts and New York passed laws forbidding lotteries, the rest of the states following, and all in the wake of England's lead in 1826. The final year of lotteries in the United States (1833) recorded that the chance-taking enterprise had reached the astonishing figure of $53,136,930. In the city of Philadelphia alone there were more

than 200 lottery ticket offices, and New York had certain streets filled with them.

Latin as France was, and not supposed to be subject to qualms of conscience on the score of public gambling, she nevertheless joined in the general movement to ban this "taxation on all the fools in creation," as the novelist, Henry Fielding, called lotteries. This was in 1832. Belgium had abolished them two years earlier.

Those who look for and like analogies will note that the state and private lottery mania came to the height of its frenzy and corruption in the first third of the Nineteenth century, even as the stock exchange madness and folly rose to its peak in the first third of the Twentieth. The stock exchange will no doubt object to being compared to lotteries, but there are many wise observers who consider the latter more honest and less harmful than the former!

What is of immediate interest to us here in the everlasting return of things under the sun is that France—frugal France—has gone back to the repudiated idea of conducting a national lottery—and with results that have surprised the most sanguine advocates of it. Permission to run a lottery was timidly asked of Parliament by the government last summer. Granted, it provided for 2,000,000 tickets at 100 francs each, or a grand total of 200,000,000 francs in the pool. The proceeds were to be divided forty-sixty—40 per cent for war pensions, farm relief, and fire, flood and drought disasters, and 60 per cent in prizes which ranged as follows:

A first prize of 5,000,000 francs.
15 prizes of 1,000,000 francs each.
20 prizes of 500,000 francs each.
200 prizes of 100,000 francs each.
200 prizes of 50,000 francs each.
2,000 prizes of 10,000 francs each.
200,000 prizes of 200 francs each.

On September 20, 1933, within a half hour after the tickets were put on sale in banks and post-offices, they were all sold, and a great multitude of disappointed buyers was clamoring for more! Five more lotteries of the same magnitude were announced by the government, the tickets were snapped up, and if the public demand continues a total of 20,000,000 tickets, representing 2,000,000,000 francs, may be issued in this first amazing phase of national chance-taking. And there is a strong possibility of the new and popular revenue-raising scheme becoming, under auspices above suspicion, a regular feature of French internal economy.

Doesn't it demonstrate how a tax may be sugared to taste and swallowed with pleasure and gusto? History repeating itself again in France, for the prodigal Louis XIV raised funds for his lavish court entertainments through royal lotteries, to which his subjects enthusiastically subscribed while bitterly resenting his taxes at the same time! And Napoleon turned the same trick.

Besides this 1933 French national lottery, which has stirred France to its roots and given the people the combined joy of having a fling at Fortune and contributing to worthy causes, Soviet Russia has resorted to what is called "Lottery Loans" created for the benefit of the government. They have been rigidly controlled in the interest of fairness. Poor as the Russians are, they have responded with fervor to these lotteries even if the chances were one in ten thousand of winning one of the prizes, which usually ranged from 5,000 to 100,000 rubles. As is well known, Russians love to gamble, but the Soviet Government has forbidden gambling except under its direct supervision in such matters of state finance as these "Lottery Loans."

Other countries have gotten (and still get) fun and profit out of their state lotteries, though one must be honest enough to admit that corrupt practices often smirch their course, politicians and professional grafters being what they are the world over. Italy, from the days of the Roman Empire, has indulged in lotteries. As recently as last February an Italian lottery aided the subscription to a bond issue offered by the Institute of Industrial Reconstruction. Austria, Germany and Spain enjoy their recurrent lotteries, and in Hungary this year a shrewd Budapest chancellor hit upon a scheme to get citizens to pay their taxes promptly by issuing tickets to a lottery in which the lucky draws would exempt the holders from paying at all.

Our neighbors, Mexico, Cuba and the South American republics, are keen about their national lotteries and continue them in spite of all defects in supervision and repeated condemnation. Incidentally, in the Argentine there are municipal athletic fields and clubs that have resulted from unclaimed lottery prizes—as if the fun of the thing were all the winners wanted.

Coming back to the Anglo-Saxon world, lotteries on a national, if not international, scale have been given a swift boost in the form of "sweepstakes" in Ireland, Australia, India, Newfoundland, Canada and Trinidad. And according to available statistics, the people of these United States are contributing millions of dollars a year to these latest coffers of Chance.

Great Britain as a nation legislated in 1826 against the state lottery in any manifestation whatever, but in the present year of grace she finds herself in an anomalous position, helpless in the situation which arose when the Irish Free State authorized the sweepstakes lottery in June, 1930, for the support of Public Charitable Hospitals and Sanatoria in *Sáorstat Eireann*.

Imagine it, the British public subscribed £21,200,000 to nine Irish sweepstakes—over $100,000,000—on horseraces run in England! Infuriated Lords and Commoners expostulate that this is conducting lotteries on the grandest scale right under the nose of Parliament, and tweaking that nose hard!

Why, forsooth, let the Irish Free State get 25 per cent of a hundred million dollars (and more to come!) for its hospitals, while the charitable institutions of England go begging? Past history shows that good Queen Bess herself inaugurated lotteries for public works, that from 1709 to 1824 the government raised large sums annually by this device, and that two of the most famous found funds for Westminster Bridge and the British Museum. Respectable, what?

That merrie old England is chafing under the Irish sweepstakes yoke is indicated in various ways, notably by the bill to legalize lotteries for charity presented to Parliament by Sir W. Davison, and which Commons passed on March 28, 1932. Also, in July, 1933, the Duke of Atholl, former Lord Chamberlain, and representing one of the greatest English families, began what was considered a lottery of his own, for charitable purposes, and was summoned to Bow Street police court and fined for violating the Lotteries Act. On November 30th, he assailed the hypocrisy of this British statute that permitted Irish sweepstakes yet forbade any similar lottery of home origin. The Duke of Montrose supported him, as well as the Duke of Sutherland, who asked:

"Is France less moral than we because she uses the official lottery?"

From all this hubbub in Parliament, it would not be surprising if John Bull took a leaf out of Marianne's book almost any day now.

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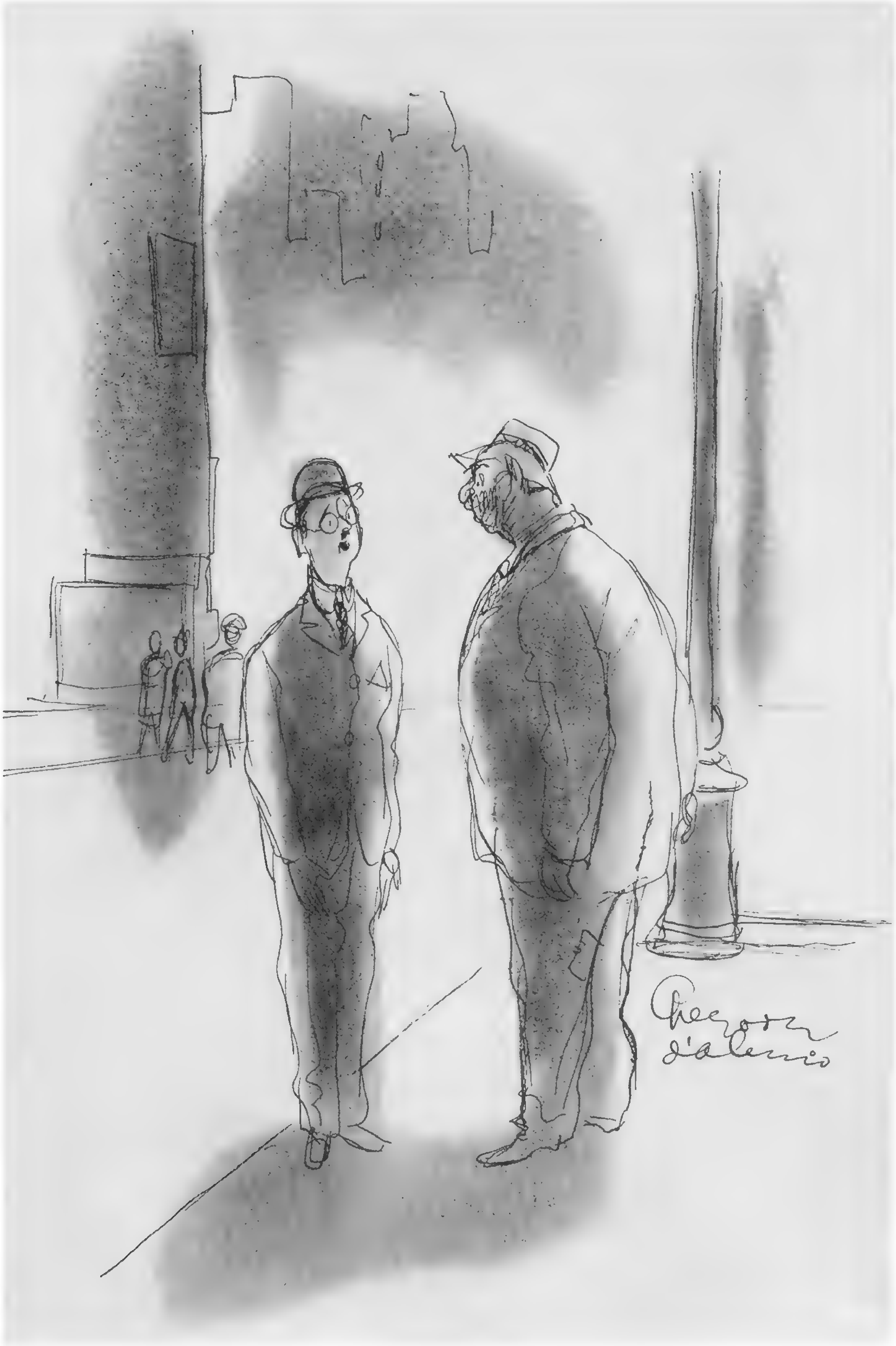


"That dime I gave you yesterday—can I have it back?"

Something To Remember You By

Short story in the "We are the Lost Generation" vein, but a very good one if you're not squeamish

by BYRON BISHOP

As they made room for me I said hello to the two men she was with. One was an old friend. That was Willard Wright and the other was Jake Shakspere whom I knew casually.

"Here," Julie said, "let Tony sit next to me."

"What is this," Jake said, "an affair?"

"Affair, hell," I said, "Julie and I are getting married in Greenwich in the morning."

"Tony," she said, "that's a ripping idea and if you try to back out now—."

As usual she was more than a little drunk. I thought that when focus came back she would forget all about it.

"Want a drink, Tony?" Willard asked.

"Why not?" I said, "I'm a long way behind you people."

"I'm serious about that, Tony," Julie said.

I laughed.

"But I am. We've known each other a long time."

"Sure," I said, "tomorrow will be two days."

"But what a day it's been, Tony."

"You better be careful or people'll begin to think things."

It had not been at all an extraordinary day. I had first met Julie during lunch at the Dinner Club and we played some scenes together from Georg Kaiser's "Gas." Afterwards I gave her a long speech I had always wanted to play from the part of the First Workman. That was the sum and skeleton of our life together but there had been something more. It was patent that we fitted very precisely.

"I don't care what they say or think or do," she said.

"But I'm naïve about this sort of thing, Julie. You don't love me."

"How do you know I don't?"

That was a stoppage. Up to now my brain had been firing telegraphically but this left the clip slack.

"Now listen to me," I said, "you're high, you feel romantic, and I happen to be handy."

"I love Willard, too," she said, "but not that way."

"After two more drinks you'd be willing to marry both of us in Times Square."

"I don't love Willard that way. Besides, he's married anyway."

"Say, what the hell is this," I said, "an opium den?"

"You ought to know," said Julie, "you smoke enough marihuana."

"That's another thing," I said, "you wouldn't want to marry a dope fiend."

"You're as much of a dope fiend as I am," she said, "you're too strong to need marihuana."

"Maybe you're right," I said, "maybe you're right but that doesn't say I'm always going to be satisfied with weed."

I don't know to this day why I continued to retreat. It was probably simple male caution.

"You're not a damn fool," she said, "besides if you had me you wouldn't need any drugs."

"As I get it, please become addicted to me, is that it?"

"Just so," she said, "exactly."

There in the light that softened even the glasses she was very beautiful. She wore her hair trim as any man and she was armed with deep blue eyes. She wore a turtle neck sweater that curved out and in as clean as a wing and pearl grey trousers.

"Suppose I spin a coin," I said.

"Are you high, too?"

"No, but this seems to be a catch-as-can night, anyway."

"I won't mind," she said.

"You are lovely," I said, "but I'm cautious. I've got scars up to here."

"Passionate peep-ul, my dear?"

"No, just off again, on again."

"Let's get drunk," she said, "and go out and go to a party."

"The first bet you've won long ago," I said, "and I've got some work to do."

"You can do it tomorrow."

"All right. So you really want to get married?"

"Of course."

"All right. We'll get married."

"That's that, then."

"That's that."

"Let's have a drink on that," she said.

We poured ourselves a tall drink and that finished the bottle so we set it on the floor under the table. The rest of the night was something ripped and wrenched apart from a patch quilt of excitement. It was Election Eve and Julie commandeered a ward-heeler's car and we drove around whirling red fire and emptying bottles. There was a long blur when I fell asleep and when I woke up Julie's head was on my shoulder and her eyes were closed. We drove her home and had to fight with her to get her upstairs. I managed to reelslideslips tumble up and Willard came with me to see that right was done by our little Nell. He fell asleep in a back-tilted chair and I stretched out next to Julie who was next to her roommate and pulled her over close to me.

The next night all of us got drunk again and even though we had voted for Robert Minor we were glad La Guardia had been elected. We ended up in my place and at four in the morning Julie and I sat side by side on the bed and looked at the long line of empty bottles ranged on top of the stone mantle-piece. The sky outside was still black and the fire had burned down to a red glow.

"Darling, do you love me? Do you really love me?"

"Of course, I do, baby," I said.

"Do you really?"

"I really do, sweet. I'd marry you tomorrow."

Her voice was low and husky and suddenly I knew. It struck in a flash up my spine, and I knew absolutely that I loved her voice, and that I loved her.

"Let's not get married," she said, "until we're both out in Hollywood."

"All right," I said, "I'd rather have it sooner—."

"Would you, dear, would you really want me sooner?"

"Whenever you say, Julie. But if you like let's wait a month."

"All right, darling. We can get a license in Los Angeles and then we have to wait three days."

I took my jade ring from my finger and held it up so that the firelight shone through it.

"It's beautiful," she said.

"It's for you," I said and slipped it on the third finger of her left hand.

"Thank you, darling. It's lovely."

"The carving means 'Live dangerously'."

"We will," she said, "together."

I kissed her and as we settled back the log in the fire cracked open and a rain of sparks rose.

II

I saw Julie then seven nights in the next week. At the end we were as much in love as ever and when she had to go to Philadelphia for a week I watched her train until it was a black noise in a tunnel. I missed her keenly. It was as if someone had run off with an integral sector of my nervous system.

I bought a dozen marihuana cigarettes and lived in that star-swept region where the "moon is your constant mistress" and the stars are something to use to light your way upstairs with and blow out before you go to bed.

III

Somehow they always came along. If you were reading a book they had read it, too. If you were drinking had you heard of a new one called the Trocadero? If you were just sitting there as I was then with the image of a tree like a sentinel on a hill did you happen to have a match?

As I held the flame for her cigarette I looked at her. She was small and dark and when she raised her eyes it was like a shock. They were eyes that seemed to have been the mother of sorrow.

Naturally I was attracted. All the vivacity in the world stumbles and is prostrate before a woman who knows how to look sad.

"Thanks very much."

"Not at all," I said, "you know, you have extraordinary eyes."

"You put me too much in your debt."

"But they are. They're magnificent."

"O, very well," she said, "what of it?"

Later in my room I discovered her name was Lola. It was funny introducing myself after what had happened but it seemed rather *de rigueur* just then.

"I like you," she said, "I like being with you and the best part of it is I'm not going to fall in love with you."

"That's fine," you said, having your doubts. She looked at a watercolor on the wall.

"Who's that by?" she said. "Did you do it?"

"I wish I had. It's one of Jules Pascin's earlier things."

"It's very good, isn't it?"

"It's damned good."

There was a silence during which the clock came to life.

"I guess we better be getting up now," she said.

"We don't have to."

"I know. But let's anyway, yes?"

"O, all right."

She raised herself on her elbow and said. "I'm going to go modest on you. Do you mind looking the other way?"

I laughed and she was out of bed and into her slip by the time I looked around.

"The only place we can go to now, I suppose, is the Dome."

"I tell you what," I said, "suppose I get up and get dressed and go out and get something to drink."

"That would be swell except for one thing."

"What's that?"

"I have to dance at the Dome later."

"That's all right. They won't miss you."

She sat up very straight and laughed in a strained way.

"Is that so?" she said. "I happen to have a larger following than anyone else entertaining there."

"Sorry," I said, "but couldn't you let it go for tonight?"

We looked at each other and smiled.

"I suppose I could," she said, "I suppose so if you really wanted me to."

"I do. We'll have a much better time here anyway."

"All right but let me go out for the gin. I need some air anyway."

"It's oke with me," I said, "but not gin. Let's get some Tokay."

"How swell," she said, "how very elegant."

"I got a check last week. It'll last a while."

I told her where to go and who to see and how much to pay. She was dressed finally and left leaving the door unlocked. As I lay there waiting for her return I thought of how the symbols women stand for change. The mass of them are one great cave of the winds that all men wander in for the dark and the quiet and surcease from the iron things of this world. They carry with them the feeling that they are seeking something almost divine but all they experience are the usual opiates. Probably they are comforted by the thought that they made a lonely crusade for something more.

The first woman to me had been a tree to roost in from the gales at home. Another was a companion in hope. I think of her now as a resistless treadmill. A third I got to know delirium with and once long ago there was a beautiful moron who taught me frenzy. They have come to be a minor angle of the mosaic I am eternally composing. It is intended as a skeleton of what I want but its bones and spine are altogether vaporous. The last woman of any importance was Julie and since as yet she was still a promise she might be always the last.

This girl was the equivalent of an evening at the theatre or a brilliant afternoon at the races. She was the type who would always be a substitute for something of a more basic rank.

She returned without knocking and heel-clicked her way through the foyer.

"Why! Aren't you dressed yet?"

"Dressed? Nonsense, I'll just put a robe on."

I got out of bed. I was naked and whether by accident or design she turned away and began stripping the foil from the bottles. I came back, fastening my robe about me and sat down in a chair.

"Do you have to ice this?" she asked.

"Tokay? Of course not."

She went across to the cupboard and brought back two slender Lalique glasses.

"You seem very much at home."

"Don't you want me to be?" She stopped pouring the wine and stood there, waiting.

"Of course. Certainly. I was really remarking on how observant you were."

She curtseyed. "Thank you, sir."

We finished the first bottle and going down the wine was sweet and innocent but at the start of the next bottle I felt its treachery. A friend had loaned me a portable radio and we tuned in Cab Calloway. I like his music, the sweep and blare and cannonade of his trumpets, the curvettings of his rhythm, and the slow, insidious need it produces in all the people who are weary of jazz played as chamber music. The wine and the music began to mingle in my mind.

"What are you thinking about?"

I came back from above the evening with relief. If I thought long enough the feeling grew on me that I could see the world and society erect in only their bones. I probably can't but at such times omniscience only makes me sorry on the grand scale.

"I was thinking about life, my girl."

"O, grandfather, tell me all about life."

"It's nine-tenths self-pity, my daughter, and the rest is pride."

"That wasn't fair," she said, "this is no time to be serious."

"It's one of my faults. I go serious most unexpectedly."

"Well, let's not tonight."

"All right. Do you know the one about—?"

I told her the fable of the apologetic gendarme and the stolen Citroen and she told me the one about the Englishman and the note from his laundryman. It was very funny.

"Have you ever been in Philadelphia?" she said.

"Now and then."

"I was there only last week and someone fell in love with me."

"Tell me about it," I said, "it's probably amusing."

"No, it isn't. It's not at all amusing. I'm not sure but what I'm in love myself."

"This is dull talk," I said.

"I'll show you something that isn't dull. Wait a minute."

She rose from the arm of my chair and went over to the table for her bag. She unfastened it and came back with something green on the palm of her offered hand.

"The carving means 'Live dangerously'," she said.

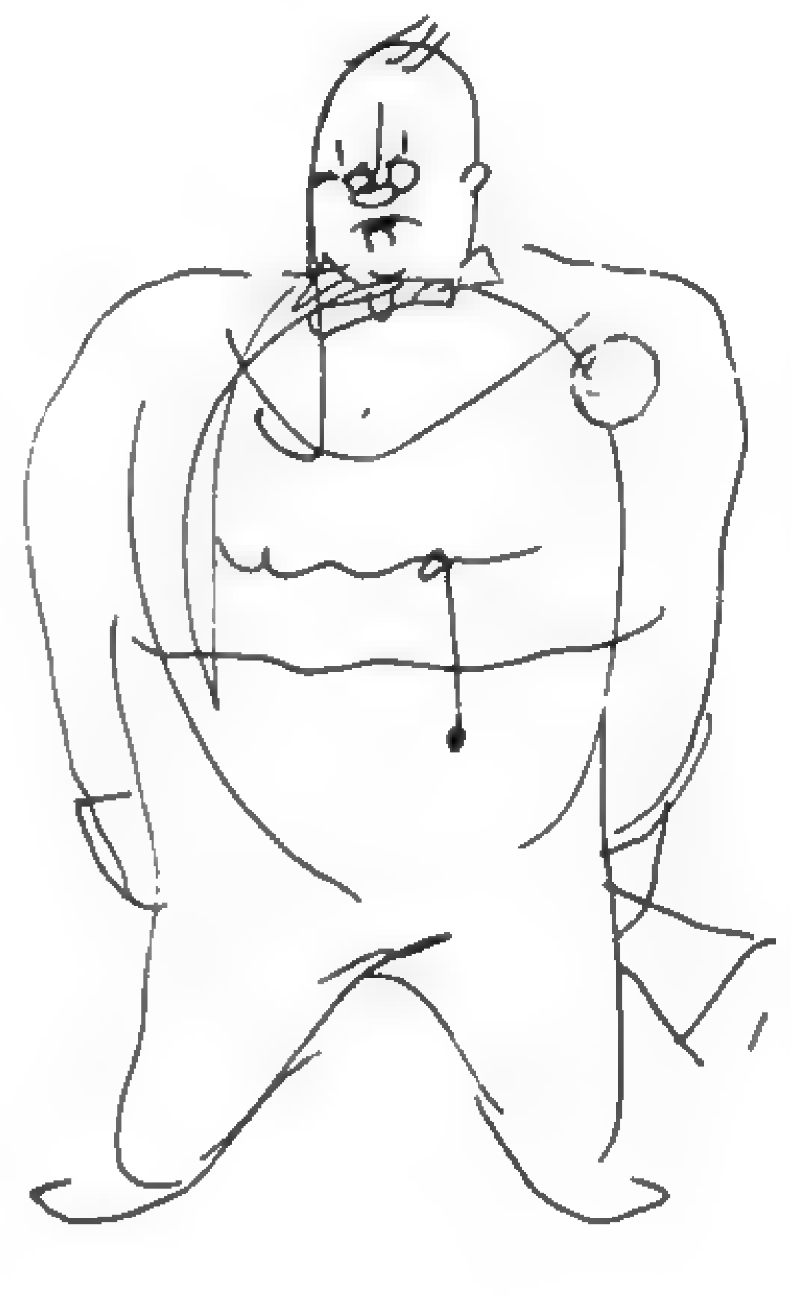
Will We Always Have Securities?

An examination of the inner meanings of the Securities Act—and a peek at Utopia

by FRED C. KELLY

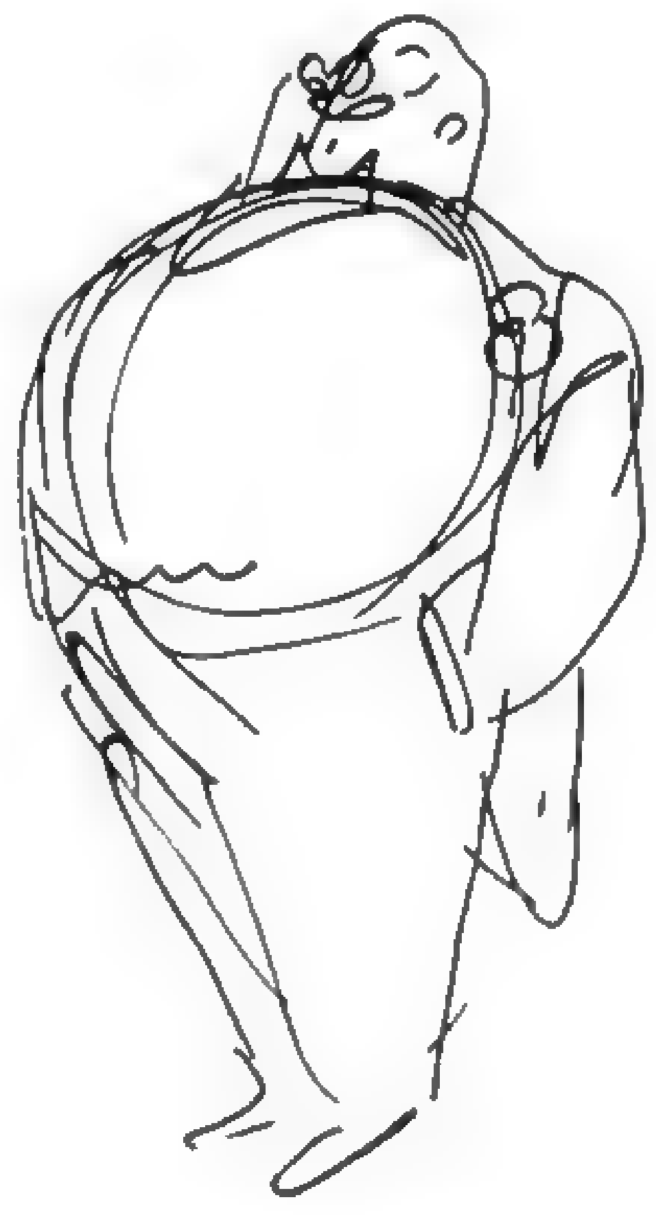
It is worth noting that those most inclined to deplore dangers to "business" from the Securities Act passed by Congress, are bankers. Conspicuous among them are the same bankers who floated various South American and other bonds by which thousands of people were robbed of their life savings. But it would not be fair to say that everybody who fears the Securities Act will do harm is a scoundrel. I know many men of the highest integrity whose thinking processes are so predicated on old concepts, that they cannot imagine life without bond salesmen, foreign loans, stock flotations, stock exchanges, and all manner of financial devices which have no sound relation whatever to producing and distributing goods, or to people's happiness and well-being.

As was pointed out years ago, by old Thorstein Veblen, we have a financial structure superimposed on the true structure of production and distribution. If we so desired we could dispense with the financial part entirely. Putting it another way, as my friend, Glenn G. Munn, a clever economic observer suggests, we have two sets of books one dealing with production, the other with finance, and the two do not jibe. We could close one set of books.



Because we have grown accustomed to having this financial set of books in connection with business, we have accepted the idea that all these financial operations are essential to business—that is, to the business of making and giving to people such goods and services as they need. But on closer examination, we might find finance less necessary to business than business is to finance. As Veblen reminded us, the head of nearly every big business is not a production man, not an industrialist, but a financier—and his main function is that of *sabotage*. His chief concern is not how much goods his company can produce, but that production shall be held down to a point where relative scarcity will mean the highest possible profits. To him industry is a mere pawn to aid him in his financing of business. It is not a question of how much the public needs but of how much the public is able or willing to pay for at prices profitable to the financiers—to owners and manipulators of business enterprises. Thus there is always a conflict between the public and the financiers who control production. The public would like to have all the goods and services our natural resources, factories, and trained personnel are capable of giving. But the financiers are willing to deliver only as much as is *profitable*. I do not mention this in criticism. It is simply a statement of obvious facts about the nature of our business and financial structure. Before we can understand the implications of the new Securities Act, we must consider what we have to deal with.

One might think this clash of interests between financiers and consumers would have brought bitter strife long ago. But consumers do not hold much grudge against financiers, because each consumer is hoping to be, in some degree at least, a financier himself; he hopes to be a stockholder or a bondholder, in which event he expects to have a first claim on benefits from producing various goods or services his fellow consumers use. He even strives to hold so many stocks and bonds that he may live without toil, at the expense of his less fortunate fellow-consumers, who, of course, must pay directly or indirectly, to support him. (Naturally, the only way a big corporation can raise money to pay bond interest or dividends, is either by holding down wages, or by adding a little to the price of whatever they sell.) In other words, the poor consumer who might feel keen disrelish for having to help support other people is distracted by his own aspirations to join the kept classes. If possible, he would like to pass on such financial arrangements to his children that they, too, may be spared the hazards and annoyances of arduous toil. If his only concern for his children were that they should have opportunity to do useful work, and be protected only if incapacitated, he might provide them with disability insurance and not much money. But the average father behaves as if the best thing he can do for his sons and daughters is to give them an opportunity to go through life without work or responsibility.



Those consumers, not yet successful at moving into the reserved seats with the financiers, feel no antagonism so long as they think there is still a chance to do so. Indeed, it often happens that a consumer is both a victim and beneficiary of a financial device all at the same time—as, for example, when a man pays taxes to help cover interest on a municipal, state, or federal bond, and holds some of those very bonds himself. He is in favor of more and more bonds, so long as he does not pay much of the taxes they entail or so long as his return from bonds he holds is well in excess of what he thinks is his share of the cost of maintaining all this financial set-up.

Now, because of this desire to be one of the financial crowd rather than a mere humble consumer, most of us do much wishful thinking about "securities." So anxious are we to be stockholders or bondholders that we do not always take time to distinguish between the good and the bad. Besides mistakes due to inexcusable gullibility, we make many more mistakes due to the *impossibility* of knowing which "securities" will prove to be valuable or worthless. The future of any stock or bond, even if fairly meritorious, is only moderately predictable.

This impossibility of predicting with much accuracy the enduring merit of certain stocks or bonds plays right into the hands of the financial people who create or sell "securities." They would like to have it appear that they do the best they can in issuing supposedly valuable pieces of paper; if these turn out later to be worthless, it is nobody's fault, but only the working of great anonymous forces beyond anybody's control.

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Esquire and Homeless Huey

A Poem with Puppets

by MEYER LEVIN

"*A Kingfish bold am I—!*"

"*We'll give the babies building blocks!*"

"*With many a sip and bloop—*"

Esquire came home.
On entering he heard
A noise. Did someone sing?
And following the path of sound
He found
It coming from the bath.

A stranger of capacious lung
Unto a lusty song gave tongue.

"A Kingfish bold am I
A helluva smart guy,
Hail, boys, hail to me
Guardian of Liberty!

"In the game of bunk and hooey
There is none can beat your Huey,
I give the kids their schoolbooks free,
So the kids all vote for me,
All I ask is the key
To the treasury.

"I am a fishy man—
Impeach me if you can—

"Raised on corn pone and pot likker
I'm the nation's slickest slicker,
I am still a real big shot—

Esquire paused to hear no more
But opened wide the bathroom door.

Inside the tub a figure sat
In green pajamas soaking;
The stranger went on croaking—

"The nation's at a loss,
It needs me for a boss!
Prosperity I'll bring!
Make every man a king!"

That sounded fine, but might a man enquire
What Huey Long was doing in
The bathtub of Esquire?

"Old man!" the Senator declared,
"I've come prepared
To make you rich! Look there—!"

Upon the floor Esquire saw
A heap of building blocks.
What for!

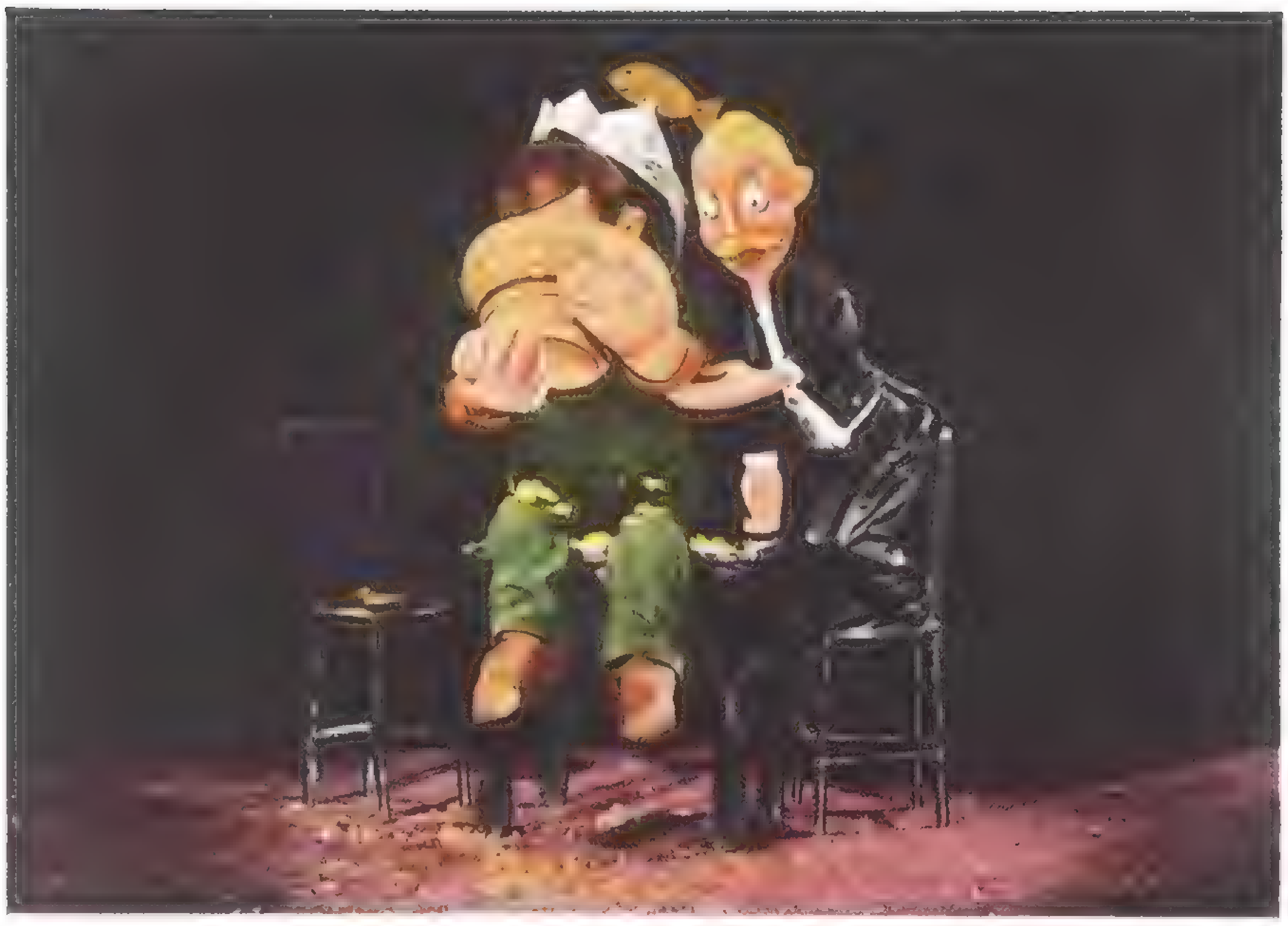
"We'll give the babies building blocks
And win the infant vote!
Each new-born child will get a box
That holds his A B C
Absolutely free
With compliments from me!

"You," said Huey, "all you do
Is give me all your dough—
The building-block monopoly
Into your lap will go!"

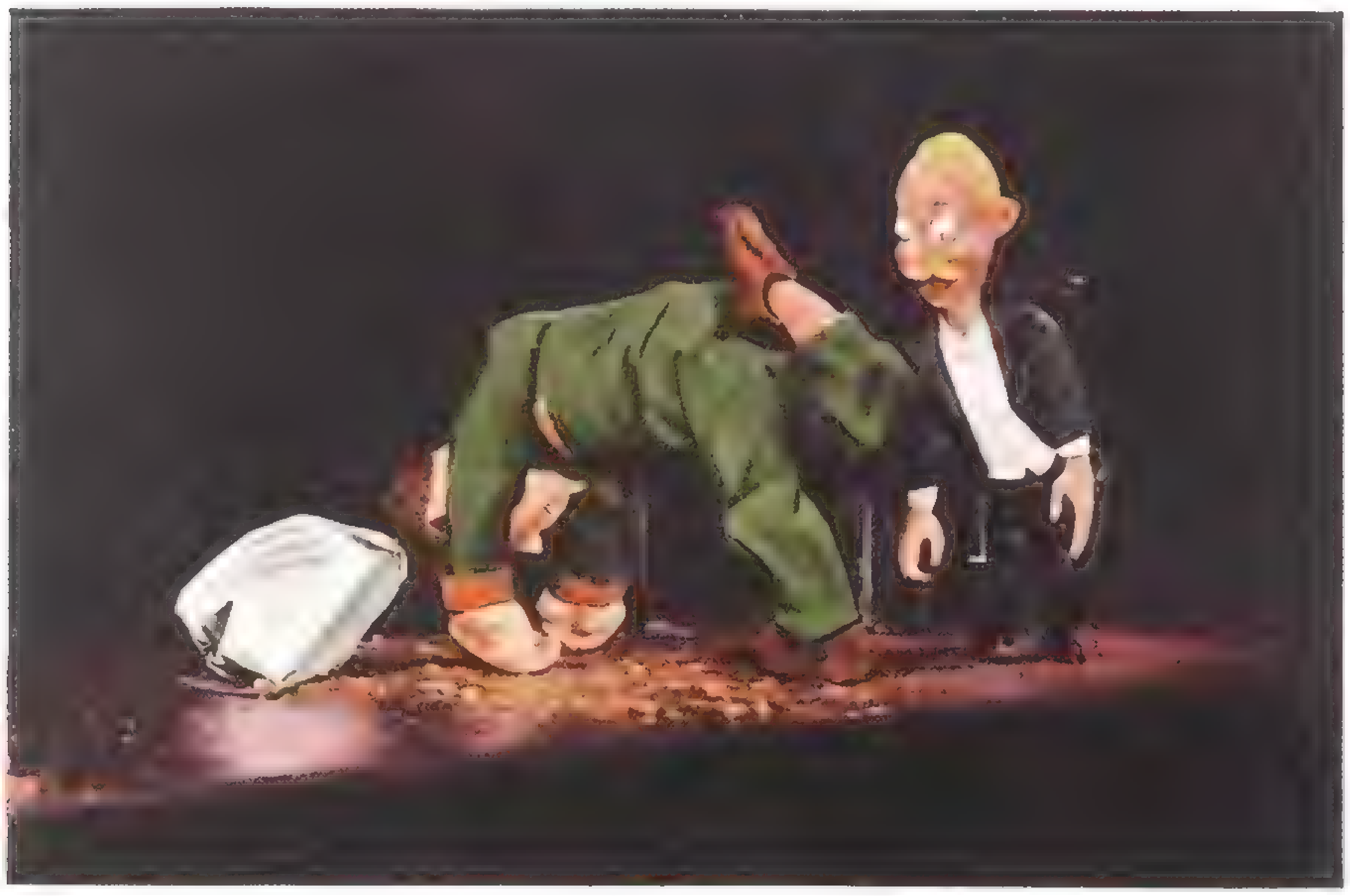
Esquire answered "No!"

"What!" cried Long, "you will not come across?
Old pal, do you forget
That I'm the BOSS?"
His eye-balls glinted while he hinted:
"I never kidnapped anyone,
I do my stuff without a gun,
And though my vote machine
Is run on oil, it's clean!
I never robbed the commonwealth,
My foes are in the best of health—
No one can call me mean!
Here! Let me treat you to
A bite to eat!"

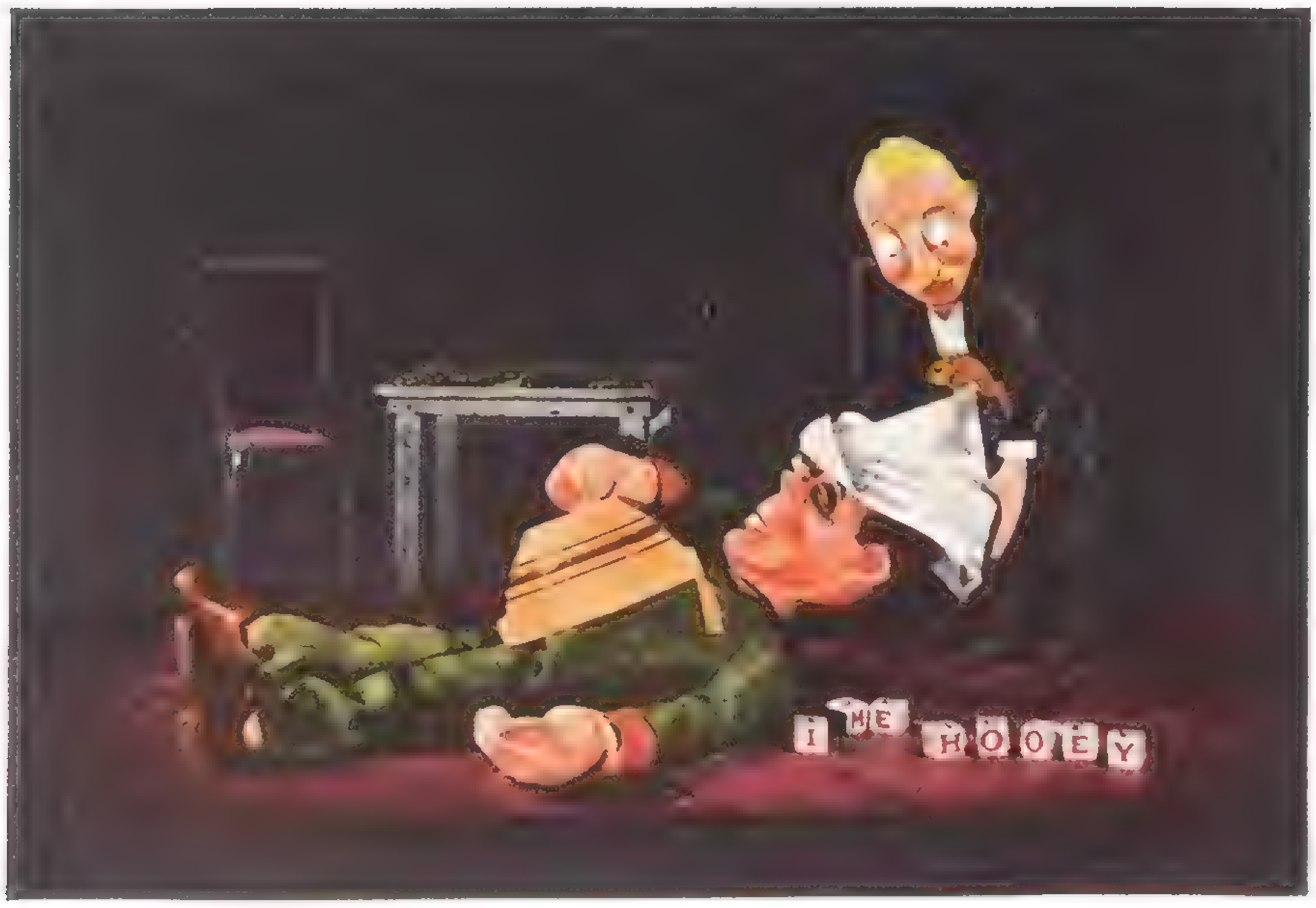
He led Esquire to a seat



"I'll show you how to lick the pot!"



"A feat of startling acrobatic"



"Call up the papers, Pal," he sighed.

At Esquire's dining table.
There stood a soup tureen
As big as e'er was seen,
And Esquire's board did groan
With piles of hot corn pone.
"I had your cook fix up this grub,"
The Kingfish told his host—
"It is my modest boast
No one can get ahead of me
In hospitality."

With many a sip and bloop
The Kingfish up did scoop
The turnip soup.
And when the pot was bare
Wise Huey said,
"There's lots more there!
I'll show you how to lick the pot!"
With rosy tongue he cleaned the rim,
Then plunged his head completely in
And got
All there was to be got.

"And now to business. I will issue a decree
Making it compulsory
For all the nation's yokelry
To eat this mess.
Then you and I can make a dikker
Whereby I slip you full control
Of corn pone and pot likker!"

But Esquire would not listen
To that stunning proposition.
"Excuse me, Huey, but you see
Politics is not for me. I grieve
To have to ask you-all to leave."

"What!" cried Long, "you'd kick me out!"
Then he began to rave and shout—
"You slave of Standard Oil! You crook!
You snake! You thief!
You tool of J. P. Morgan!
You'd kick me out! Me!
The Guardian of Liberty!"
But suddenly he paused. A wise
Expression crossed his eyes.
"Say, that's not a bad idea!
Kick me out! Why you might even
Take a sock at me!
Think of the publicity!"

He placed himself in a most tempting pose—
Down went his nose, his hands were on the floor—
"Come on!" he cried, "what are you waiting for?
Come on! Kick me! It's all right!
Say—I can't stay like this all night!"

It would have given Esquire pleasure
To oblige him in this measure
But Esquire was so laughing-sick
He didn't have the strength to kick.

"Say," growled Huey, "you can't put me on the shelf!
If you refuse to kick me in the pants
I'll do it myself!"
With that, the senator erratic
Performed a feat of startling acrobatic.
'Twas very neat. He hit himself
Smack in the seat.
An awful whack!
And fell down flat upon the floor.
Motionless he lay.
Esquire feared he might have died. But no!
It soon appeared the Senator
Had something more to say.
"Call up the papers, Pal," he sighed.

True it is that he
May be a little screwey
But dull the world will be
Without King Huey.

The Blackout Fades Out

Very few tears at the breakup, and apparent passing, of one of the standbys of musical shows

by GILBERT SELDES

Among the casualties of the last few seasons in musical entertainment, the most notable is the short sketch with a trick ending upon which the lights are quickly doused and the curtain is drawn—technically known as the blackout. The most familiar, and for all I know, best of the blackouts is the story of the salesman and the farmer's daughter. For the benefit of the young and sophisticated reader, the details are as follows: A traveling salesman is compelled by bad weather to spend the night at a farmer's homestead. The farmer offers hospitality but regrets that owing to lack of room the salesman will have to sleep either on a narrow sofa in the kitchen or with baby. Having an aversion to squalling babies, the traveling salesman chooses to sleep in the kitchen. The next morning, a strapping, buxom and altogether attractive young woman appears and the farmer addresses her as baby. Blackout. Not precisely subtle but it will do. It has, after all, the essential elements of farce and the surprise, if you are surprised, is sufficient. Another familiar and not quite so entertaining blackout is the husband, wife and lover triangle in which the wife vows eternal love as the husband departs on a long journey; the moment he is gone, her lover appears, and ten seconds later the husband reappears. The wow of this particular blackout often depends on the explanation offered for his presence by the lover, and I suppose that the wittiest of the lot is: "Believe it or not I was waiting for a street car."

I think it is now four and a half years since I got a hearty laugh out of a blackout; really funny ones are so rare that they remain in your memory. The one which gave me pleasure ran as follows:

SCENE: A room clerk's desk in a hotel. Enter a man and woman.

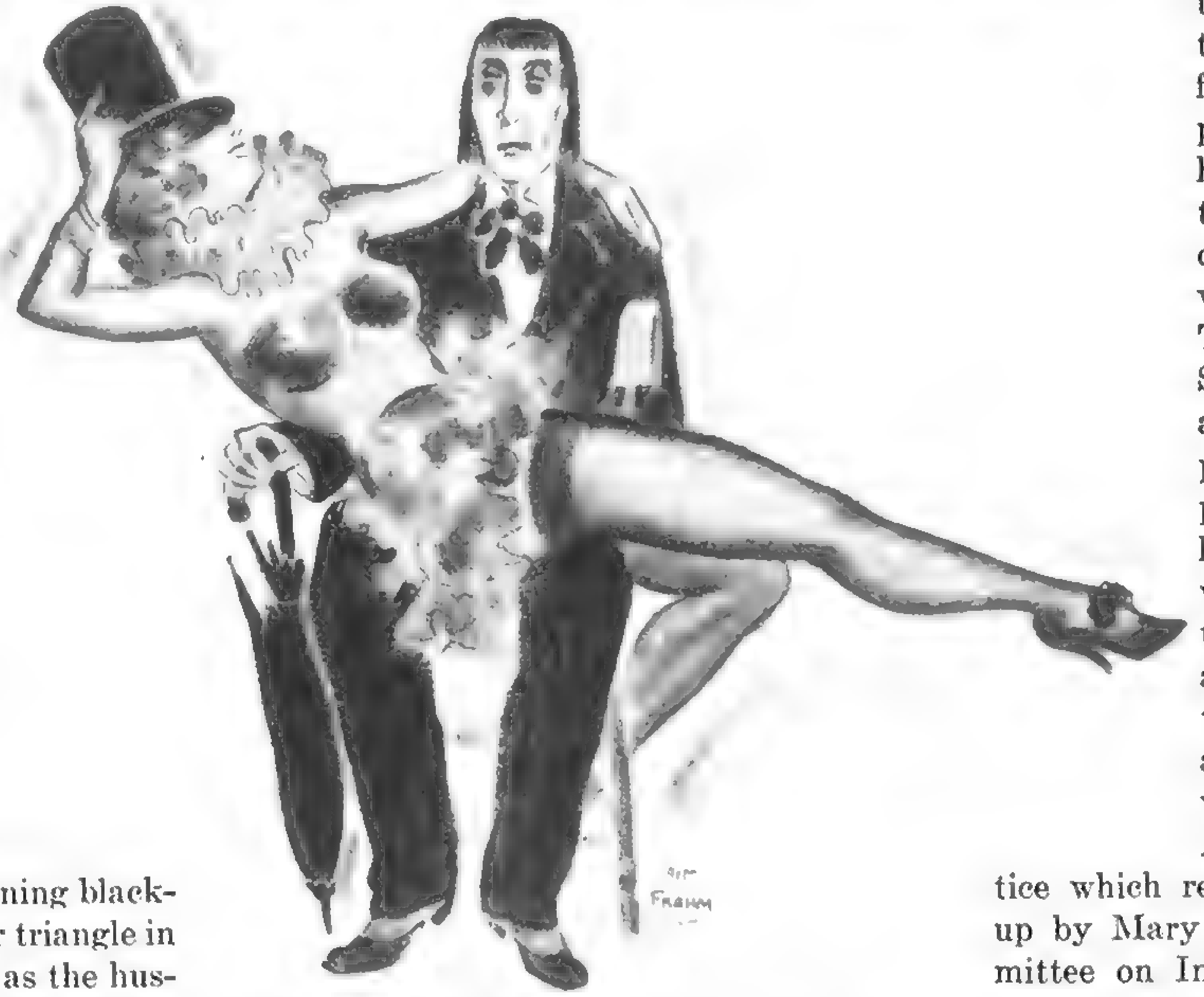
THE MAN: *A room and bath for myself and my wife.*

THE CLERK: *Sorry, sir, but all our rooms with bath are taken. Would your wife mind a room without a bath?*

THE MAN (To the woman): *Will that be all right?*

THE WOMAN: *Yes, sir.*

When it is good, the blackout has to be simple and should deal with what is fundamentally familiar, and that is why nine-tenths of them are sexual in theme and inclined to be adulterous. Unfortunately, the average writer of a musical comedy book shares with the early Mencken-Nathan the idea that there is something comic in sex of itself, and he shares with the world at large the idea that a cuckold is essentially a figure of fun, so that when he approaches the business of writing a blackout, he feels that all he has to do is to bring up the laughable subject; it never occurs to him that if people want to laugh about infidelity they have ample opportunity in the privacy of the home, and the cost of the theatre tickets is excessive. In short, he has a comic idea but fails to give it comic treatment. In burlesque shows and in comic strips one of the characters is as likely as not to fall over backward in amazement at the brightness of the wit; in old Italian comedy somebody was rapped over the head with a baton or a bladder; but in refined musical shows the point of these blackouts has to carry itself, and although this causes a strain on the intellect of the audience, the blackout held its popularity for generations.



It is still current. The non-Ziegfeld Ziegfeld Follies of this year has several. One is a burlesque suggesting the way a summer theatre in a barn would produce a Lonsdale-cum-Coward play and ends with the Woman pushing off her Lover and crying out that her husband is at the window; whereupon she raises the roller shade and the audience has a full view of the south end of a north-bound horse. In another, Miss Brice as Baby Snookums, is caught out as a dreadful liar by her parents and as her father is a descendant of George Washington, the only explanation is that her mother was chased by a lineal descendant of Baron Munchausen (not Jack Pearl) while she was bearing the child. Upon which Miss Brice lisps words to the effect that the Baron must have caught her. The peculiar thing about this blackout is that it didn't black out because the sketch went on for half a minute longer—quite ruining the point.

However, the Follies constitute an exception. The half dozen great musical hits of the past few years have been totally lacking in this type of fun. There have even been complaints that all types of fun have been dispensed with and that musical shows have become such an intellectual diversion that only the Brains Trust can understand them. Since "Strike Up the Band," at least, revues have been packed with satire and full of political and economic problems. Even the great Ziegfeld was at least once betrayed. In the second act of "Whoopee," as I recall it, a tenor approached the footlights and sang a long and impassioned song on the wrongs of the Red Man in America and an appeal for justice which really should have been taken up by Mary Austin and the Senate Committee on Indian Reservations. My own opinion on these matters is that the proper place for tragedy is in the home—it is certainly not on the musical comedy stage.

And that suggests an odd circumstance. Although our musical shows have abandoned the blackout, they have developed to an alarming extent the old tenor-soprano love duet, changing it into, usually, the husky contralto, no-love solo, commonly known as the torch song. In one of the wittiest and most intelligent revues in years, Mr. Irving Berlin has, in fact, injected a tragic song in which Ethel Waters bemoans the fact that she doesn't seem able, to set the table, apparently because her husband was lynched that morning. The usual torch song lacks these cosmic overtones; somebody is moaning low because somebody else has gone away and left nothing to be remembered by and it appears that we cannot be friends although night and day we suffer and pine and life is pretty terrible. As for me, a squirming, suffering listener to the old type of love song in which a totally uncalled for protestation of eternal love held up the real action of the show—for me, I say, these torch songs are an unmitigated bore. I not only feel that—I know the reason. These songs do actually come

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A Case of Jamaica

Story of the Reverend who looked to a ship's crew for an education, got one and gave one in exchange

by BILL ADAMS

THE SHIP *Heather Bell* was all ready to pull out to sea. "All right, mister! Get that gangway hauled in!" her skipper sang out to his chief mate. The mate passed the order on to the sailors. And they were just about to run the gangway in when onto it stepped this queer-looking tall skinny fellow. His face was the color of putty. He wore a black suit, a black hat, and a white choke collar; all of which, seeming to be several sizes too big for him, hung loosely. Losh, he looked like a scarecrow! And stepping to the ship's deck he appeared as much out of place as a sailor'd be at a revival meeting. The longshoreman who followed with his baggage set it down on the quarterdeck and hurried back ashore.

"Who'n hell are ye, and what d'ye want here?" demanded the skipper; and up the ladder to the poop went the stranger, and handed him a letter from the ship's owner. The skipper read it, growled "Blast my topsails," and shouted to the mate, "All right, mister. In with that gangway now!" And then he turned to the stranger. "So ye're coming out as a passenger, are ye? Well, ye'll find no fancy frills in this ship!" said he. For the ship wasn't a passenger ship. She was a windjammer, and bound round the Horn to Chile.

"That's all right with me, Captain. I'm a very ordinary person," said the stranger; stroking his pale face with a soft white hand, and looking pleased as pie.

"By gravy, you'd best be a very ordinary person, and you'd best keep out of the way," muttered the skipper; and called down to the steward to fix up the one spare cabin.

Well, the passenger did keep out of the way. He didn't bother anyone while sail was being set, and that gave the skipper a better impression of him. "He's a blasted queer looking fish, but I reckon he's harmless," thought the skipper. Why the stranger should have chosen to make the voyage in a windjammer nobody ever knew. Maybe it was for his health. He looked like he needed a good airing, sure enough.

As soon as she was a bit offshore the ship ran into a lump of a sea and began to dance about a bit. No one but the steward saw anything of the passenger till he came to the breakfast table the fourth morning out, looking mighty white about the gills.

"What's your business, mister?" asked the skipper. And at the passenger's reply the skipper looked at the mate, and the mate looked at the skipper. Neither said a word, but their looks meant plenty.

It's queer, but a fact, that there's no politer breed than sailors. From the minute that it got around that the passenger was a missionary no one cussed in his hearing. He was the most tickled looking party you ever saw, and right from the start he began to take an interest in everything. Soon after breakfast he said to the skipper, "Captain, I'd like to learn something of a sailor's life. I wonder might I be allowed to work with your sailors?"

"Mister mate!" sang out the skipper, "The Reverend's looking for an education. Take him along and start him in!" The mate took him to where an old shellback was tucking a splice. The shellback scowled. No shellback wants a landsman hanging round interfering. But the Reverend didn't interfere at all, and first thing that happened the shell was explaining things to him; friendly as pie.

There wasn't anything the Reverend wasn't interested in. He got his soft hands blistered, helping to pull on ropes. His face grew sweaty and his breath came short. But he stayed with it. When he came to the cabin for supper he said, "Captain, I've had a delightful day."

"If you're so stuck on getting an education, go right to it mister," said the skipper, and added, "You've got a whole bag of tricks to learn."

"Shiver my topsails if he ain't a regular human being," said the mate to the second mate, after supper. Then the mate went to his cabin. A minute or so later up comes the Reverend. The second, who was a sprouty young egg, brought out a plug of Admiral Jackie, held it out to the Reverend, and said, "Have a chew, mister?"

"No, I thank you," said the Reverend, "I don't chew."

"I reckon you figure chewin's wicked, eh?" asked the second.

"Oh, no. Not at all. Just be yourself," said the Reverend.

"Bust my deadlights, maybe he is human," thought the second.

Next day while the Reverend was lending a hand with the ropes one of them jammed. Forgetting the Reverend, a sailor let out a cuss; a real one, one of the genuine deep water kind. Then he turned to the Reverend, "Beg pardon, sir. I forgot as you was round," said he.

"Oh, don't mind me. Just be yourself," said the Reverend, without batting an eye.

"Well, mister, what d'ye think of sailors?" asked the skipper at supper.

"They're very delightful people, Captain," said the Reverend.

After supper the Reverend went forward to the hatch, where the sailors were having a singsong. He joined right in on the chorus, and, by gravy, there wasn't a better voice aboard. First thing that happened the sailors quit singing, so they could listen to him singing alone:

"*We've crossed the line and the Gulf Stream,*
Been down by Table Bay,
We've rounded the Horn and we're
homeward bound,
And that is the sailor's way,"

sang the Reverend.

"Shiver my topsails if you didn't ought to have been a sailor yourself, mister," said an old shellback.

"I'm afraid I've got a lot to learn before I can hope to be a sailor," said the Reverend.

As the days passed the Reverend lost his pale look. He grew brown as a berry. His hands quit blistering. He learned to knot and splice, and a lot of other sailor tricks. Right handy at picking things up, he was. But he had never tried his hand at steering yet. And now one morning the skipper saw him watching the man at the wheel. "Would you like to steer, mister?" asked the skipper.

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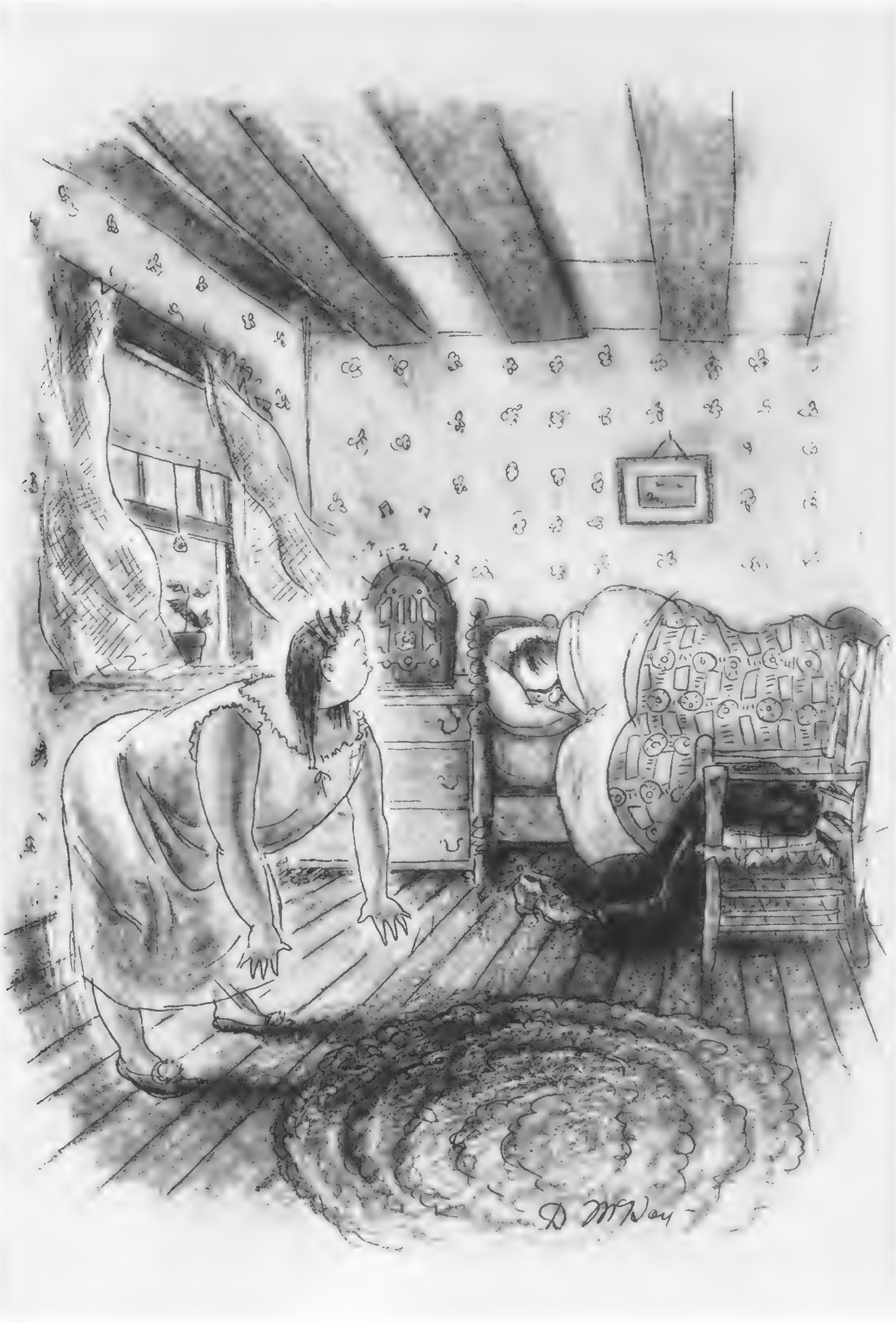

"If you'd do this just one morning, you'd be surprised"

A Story Without an End

A tenderly moving story of a boy spending his youth in the shadow of his master's hatred

by H. E. BATES

It was Sunday again. Easter Sunday. He stood there, against the wall, pressed back, as he had done every day of the winter. It was midday: in April the sun, at noon, could just clear the high roofs of the buildings opposite Rosset's; it was fitful windy April weather, with stumbling white clouds which hid the sun, and snow-cold air. There was no sign of Spring: not even a daffodil on the tables of the empty restaurant. The two waiters stood at the window, gazing into the street, waiting for something to turn up, and the girl, Yvette, sat at the cash desk, scratching her head with a pencil, licking her lips, and exchanging occasional glances with the boy, her eyes sparkling and mischievous. Sometimes she hugged herself against the cold and at last she got up and walked about the restaurant, stamping her feet. She walked to the far end of the empty room and turned and it occurred to her then to retrace her steps like Rosset and she came back with his heavy rolling gait, twitching her brows up and down, her hands clasped behind her back, her full red lips loosely drooping. Ah! bon jour, m'sieu, bon jour! You like to sit 'ere? No? Over there? Nize table, ver' nize. The Preence of Wales sit sometimes there—sometimes. Oh yes. Sometimes. You sit 'ere? As you wish, M'sieu.

She had come down to the door and was bowing and rubbing her hands to that imaginary customer, while the waiters rolled against themselves and laughed and the boy smiled with delight by the wall, and now suddenly she flung up her hands and came back by a series of quick rhythmical turns up the room, like a dancer, her black skirts flowing out wider and wider like an opening sunshade, showing her plump legs and the mauve garters on her black stockings, just above her knees. Laughing with delight, she kept snapping her fingers and performing little seductive wriggles of her body for sheer joy.

"Ach! Rosset! Who cares anything about Rosset now? Who cares anything? Pouf!"

It was a great day, for Rosset and his wife had gone away for Easter Sunday on a visit to some relatives so that Pierre, the girl and the waiters would be free after three o'clock until the place opened again at six in the evening.

Almost intoxicated by the mere thought of freedom, the girl bantered with the waiters, satirically. Where were they going for their long holiday? Ah! but she knew. They didn't need to tell her. She knew! She walked up and down the restaurant, hobbling a little, talking to the imaginary image of a girl on her arm, smiling. Where do I work? Tut, tut! Don't you know I'm the maitre d'hotel at the Restaurant Rosset? Fifty waiters! You don't know it? Ah, ah! Let us sit down, shall we? My feet ache.

Without Rosset the place was transformed; and since no one had yet come in to eat it was strangely quiet in the intervals of the girl's foolery. Yet the boy, by the wall, was uneasy, almost afraid. Without consciously knowing it he kept looking at the door, expecting to see at any moment the fat shadow of Rosset on the white curtain. It was something which no mere gaiety could dispel, this fear of Rosset. It was something cancerous, unseen but deep, gnawing at the tissues of mind, never letting him rest, blackening his brain. His heart still bounded to his throat, flooding him with its sickening nausea, at the mere approach of Rosset, and alone again, even though Rosset had said nothing to him, he would feel weak and swooning, drained white by his own fear. It might have been different, he sometimes reasoned, if Rosset's own antagonism had lessened; but that too increased. He seemed to hate the faintest sight of the boy's mute face, with its dark bulging eyes, and its shrinking mouth. It was a hatred that had no limits; it rose from the mere cold despising sneer when the boy dropped a spoon to the fanatical heat of fury that poured out savagely as when he spilled the wine, as he had once done at the table of a party of suburban fools, half-drunk, who had come in late one night to play a kind of Bohemian pantomine which they found amusing. But it would go beyond this, to be more petty or more diabolical, so that the boy feared not only its outward manifestations, but its inward strength, its terrible potentiality. One day Rosset would kill him, not by a blow or by deliberation, but by the mere persistency of his hatred, by a long cruel sucking at his life, or when there was no more pleasure in cruelty he would throw the boy out perhaps, but as long as there was a response from him, that sudden awful light of fear in his eyes, he would torture him, like an animal, for the mere pleasure of seeing him suffer. The boy hoped for dismissal, praying to be sent back: but there was no hope of it. He was as necessary to Rosset's life, though he did not know it, as Rosset was to his.

He could speak a little English now, but his words were mere repetitions of words, made into quaint phrases, that he had picked up surreptitiously from the girl and the waiters. Except that he was whiter, more strained, it was the only outward sign of change in him. Underneath he had the big yellow-black bruises where Rosset had kicked him, on the legs and thighs, but he said nothing of them. He limped sometimes, but to questions he said that he had slipped on the brass-shod stairs. But the girl knew and from the look of strained pity in her eyes he was made aware of it.

They had become intimate. With her gaiety she made friends easily: her moods were electric and the current of her joy would sometimes transmit itself to him. There were things that they must do together, the washing-up, the cleaning of the silver, down in the basement. They sat at the table or stood over the sink for hours together, the girl keeping up her tireless pantomine, mocking Rosset, Madame Rosset, the two waiters, the regular diners. They talked in whispers, learned the art of laughing silently, and could read each other's eyes.

She was twenty-nine, a Breton, one of a big family: there were always letters for her, from sisters and brothers and her mother, long letters which she read to the boy, mimicking the writer, as they cleaned the cutlery together. He was from the South, the Mediterranean; he had wanted to go to sea, but his mother, blindly worshipping, had only one dream for him. She saw him as a kind of heavenly maitre d'hotel, the archangel of all waiters, and

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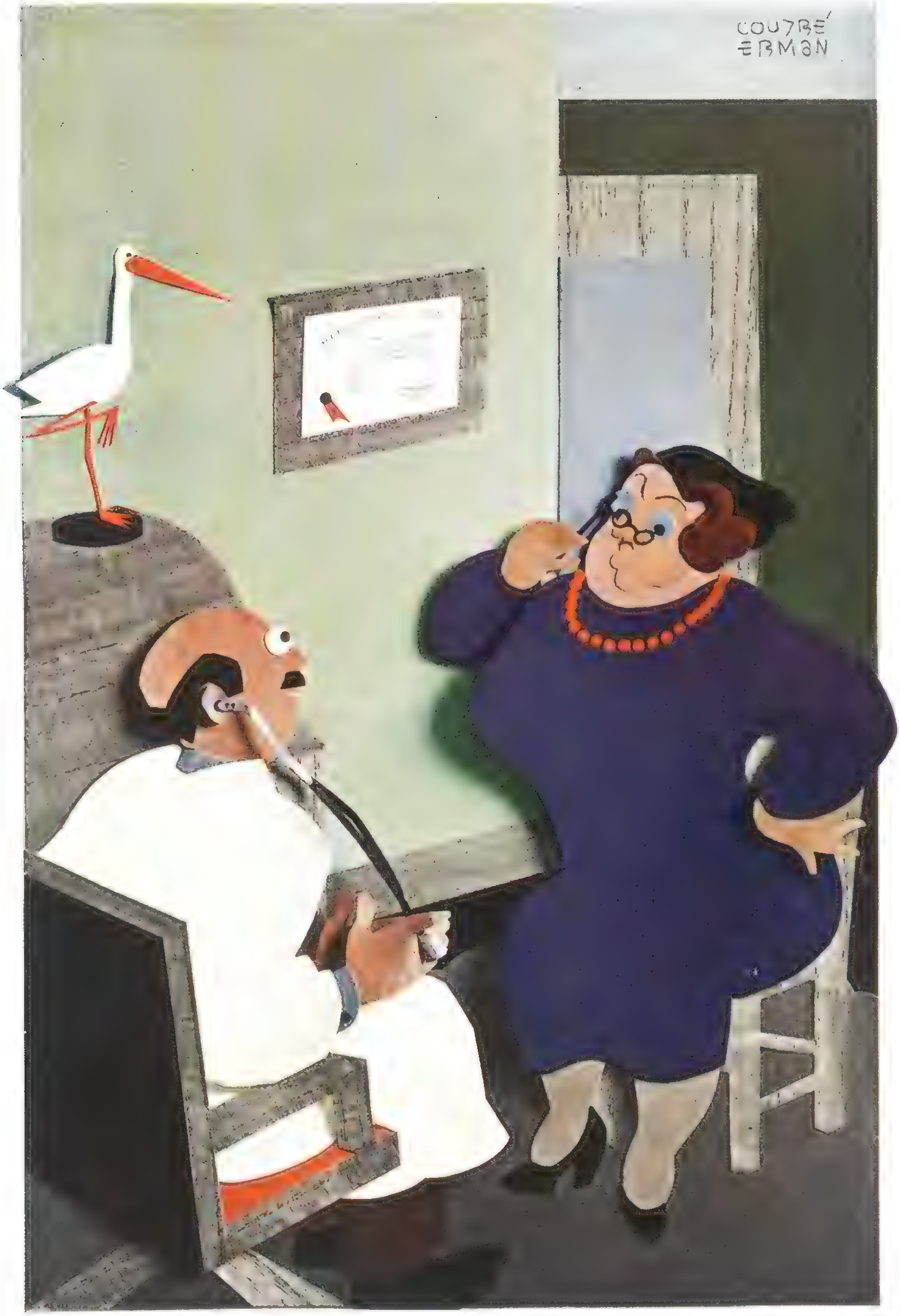
COUTRÉ
ERMAN

"Come now, Mrs. Twiddle, bare your little heart"

Viva Vino Santo!

Praise for the semi-miraculous properties of the wine which cheered up two gloomy tourists

by FRANK SCULLY

PROHIBITION may be dead legally, but the wet victory will not be complete as far as I'm concerned until you can get Vino Santo anywhere your car can have a blowout. In short, anywhere. I didn't know about Vino Santo till I was forty but that's no reason why the rest of the world should wait that long.

While all the hair-triggered connoisseurs of wines are paging through continental encyclopedias to tell us all how to drink wines they never tasted themselves, I want to tell about Vino Santo, a wine the connoisseurs have probably never even heard of to this day.

We were traveling over Europe in a tiny two-passenger Rosengart, a car so small even the driver thinks he's sitting in the rumble seat with the baggage. The spokes of the wheels were forever breaking, and we therefore had plenty of time to sample the various *vins du pays*. Through Italy we had done well enough on Ruffino Chianti, though we had vowed never to buy anything that spoiled the landscape with its advertising, and nothing in America could match Ruffino Chianti in Italy for vulgarity in that respect.

And yet Vino Santo would never have been known to us if it hadn't been advertised on the side of an Austrian Schloss Hohenstein near Bozen in the Tyrol. The owner had been known to his friends as Baron Wilhelm in pre-war days but by 1932 Mussolini had changed him to plain Gigliamo Stein, which is a Fascist idea of how to make Italian patriots out of Tyroleans, though the yodlers are still allowed to wear short pants.

We had come down the Brenner Pass, now called Brennero, looking for Bozen, and feeling pretty tired about it too. We stopped for a lemon squash, and asked the waiter how far it was to Bozen. He told us "Five minutes."

We turned from him to look at a lot of people pouring out of a railroad station across the road and there stood BOZEN on the old part of the station and BOLZANO on the part erected by the new regime. We were, it appeared, where we would be in five minutes. Despite the dumbness of that waiter we should have had the good sense to put up at his hotel for the night, but what we did was to go on to the next town, Trento, where, too weary to drive another foot, we accepted the vilest room ever given to man for anything less than a major crime. It not only was over the kitchen, but it was inside the court; not only inside the court, but the court was glass-enclosed. The room itself had no window to the open air and fans had to be kept going all night, though the month was October.

The girl-friend, who can be depended on to pick the worst moment to prove that she is the frailer of the two, took this night to develop tonsilitis at a temperature of 104. But determined to get out of that hell hole, we left the next morning despite her cries of pain.

We started the motor, and one of the front wheels promptly collapsed. Somehow we got to a garage, and it developed that a king-pin in the right wheel had broken.

As this car was the curiosity of Italy because it was so tiny, it followed we could get no parts for it short of Milano. This could be done by chasing a mechanic to Milano by train, a small matter of eight or ten hours, provided a shop would make it the same day. So with our temperatures at boiling point we sat in a filthy yard in a sickly town and looked daggers at each other from 9 a. m. till 5 p. m. In these crises the other party is of course at fault.

The fact was, we were both at fault. For a year mechanics had been telling us to get those king-pins changed, as they were loose, and finally, in Germany, we acquiesced. The old pins had been doing very well for three years, so it naturally followed that as soon as we put the new ones in, one of them broke within a hundred miles.

The latest new one was finally put in place about sundown and we started from Trento for Riva on Lake Garda. A shortcut was suggested to us, and the road was so corduroyed that our total mileage for the day amounted to 40 kilometres. That's why we happened to remember that we had passed through a valley in which a wine called Vino Santo was advertised on one façade of Castello (geb. Schloss) Hohenstein.

When we reached a hill above luck fell upon us at last, for we got a swell room with windows and views in every direction for the shameful sum of 12 lire—60 cents—and worth 6 dollars.

In the morning, when leaving, we again saw a small sign advertising Vino Santo, this time in the restaurant of the *albergo*. I asked how much it was.

"Twelve lire," the boy said.

Well, you change your sense of values as you travel, and to pay as much for a bottle of wine as you have paid for a room in a hotel makes you think twice before buying.

So we took a quarter of a liter instead. That cost three lire—about 15 cents. Now a quarter of a liter isn't even a good sized glass. It was poured into a beer bottle and we dropped it at our feet and rolled down to Riva.

There's a new road along the west side of Lake Garda, and while we would have liked to have traveled along the east shore so as to see the wooden battleship, on the bridge of which d'Annunzio struts in impotent rage against his exile to neither land nor sea, the new road appealed to us more. So we took the west side instead of the east.

It was a gorgeous morning, not a cloud in the sky and the sun playing on a blue lake in a way that made you want to stop at every turn and take a swim. But we had to get on.

"Zaarripp!" went something to the right of the motor.

We stopped, got out, and looked suspiciously at the new king-pin. But it wasn't that. It was a wire spoke. These things had marred the whole trip, as they were hardly stronger than the spokes of bicycle wheels. This one, for a change, had not broken, but had gone down into the tire, and had ripped a gash about a foot long in a brand new inner tube.

With the girl-friend having a temperature of 104 (Fahrenheit), and the boy-friend, due to this new calamity, a temperature of 110 (Centigrade), we were in no mood to laugh this new misfortune off. The jack was no good, because we couldn't get it under the

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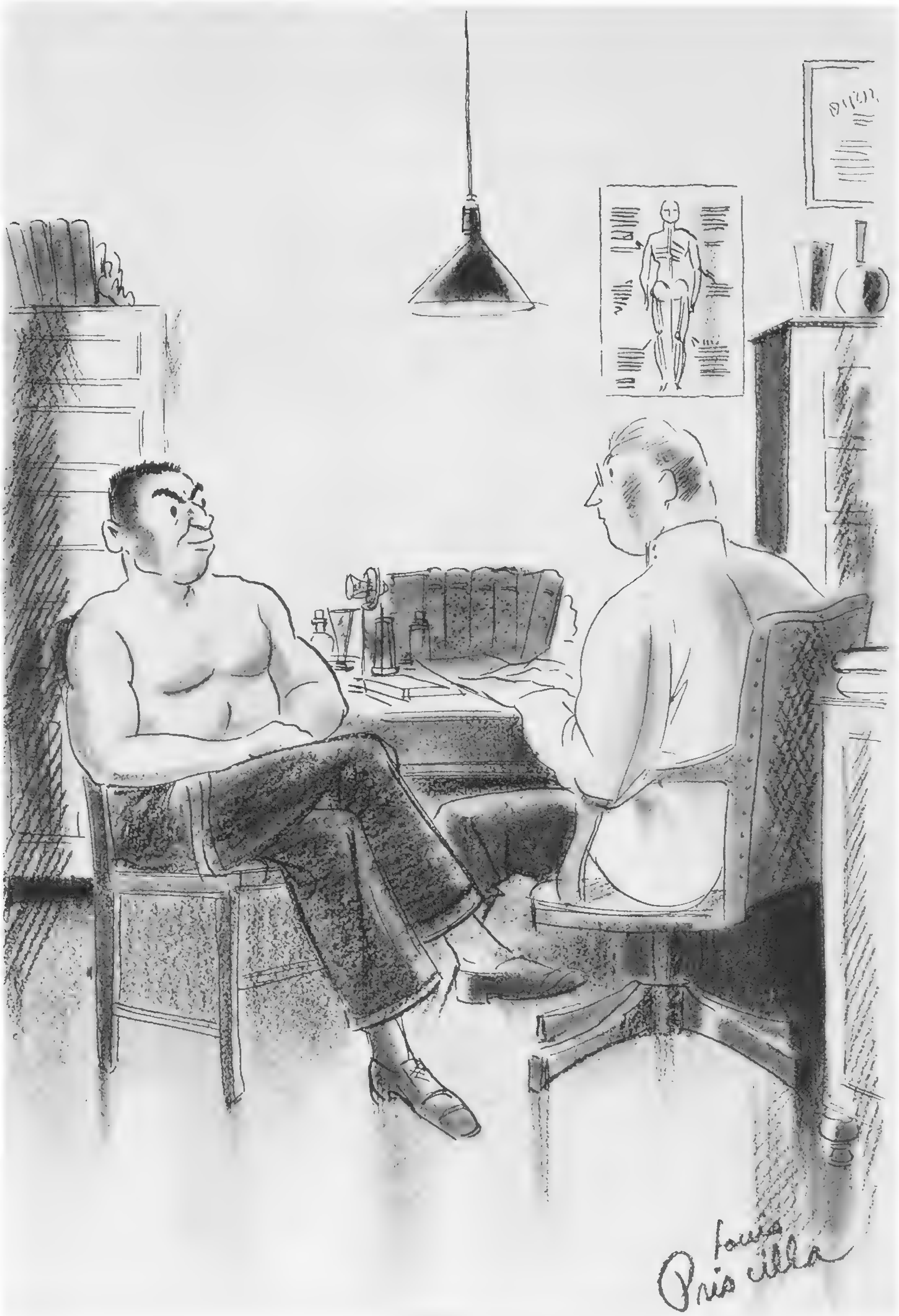

Laura
Priscilla

"Do you think it's because I worry too much, doc?"

The Young Coachman and the Lady

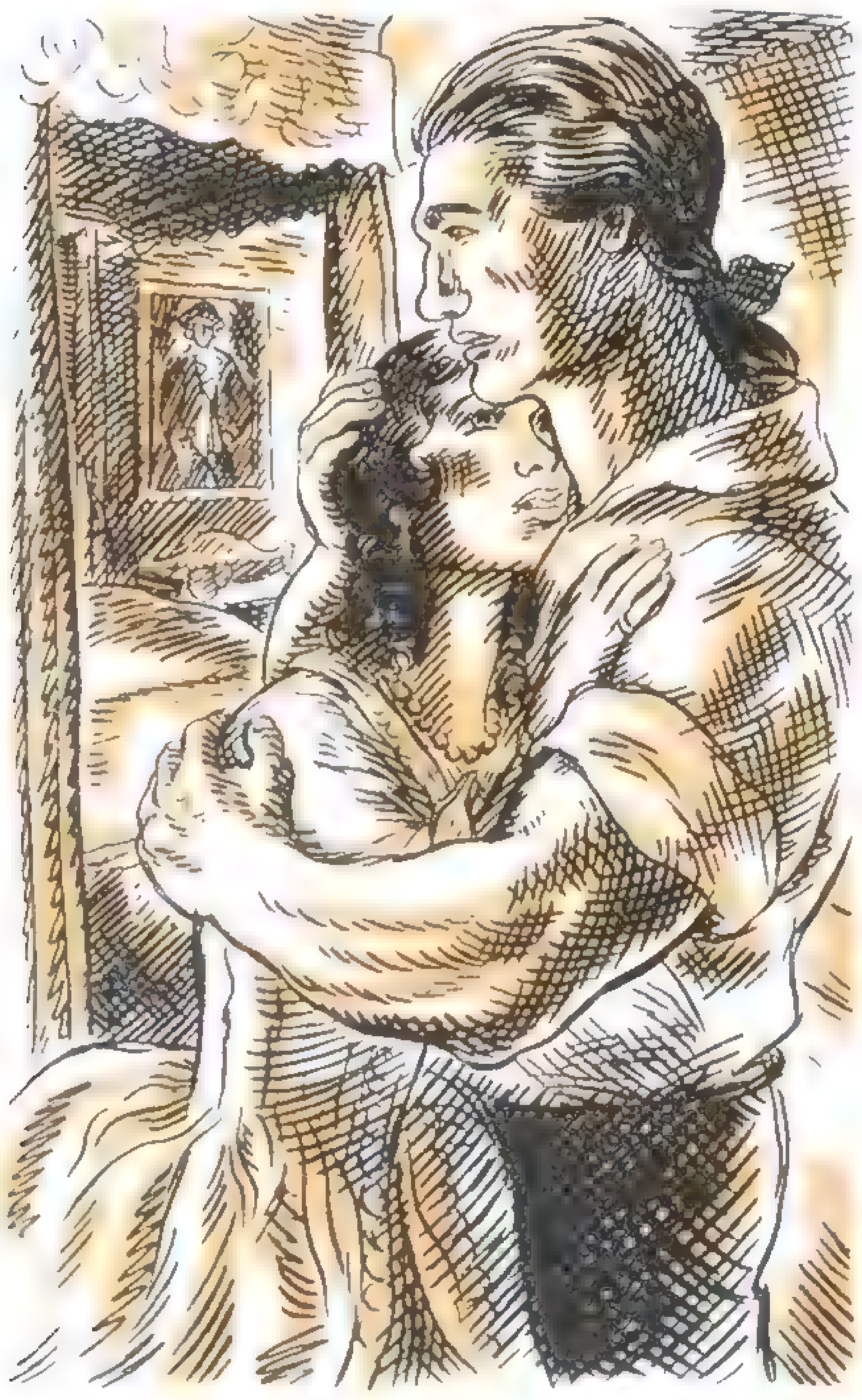
The third story in the series of tales of the bare-knuckle days of the English prize ring

by LOUIS GOLDING

THIS is the tale of a bare-knuckle prize-fighter, who was a coachman and fell in love with a high-born lady. Out of his love for her, he challenged a great champion, and fought him to the death. This happened long ago. Nearly two centuries have gone by since then.

It is an old tale and a new tale. It was old in the hanging gardens of Babylon, when some lady of Nebuchadnezzar's court smiled at the stalwart guardsman by the gate. It will be the latest word in New York scandal next week, when some lady of society sets forth with her chauffeur and does not come back again.

George Stevenson's great fight and his last fight took place in February 1741. It was not only his bid for the championship of England. It was the climax of as romantic and tragic a love-story as you are likely to find in the panting pages of any swooning poet. Only two years before that time he had been nothing more than a stable-lad in a big house at Sledmere, in Yorkshire. The village bullies were aware of him and afraid of him. He had a fist like a sledge-hammer. The men visitors to the big house were aware of him; for though the lad had had no lessons, he was a great hand with the quarter-staff and the broadsword; as able as many a fine gentleman that had gone up to London for the season and taken lessons at Mr. Figg's famous academy. The women visitors were aware of him, too. When they were shown round the stables it was difficult for them not to be aware of a stable-lad who was as handsome as an Apollo and as strong as Hercules. They were all the more aware of him because he was so unaware of them. He would go on brushing and combing his horses, and talking horse-language into their ears, as if he were alone with his team at the desert heart of Tartary, and there was not a female woman within a thousand miles. And the women tittered and blushed and turned away crossly. And he went on combing and brushing his horses. "Coom along, Bess! Now then, lass, steady!"



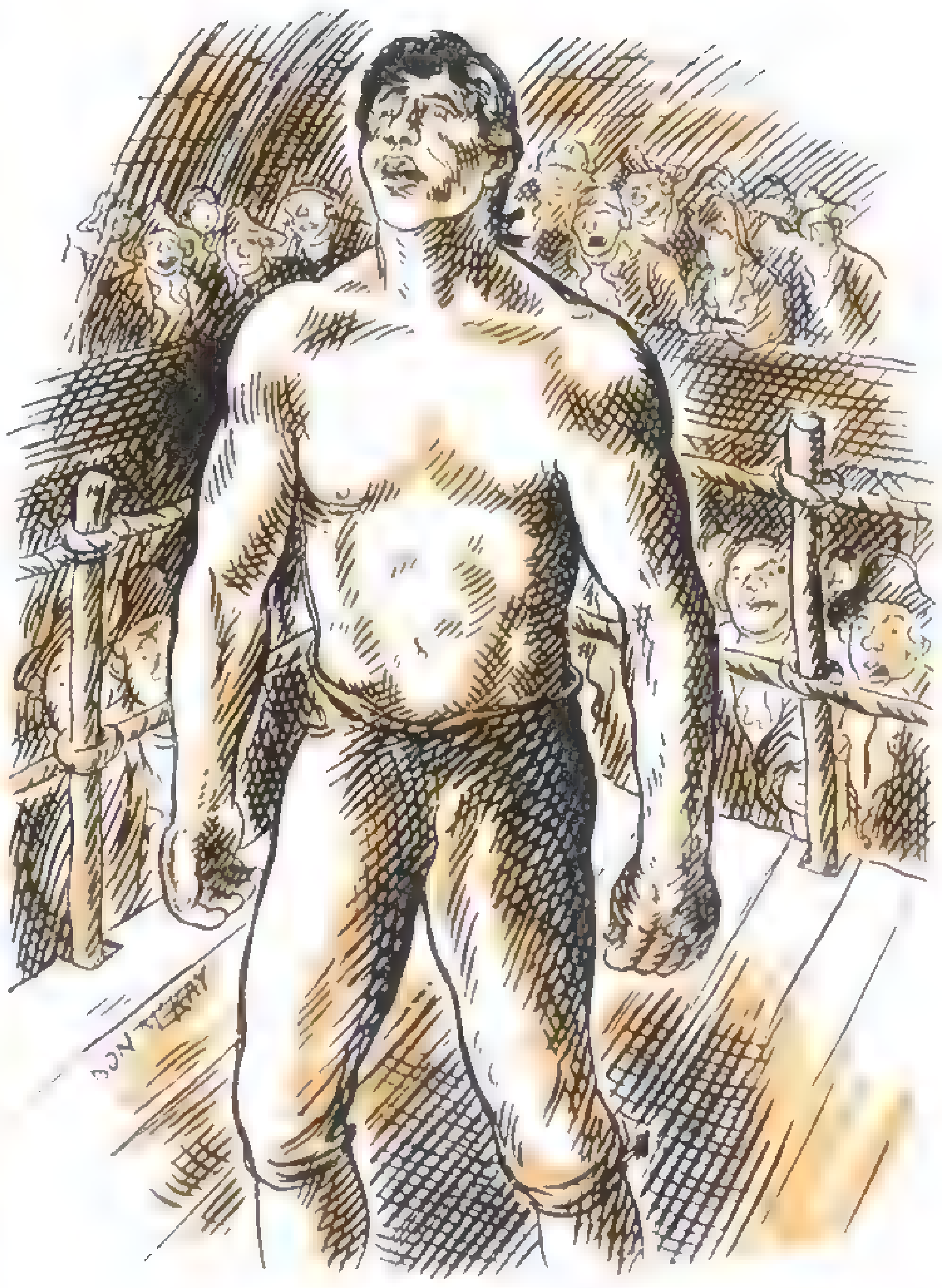
But there was one among them, who seemed to be no more aware of him than if he were the stump of a tree. This was Madame Sykes, the young mistress of the house. When she asked him to saddle her horse, her voice was as hard and cold as ice. As for the stable-lad, he was about as much aware of her as a shoe is of its wearer, a thing to be used, or, if need be, cast aside.

He did not know, her husband did not know, that when the handsome stable-lad helped her to mount into her saddle, his touch went like fire through her veins. There were one or two of the visitors who suspected something, perhaps. They could not help noticing that when young Stevenson attended upon her, a deep flush spread slowly across her cheeks, though she held herself as aloof and stiff as a rod. They noticed that her wits went wandering, even if the gallantest cavalier was paying her the most elegant of his compliments.

And indeed, if they noticed anything, they did not blame her. It was not a straight-laced age. Not all the gentlemen could swear that they had never kissed their wives' titing-maids. Not all the ladies could swear that no arms other than their husband's ever embraced them.

As for Madame Sykes, poor creature, she was less to be blamed than most of them. She was her husband's second wife, and might have been his daughter. He loved her in a way; it was impossible not to. But he loved his horses more. He kept the finest stud in Yorkshire. The more he loved his horses, the more he looked like them, smelled like them. He was a merchant, and was always going off to London. Nobody quite knew what sort of merchandise took him to London so frequently. At all events, he never took his wife with him. Whether he was so jealous of her charms that he was afraid to let them loose among the London blades or whether he thought she would be superfluous there, she stayed behind. She was young, she was beautiful. She was lonely.

So she fell in love with her under-coachman. (He had been promoted from stable-lad by this time.) It has happened before. It will happen again.



A day dawned in the white winter of 1739. It was a day that was to end strangely, and sweetly, and bitterly, for the high lady and the menial. Sir Richard was away in London that day. He was always away in London. Madame Sykes was going to a ball that evening. All day long she tried to make up her mind whether she should go or not. She would be bored, bored, with their eternal minuets, gavottes, pavanes. But if she stayed at home she would be bored, too. Her maids were standing about, fluttering and twittering nervously. On days like this her temper was very uncertain. In the late afternoon, the head coachman's wife begged to be allowed to see her. The head coachman had been trying to get up for the last two hours. He was absolutely swollen with gout. He could not put foot to ground. What would madame do?

What would she do? Her eyes sparkled with anger. She stamped on the ground furiously. "Tell him to get the coach ready at once!" she stormed. Then suddenly she stopped. Her heart seemed to stop beating for some moments. She turned away so that the woman should not see the pallor and the blushes that chased each other on her cheeks.

"Your husband is excused," she said. She tried to make her voice as indifferent as possible. "Bid Stevenson get the coach ready! He is to take me in his stead!"

There was no woman at the ball that night more brilliant or beautiful than she. Her foot was the smallest and deftest. Her cheeks flamed. It might have been the wintry air through which she had been driven. It might have been that some wild spirit had taken possession of her. The men looked from her

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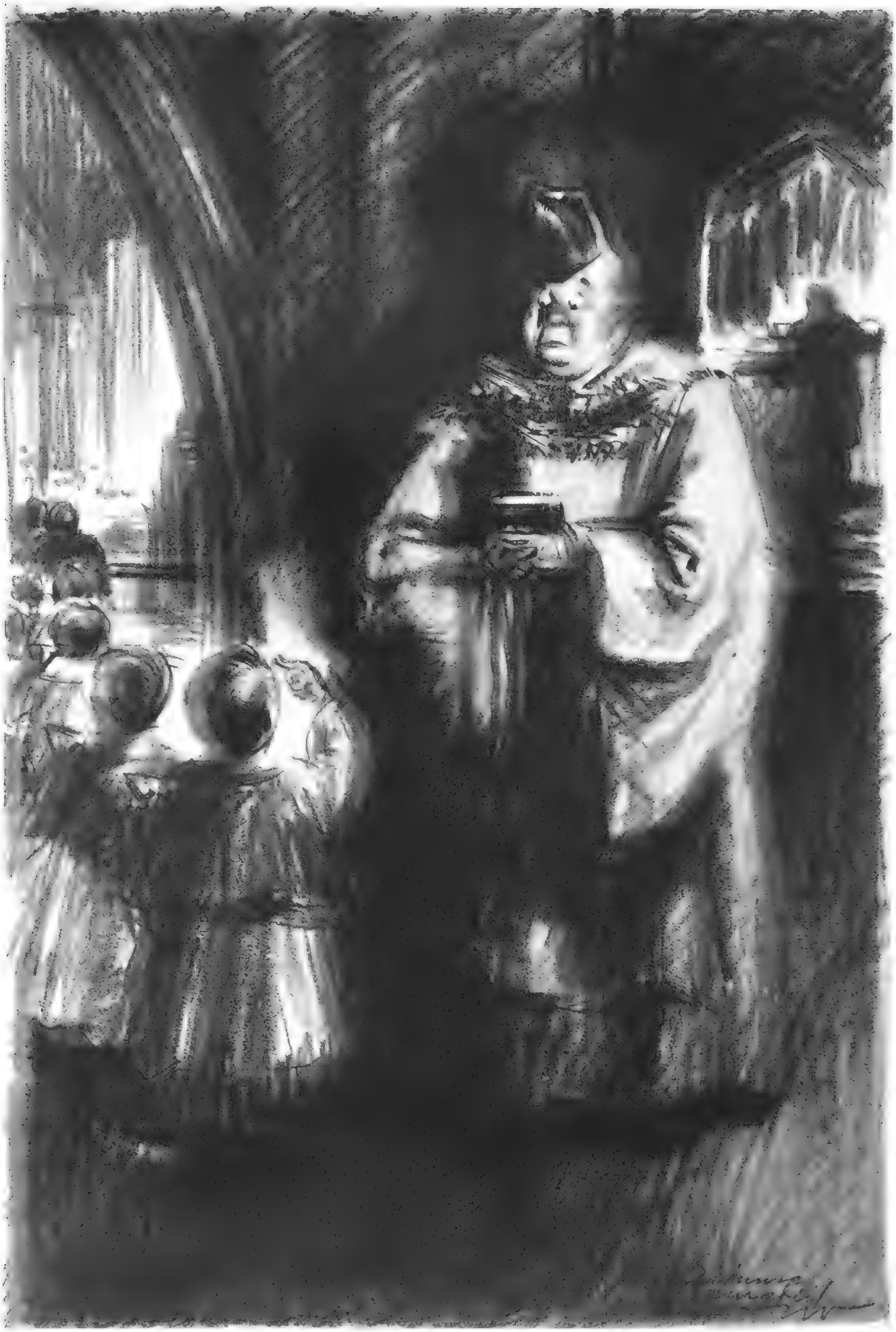
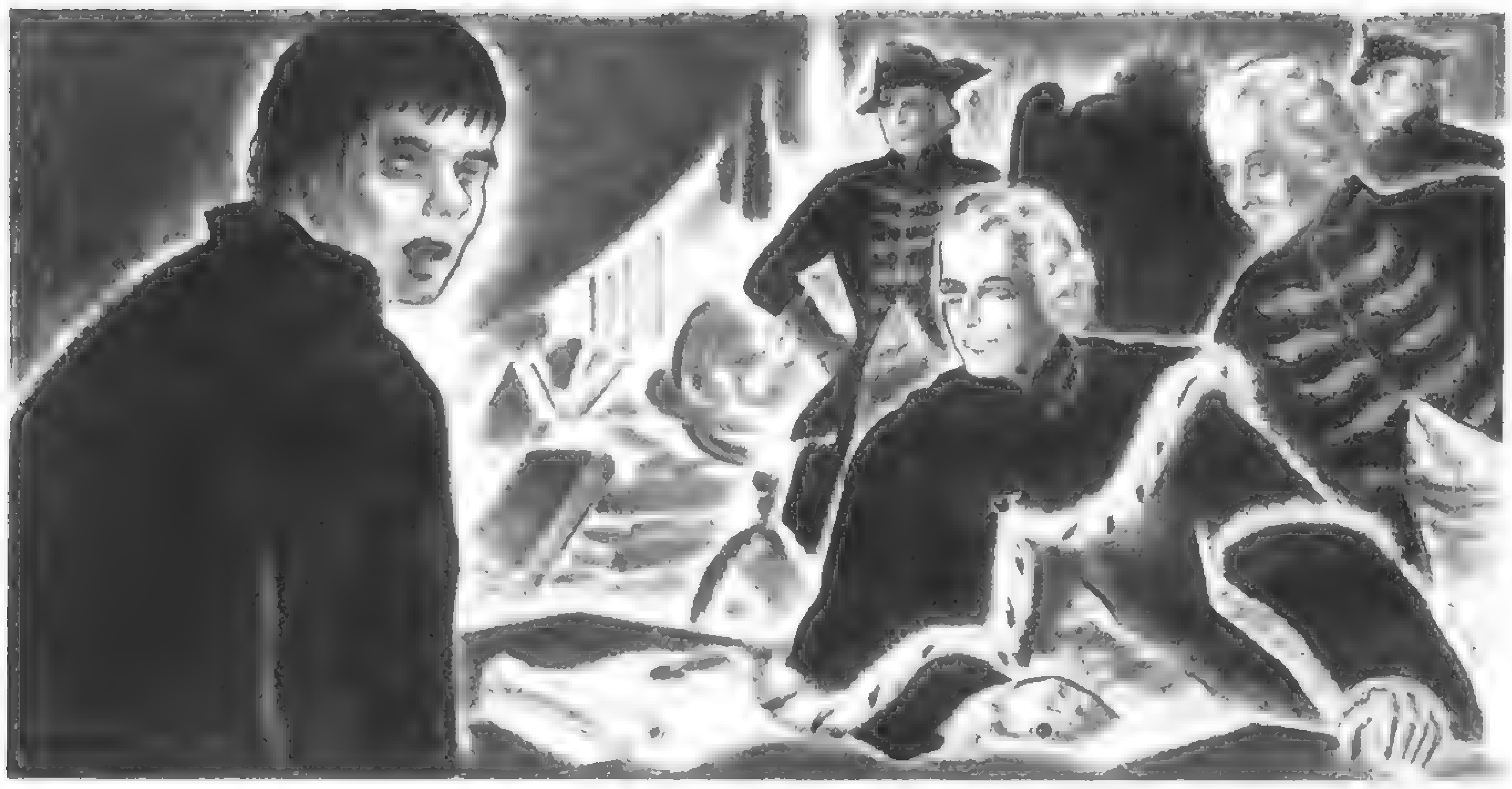


"Better straighten it, Bishop—you know how people talk"

The Idiot

Story of the means adopted by Prussian officers to test the acting powers of a spy-suspect

by GEORGES d'ESPARBES



"You say he's a spy?" Frederick the Great asked. "Bring him in."

The idiot entered. The eyes of the King probed the captive. And he restrained a shrug. If this man was an emissary sent into his lines by the French Army, his disguise was superb. Behind the great leader, two aides stood rigidly.

"Not pretty," the King said.

The face before him was ignoble, bristling with moist hair, and the eyes were stupid, lifeless. It was less like a head than like a lump of cheese, with roughly molded features.

"And you insist that this—this man is—" Frederick broke off: "Let us speak in French before him, gentlemen. You were saying?"

A cavalry officer stepped forward: "I said, Your Majesty, that he is not an idiot as he pretends to be, and that he understands Your Majesty's questions perfectly well."

"Ah? So it was you," Frederick addressed the captive, "who escaped a first time from my grenadiers, on the evening of the 19th? You had written instructions from the French commander, *Monsieur* de Chevert? Don't deny it, here is the paper—"

He indicated a parchment held by an aide. The man did not move, stared at the ground.

"He plays deaf and dumb, Your Majesty," the officer declared. "He is a clever chap—"

And he shoved the captive's shoulder. The man looked at the Prussian officer, and started to laugh childishly, vacantly. The laugh was repugnant, bestial.

"And here's a report from one of our spies informing me of your mission among us," the King resumed. "You have been found out, why play your role longer?"

The man did not stir. An old general rose from behind the table, came nearer, peered at the idiot.

"Come, I recognize you, *Monsieur le Marquis.*"

But the poor chap did not appear to hear. He swayed from side to side, grinned, drooled. A clock ticked in the silence.

"And we have another document, a message from you to your chief, at Achem. You were suggesting that he bring forward a corps made up of the Regiments of Navarre and Auvergne, and of forty companies of grenadiers—" he paused as the idiot lunged at a fly passing near. "And two brigades of cavalry, to be dispatched in the direction of Halberstadt. You admit that, *Monsieur?*"

After a long wait for an answer, the old general spoke.

"I am certain, Your Majesty, that this man is the *Marquis* Antoine de Kervescop de Coadilo, a Breton. His two brothers are with Chevert's forces, as he is, and all three, surpassingly brave and skilled, are designated for spying missions such as this one. When he was arrested on the 19th, he wore a beard. He escaped, shaved it off. But he's the same man." He smiled as an idea shaped in his mind: "I recognized you then, I do now. A gentleman has clean teeth. Open your mouth."

The ragged man did not understand. The grenadier on guard at the door was called. He grasped the idiot by the collar, forced his mouth open. The teeth were blackened, foamy, the breath fetid. The old general cursed with fury.

"He's clever, he's clever. Thought even of that!"

The idiot had lost interest in others seemingly, and was occupied tugging a hair from an eyebrow, with many grimaces. He swung his head constantly, and he remained there, unkempt, bristling like a hedge-hog, in his smelly garments.

"He won't talk," someone said.

"Bah—we're wrong, and he's not shamming."

"As a matter of fact," the King spoke, "I do not recognize in *that* any sign of nobility! Don't be hasty, general. The French spy we seek has done us much harm, but this chap may be innocent."

The idiot had backed against the wall. The old general was muttering: "Clever, he's clever! So, he's deaf?" And he strolled near the man, passed behind him, and as he did so, unexpectedly fired a pistol into the floor. All started, except the idiot, who turned slowly, having, all thought, felt the shock through his soles without hearing the explosion. The King laughed.

"Well, General, are you convinced he's deaf?"

The shot seemed to have irritated the beast. His lips curled on his dingy fangs, his face turned red. And through his rage, he quivered with terror, for instinct probably had warned him that a pistol was dangerous.

"I'm growing tired of this," the King snapped. "I don't believe we have the right man. Who captured him this time?"

"Captain Von Kohn, Your Majesty, a very intelligent officer of the Yellow Hussars."

"Nevertheless, it must be an error on his part," Frederick insisted. "Look at that face, at those eyes. The soul is dead in that being, if it ever had one! The body is alive, but the mind is gone. Drop the matter—"

"No, no," the elderly general insisted. "Your Majesty is mistaken! Forgive me, but that is so! Even though I recognize the face under that disguise, I'm beginning to doubt myself. Is the man shamming? If so, he's admirable—" he turned to the idiot: "You are admirable, *Monsieur le Marquis!*"

The old general opened the ragged coat. But beneath was the scaly dirt of a clodhopper, not the scrubbed skin of a gentleman.

"Your Majesty," the old man resumed, "he's foreseen this, too. Order this man to remain where he stands, and grant me a few seconds' private conversation—"

Outside, in another room, he explained: "I swear I'm not mistaken, Your Majesty! There is a way of finding out. We are dealing with a Frenchman. He won't be trapped by ordinary means. They are an heroic race —nevertheless, too spontaneous, a bit futile—"

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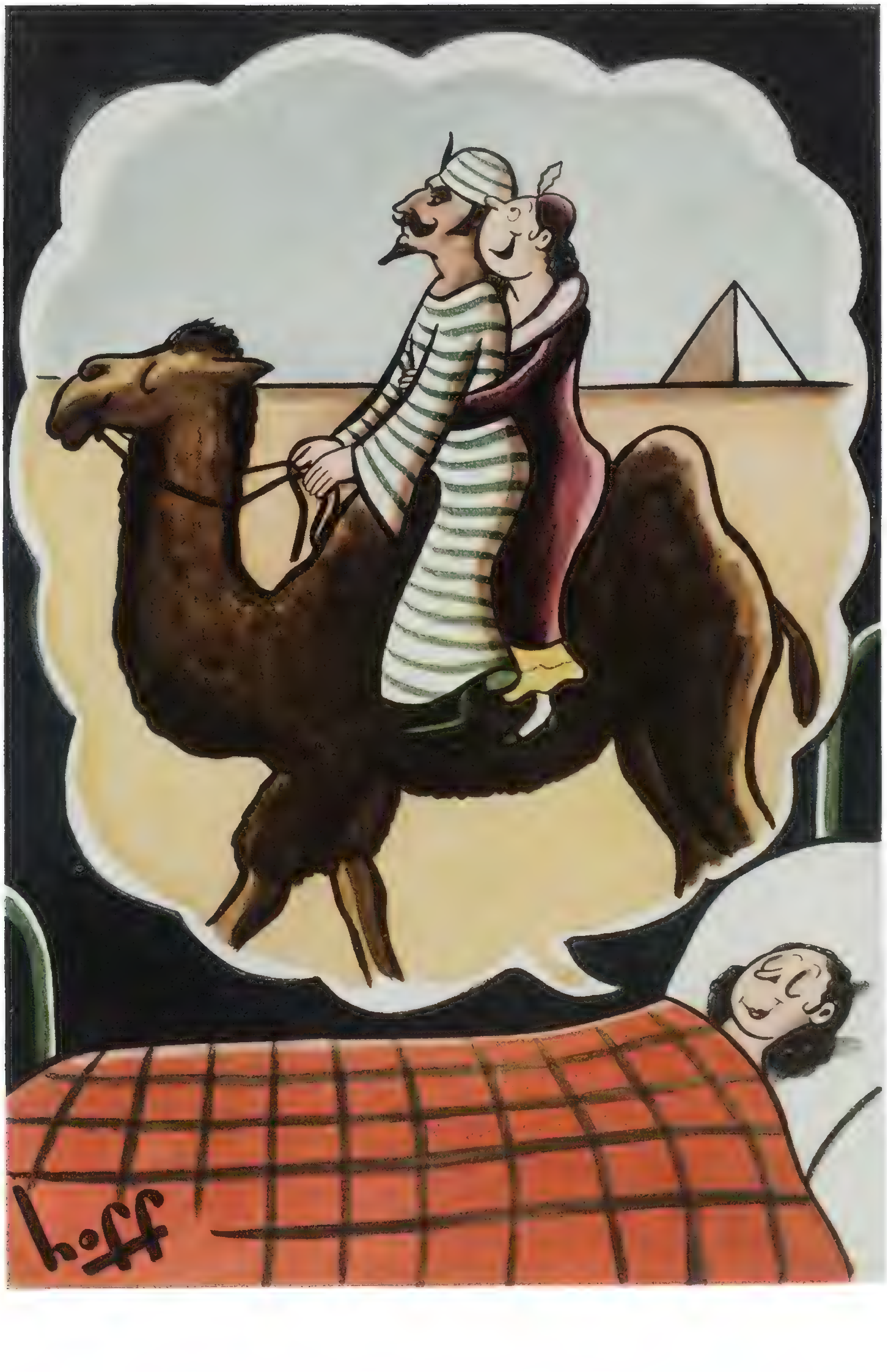
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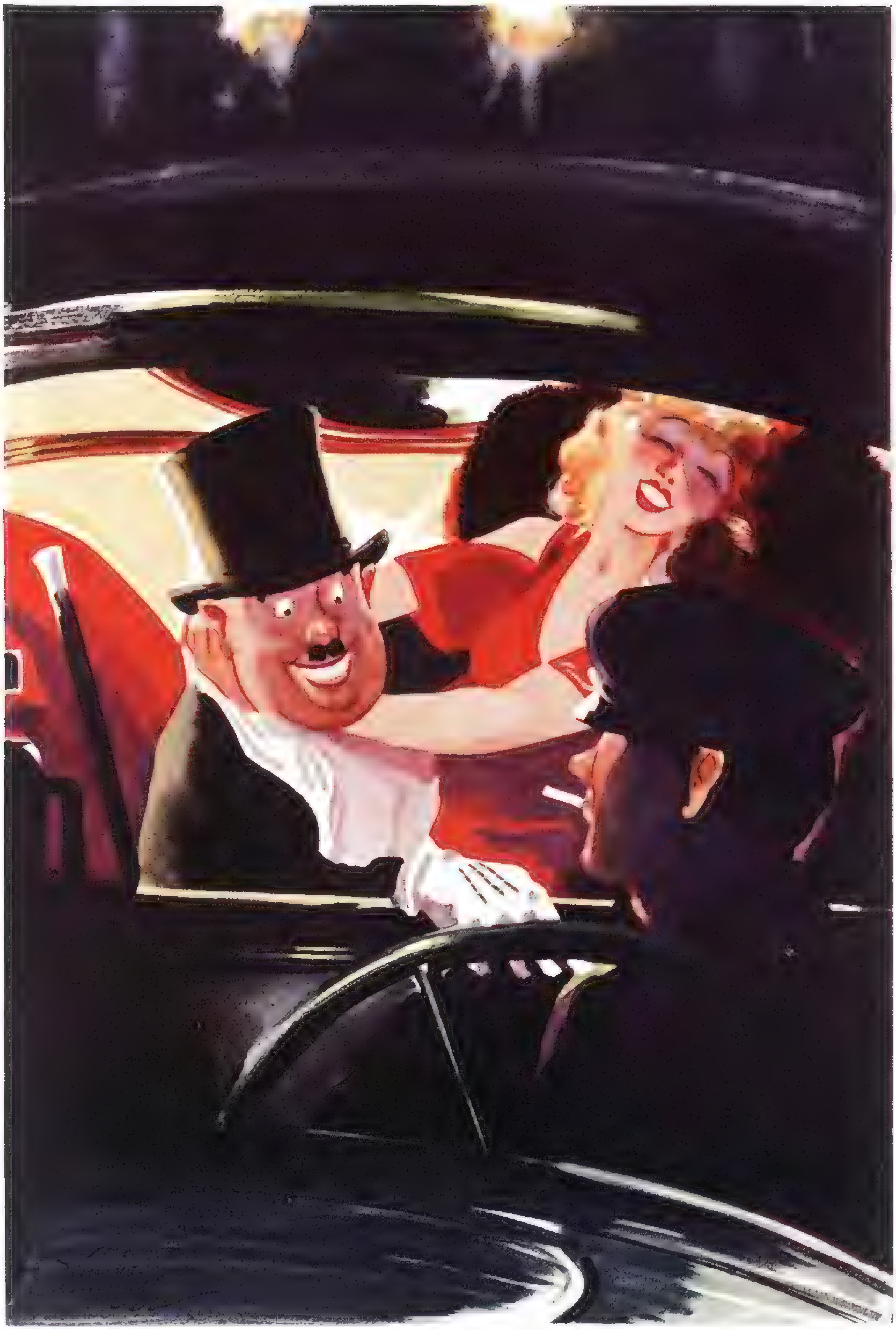


"Quick—drive us back to Tony's—I wanta find out th' name of that cocktail"

Continental Nights

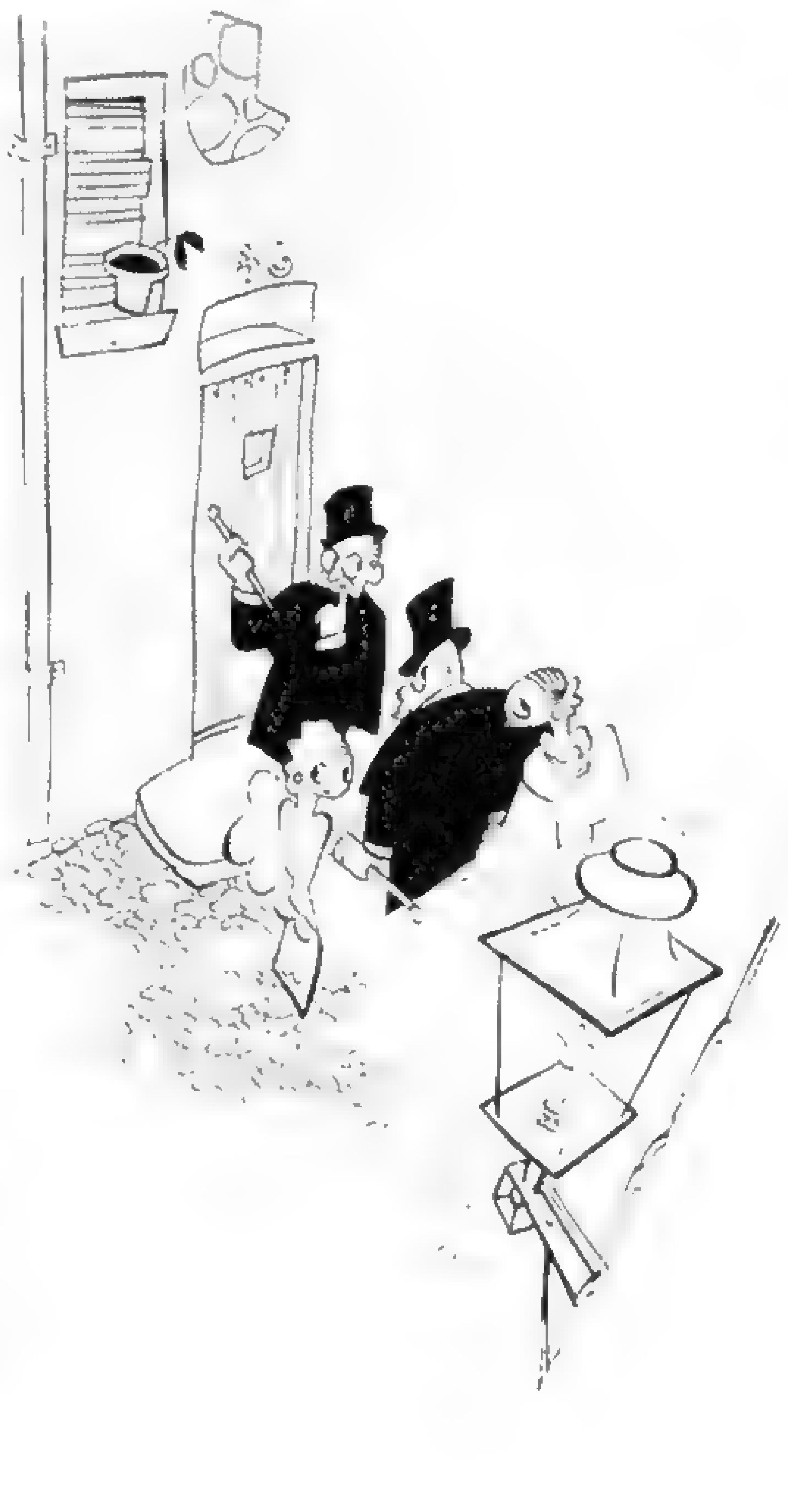
Informal notes, written before the recent Paris and Vienna outbreaks, on night life in European cities

by CHARLES LAYNG

Americans who imagine that all Europe outside of Paris goes to bed promptly at ten are sadly deceiving themselves. Montmartre, with its garish tourist traps, is by no means the only gay center in France, and certainly it is the least French. Despite the rigid morality of the average French provincial and his disinclination to spend money, towns like Rouen, Rheims, Lyons, Dijon and a host of others are not lacking facilities to cater to those on pleasure bent.

Until Papa Clemenceau—grown old and moral with the years—shut her up, Madame Arsène, who died an honored and respected death just the other day in her eighty-third year, used to run a wide-open collection of resorts in staid Rouen. Her author customers, from De Maupassant down, have made her places famous in French literature. Then too, for those with a taste for Oriental and exotic sordidness, Marseilles' water-front can offer a wide selection in night life.

Sordid and hurried, too, is Berlin's night life. Here one finds the glittering artificiality, the frantic, forced gaiety of most Parisian resorts faithfully reproduced, but in a stodgy, Prussian style that lacks entirely the gay Parisian insouciance which causes Americans to suffer with a smile the most outrageous robberies. The Prussian will never, even in an eternity, learn how to be gay, his efforts along those lines will always remind the foreigner of the antics of a shortsighted and boorish rhinoceros, and the thoroughness with which the Prussians have made a fruitless attempt at brightening Berlin at night is but a further and revealing characteristic. Berlin cabarets and dance-cafés represent an artificial growth, stimulated by chaotic conditions since the war, which made money a very uncertain commodity. After the disastrous inflation, money ceased to have its former reverence in Prussian eyes and he who spent what he had as fast as he got it was just that much ahead. Now that the present government—whatever its mistakes—offers to the non-Jewish Berliner what seems a guarantee of safety, he will doubtless return to his saving and early-to-bed habits and his beer-drinking.



Munich, though, in pleasure-loving Bavaria, is quite different, as it always has been. Arising in time for afternoon tea at one of the many delightful places that abound in the Bavarian capital, the fashionable Muenchener starts his round of cafés, cabarets and restaurants that lasts all night. If one hasn't seen the current folk show at the Platzl, one goes there, to enjoy the zither playing, the singing and the dancing, all in the broadest of Bavarian styles. Then from café to café, in more or less regular order, with perhaps a dash out to a suburban café—say Benz' out on Leopoldstrasse, to catch the midnight show. The police hour, when all cafés must close arrives at one o'clock, but, to those in the know, and they are many, the German equivalent of speak-easies may be found, that keep open after legal hours, and where added spice is obtained from the entertainment by reason of its being clandestine.

When even these places close, there remains nothing but the vast and ordinarily gloomy confines of the railway station. But, between four and five in the morning, the gloominess is dispelled by the hordes of revelers who descend upon the place en masse. Then, at five o'clock, the crowd moves over to the Domiessel in the Marienplatz, which caters to the two vastly differing clienteles of early morning workers and all-nighters. The place is soon jammed to suffocation, and the waiters scurrying about with huge platters of weisswurst are the most adept at writhing unscathed through dense, unruly crowds that I've ever seen. The din and the smoke are terrific, while the odor of the workmen's pipes mingles with that of scented cigarettes and expensive cigars.

Religiously, and with the tremendous German love of discipline, the Munich reveler spends the night in going to certain places at certain times, but there his similarity with the Prussian ends. The Bavarian is really and inherently gay and happy-go-lucky, and he loves his pleasures accompanied by a great deal of honest laughter and gay music.

So does the Austrian, akin as he is racially to the Bavarian. The once so-gay Vienna is indeed, a city under a pall now, a pall of poverty and beggary, but all its old charm has not disappeared. The delicious Viennese blondes—most of whom are Hungarian, by the way—are still chic and possessed of their inimitable joie de vivre. One can sit the whole night through for the price of a cup of coffee, so why not be gay? Cafés and cabarets still abound, where for absurdly small sums, the hours of darkness may be pleasantly passed. A café on the Ring bears the magic name of Sacher, a name so intimately associated with the empire days, when the young archdukes found in Sacher's a hiding place from the eagle eye of the old emperor. The ladies in the present Sacher's are lovely and pleasant, and its gigolos the most undemanding in Europe. No dowager is too formidable for them to approach with an offer to dance, no fee is expected, and the end of the dance finds the lady having her hand gracefully kissed. Where, for the price of a cup of coffee and possibly a piece of cake as well, could an unescorted dame of mature years obtain more for her money?

The Austrians never having been educated under the late and unlamented prohibition, the principal café drink is coffee, obtainable in Vienna in nearly a hundred different guises, and all good. There's no lack either, at the night clubs, of good, crystal-clear water, but no one drinks it. Two glasses of it are set before each customer as soon as he finishes his drink of something stronger. As far as a very exhaustive investigation could discover, its sole use is to indicate that the customer has ordered, consumed and presumably intends to pay for, the drink which entitles him to his seat.

The cover charge is by no means unknown in Viennese or other European cabarets, but it is usually infinitesimal—anything over thirty or forty cents would drive the customers away, and only a few of the really posh places dare charge even that.

But, for a really elegant touch to Viennese night life, a courtesy of which we boorish Americans would never think, it is necessary to go to the opera of a warm evening. Vienna, like all of Europe, is unscreened and by no means lacking in bugs, but a thoughtful management has provided for all that. While the spectator sits enrap-

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My 25 Years at the Metropolitan

Another raving revelation of the many-sided memoirist who will tell all for a word rate

by RAYMOND KNIGHT

[Raymond Gatti-Knight]

formerly leading soloist, Metropolitan Opera Company as follows: Soprano 1900-1905, Tenor 1905-1910, Contralto 1910-1920, Baritone 1920-1925, Basso 1925-1930, Doorman 1930-?

TWENTY-FIVE years at the Metropolitan! It seems like a quarter of a century. As my mind wanders back over the years . . . my mind wanders. Images of the past parade across the theatre of my memory and I am lost in Reverie, New Jersey, a little town outside Hackensack—or is it Hackenschmidt?—anyway the one that is *not* the wrestler.

A beautiful thing, mes amis, memories. If I only had one I'd be better off. As I gaze back down Memory Lane, I can see all my old friends and fellow-stars, just as they used to pour out of the opened door of a Victrola in the old Victor talking machine ads—Farrar and Galli-Curci, Pygmalion and Galli-tea, Caruso, Melba, Toast, Gluck, Orpheus, Tetrazzini, Martini, Manhattan, Joe Gans, Tinker to Evers to Chance, Weber and Fields.

As an old Shakesperian actor put it, and rather neatly I think, "All the world's a stage and how seldom am I a player on it."

But let me go back to the early days and see if I can find words to paint the picture, at fifty cents a word.

It was back in 1900 that a group of us music lovers used to dine together at the old Cafe Au Lait, long since torn down to give way to the old Rector's, which in turn gave way to the old Delmonico's, which in turn gave way nothing.

We were as gay a set of young blades as ever figured in a biographical sketch. There were Giulio Gatti-Casazza, Richard Harding Gatti-Davis, Smedley D. Gatti-Butler, Ignace Gatti-Paderewski, George Herman Gatti-Ruth, Deems (Kraft-Phenix) Gatti-Taylor, Billy Gatti-Sunday and yours Gatti-truly.

At first we met there to eat and to make music. (We all played instruments.) Then after we had heard ourselves play, we met there only to eat. After dinner we would all gather under the old grand piano (Knabe used exclusively), and sing our theme song, an old negro spiritual called, "All God's Chillun Gatti-Wings."

It was out of this happy, care-free gathering that the Metropolitan Opera Company was born. It happened this way. As I remember it, it was a rainy April evening in 1899 when all of us sat around the worn, marble-topped table drinking Vve. Clicquo Sec. If I am correct, we were drinking Sec and discussing Secs. Somehow the subject of opera entered the conversation and instantly the place was a confusion of tongues, as someone knocked over a plate of them which were used to make sandwiches.

"What this country needs is opera," ventured Gatti-Casazza. "Vot dis country needs iss a good five cent segar," countered Gatti Paderewski. "What this country needs is a good wise-crack," said Deems Gatti-Taylor. "What this country needs is fewer reductions in salaries," added Babe Gatti-Ruth. "What this country needs is—!*?:!!!!" shouted Smedley Gatti-Butler.

PHOTOGRAPH BY RAY LEE JACKSON

Thousands have acclaimed the author's masterly rendition of the offstage bull-fight scene in Carmen. At no time does the audience see or hear him, due to a whimsy on the part of the composer, Bizet.

Here we see that memorable performance on the Ides of March 1908, when the two men who played the bull forgot their costume. True to the tradition that "the show must go on," Mr. Knight ignored the omission and stuck to his aria.

Then Gatti-Casazza drew himself up to his full height and announced in thundering tones, "I vill found an opera company." "I didn't know you'd lost one," called Gatti-Taylor, who was even then in the throes of composing Peter Kibbitzer. In the face of this opposition, Gatti-Casazza wavered. The "gang" saw its opening and began to taunt him. "Fraid-Gatti, Fraid-Gatti," we chanted in unison, because in unison there is strength.

'So," yelled Gatti, "I'm afraid, am I?" And before we knew it, he had left us. Not only left us to realize his vision, but left us to pay the check.

The next morning sleepy New Yorkers rubbed their eyes in amazement as they passed what, only the day before, had been a vacant lot on Broadway between Thirty-ninth and Fortieth Streets. For there stood a magnificent building, resplendent in red plush and gold paint, and across the front of it was written in bold letters—"PLUMBING IN THIS THEATRE INSTALLED BY A. SHARAHOFSKY AND SONS." And so the Metropolitan Opera House was born.

How I became a principal singer at the "Met" is an amusing story. The old group scattered. I don't know where any of them are now, except Deems Taylor who is a well known radio master of ceremonies and blues singer. He has long since dropped the "Gatti" from his name, and I suppose the rest have. Only Gatti-Casazza and I retain it, and I only in cases of emergency.

The first step after the "Met" opened was to secure a Board of Directors. A quick look through the city directory, a series of telephone calls to various Astors, Belmonts, Kahns, Mackays and a few Vanderbilts, and before you could say "Götterdämmerung" the Board was selected. In order to avoid any clashes in the social world, the Directors' meetings were held in sections. The Astors, Bacons and Belmonts met on even Mondays, the Blisses, Mackays and Vanderbilts on odd Thursdays, and the Kahns, Taylors and Whitneys on Odd McIntyre.

With the Board chosen, the next step was to divide the seats into Parterre Boxes, Grand Tier Boxes, Safe Deposit Boxes, Dress Circles, Undress Circles, Sewing Circles, Orchestra Seats, Seats, Chairs, Camp Stools, and Standing Room, Sitting Room, Parlor, Bedroom and Bath. This took care of everybody except Miss Finch's school, which would rather see a good baseball game anyway. With this accomplished, the lady subscribers were measured for pearl necklaces, the men subscribers were measured for collapsible hats, and the children subscribers were measured for Maxim silencers. (This has nothing to do with one of Shakespeare's plays which was Measured-for-Measure.)

Then it was that Gatti-Casazza showed the flash of inspiration which was to make him the genius of the opera. He called together the Directors, the Subscribers, their relatives, a mere stripling by the name of Edward Ziegler, who later became assistant general manager and thereby entitled to be called Edward Assistant Gatti-Ziegler, and the policemen on the beat and said, with a twinkle in his eyes, "And now, ladies and gentlemen, how about a few singers?" The gathering saw his point and by a rising vote, he was given dictatorial powers to make his suggestion a fait accompli. As one of the Vanderbilts remarked, "Our fait is in your hands." And so it is that the Metropolitan Opera has had singers ever since.

But I was speaking of my engagement as a Metropolitan Star. Of course at that time none of us realized that I would be a star, although I had my suspicions. One clear cool morning the call went out that there would be auditions at the "Met" and in a moment Broadway between Forty-second Street and Herald Square was packed with Italians, Germans, French, Greeks, Swedes, Senegalese and a Japanese girl by the name of Itchi-Koo, who was an aspirant for the role of Madame Butterfly. I, myself, saw her nervously swallowing aspirant tablets as she waited her turn to sing.

It took nerve for me at the time to present myself there—I, who was a mere American. As I stood there in the middle of the babble of tongues, I could understand not a word. On every hand was—"Ja," "Non," "Et tu Brute," "Oh yeah," "Fortissimo," "Chile con carne," "Funiculi-Funicula," "Tutti-frutti," and an occasional "Nerts." I became nervous and my bel canto fluttered in the wind. Suddenly a voice rang out—"Il est tutti fini, gehen sie chez vous." The waiting crowd, understanding it was all over, took the hint and went home. I, speaking only English, understood not a word, and stayed there. It was the first triumph for an American in the history of opera, for Gatti-Casazza seeing me standing there in the reign (his reign has extended over twenty-five years) called to me, "Ah (ah) amigo mio (my friend) vieni qui (come here) et (and) canta por mio (we want Cantor)."

PHOTOGRAPH BY RAY LEE JACKSON

Above we see the thrilling moment in "Salome" just after the Prophet Jokanaan has lost his head over Salome and it has been presented to her on an hors d'oeuvre tray. Reading from left to right, the roles were sung as follows: Salome by Wöckerz, Head by Knight, Body by Fisher.

Taking him at his word (or words), I went up on the huge stage and showed them my repertoire. One after the other I gave them the Sextette from Lucia, the Overture from William Tell, the Bell Song from Lakme (Courtesy Bell Telephone) and bits from I Pagliacci, You Pagliacci, Die Jimmy Walküre, The Barber of Seville, Il Barbiere di Siviglia, and Blossom Time.

At the conclusion there was a moment's pause in the immense house, and then suddenly the silence was shattered by a great roar. Twenty-two women had simultaneously gone to work with the vacuum cleaners!

That night I opened in Die Walküre, singing the title role. The Diamond Horseshoe was resplendent with rubies, emeralds, pearls and sapphires. White shirt fronts creaked and buckled, and from orchestra to topmost gallery there was quite a distance. In order that honors would be divided equally, there were four conductors on the stand. Serafin, Damrosch, Bodansky and Pelletier each had a hand on the baton. The Box Office was manned by a special staff under the youthful treasurer, Earle Lewis, to handle the crowds who came to see me. The men reported for work at 6:30 Sharp and went home at 6:33 Sharp. Flowery mural decorations were then in vogue and Earle had the house well papered.

In order to please the first night audience, Die Walküre opened with the Prologue from Pagliacci—"Si Puo," ("Can I?") and included the Soldiers' Chorus from Faust and the angry scene from Lucia. A special arrangement of the last act of Simon Boccanegra with Herbert Witherspoon singing the role of the Doge of Venice was made, and the performance concluded with the stirring strains of "Git along little Doge."

The roster of that first night reads like a roster. On the stage were Caruso, Schumann-Heink, De Luca, Scotti, Sembrich, Alda, Galli Curci, Martinelli, Stanford White, Hempel, Diamond Jim Brady and Singer's Midgets. In the boxes were Vanderbilts, Stuyvesants, Rhinelanders and Schuylers—all of them among the best telephone exchanges in New York City today. There were also quite a few people under the seats whose names we didn't catch.

At the close of the performance, there was no doubt that opera in America was going to be a success for the stage-hands' union. The place was a storm of applause, I, myself, took eighteen curtain calls . . . or maybe they were cat-calls. I was too excited to inquire. As I stumbled into my dressing room, I was greeted by hundreds and hundreds of flowers and telegrams, all for the other members of the company. I was happy—oh, so happy! Suppose I had forgotten the last words of La Boheme where Rudolph throws himself down and sobs "Mimi—Mimi." Instead, I had happened to see Al Jolson in the front row and I said —"Mammy-Mammy!" Suppose I had confused the Bell Song in Lakme with the Bull Song in Carmen? Suppose I had called her the Battered Bride instead of the Bartered Bride? "What boots it?" I asked. The answer came immediately. "I boot it!" shouted Gatti-Casazza, appearing in the door of my dressing room with upraised boot. But then we had a good laugh over the mistake I made in Salome and we were fast friends again. In the scene where the prophet Jokanaan is executed, I, singing the part of Jokanaan, am supposed to be down in the well. The executioner descends, executes me and reappears with my head on a silver platter. But, unfortunately, I got my cues mixed. *I* came up the ladder with the *executioner's* head on the platter! How the audience chuckled.

From then on there were many happy hours of work and play at the old "Met." Stars rose and fell and voices waxed and waned. At first Gatti and I didn't understand each other very well. But slowly he learned English and slowly I learned Italian, and finally the day arrived when he spoke English and I spoke Italian and we didn't understand each other at all.

PHOTOGRAPH BY RAY LEE JACKSON

Here we see the author singing his most difficult role, that of the Sextette from Lucia di Lammermoor. From left to right, as usual, we find Raymond Knight, Monday Knight, Tuesday Knight, Wednesday Knight, Thursday Knight and Saturday Matinee.

To enumerate all the events of those crowded years would take up as much room as the Congressional Record and prove just as interesting. Times have changed at the old "Met." Where Tibbett and Crooks used to sing the Firebird, now they sing The Firestone. Farewell appearances are made only once these days, where they used to be made several times. A decade ago "No Smoking" was the rule on the stage. Today, because of a radio contract with a certain well-known sponsor, all singers are required to appear on stage smoking cigarettes.

But the most encouraging thing about the current opera is the increasing appearance of Americans in the company. Today we find among the company a Queena Mario, an Aida Doninelli, a Thalia Sabanieeva, a Marek Windheim, a Nino Martini and a Gustav Schützendorf, where we used to find a Louise Homer, a Herbert Witherspoon, a Clarence Whitehill and a John McCormack. Native talent is coming to the fore!

As for the creative side of modern opera, American composers may come and American composers may go, but Deems Taylor goes later than most of them.

Ah, those happy, happy crowded years—I remember my many roles for every morning since 1900 it has been roles and coffee. I remember the day when I, as a youngster, was singing Juliet in Romeo and Juliet and my voice suddenly changed! We had to switch operas in the middle of the show so that I could continue singing Mefistofeles in Faust, and the performance went to the devil. I remember the aria from Simon Called Peter Ibbetson (beginning "Aria kid?"), the gong scene from "La Sonnambulance," and the many hours at the telephone waiting for a Ring from the Nibelungen.

Alas, Edgar Nibelungen, who used to ride the Wagner cycle in the six day races, is gone. Old faces have disappeared. Others have been lifted. But still, in my memories, I hear the thunderous applause from the audience as the curtain came down, usually taking me with it. In fancy I am out there once more receiving the plaudits of society and commoner alike, and returning again and again to bow to the frenzied applause of the claque. Did I click with the claque!

Dear old happy days! Even now my vocal chords tingle at the sound of the music. Even now I want to don the costume of Jokanaan in "Salome" and descend, singing, once again into the Well of Loneliness.

After all, dear friends, there is truth in the old adage, "once a singer, always a singer."

Oh yeah?

The Man Who Was Napoleon

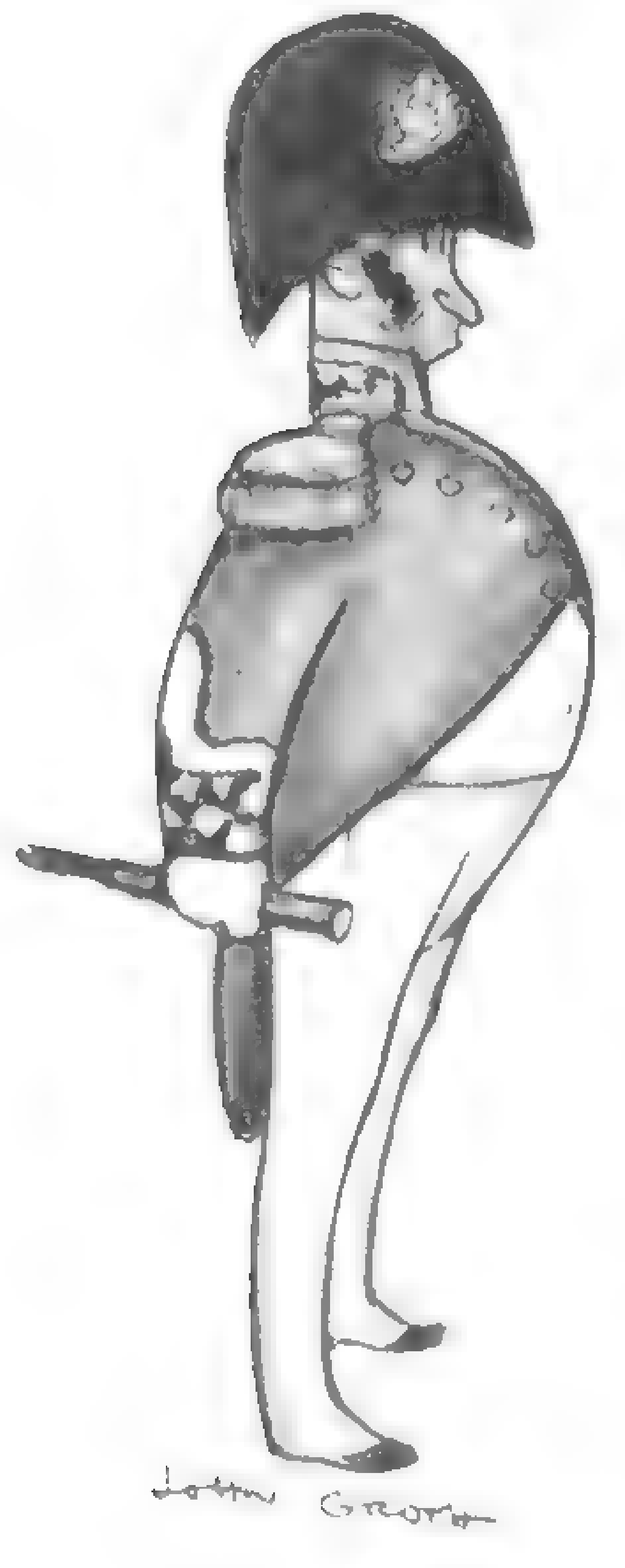
The story of an amazing coup by which an adventurer once ruled France for a few hours

by GEORGES SURDEZ

THERE was a man fifty-eight years old who gambled all on a single throw of the dice. His adversary was Napoleon I, the Emperor of the French, then the mightiest man in Europe. And for several hours, that man held the threads of modern history in his grasp. But for an incident, a slight slip in his plans, the course of events would have been altered, the entire world affected. It may be that had he succeeded, America would not have lost many thousand men on the battlefields of France.

His name was Charles-Francois Malet. In his youth, he had been a musketeer in the King's Army. During the Revolution, he had climbed the military ladder rapidly, becoming a brigadier general in 1799. A distinguished soldier with a splendid future, he refused to embrace the cause of Napoleon Bonaparte. Not content with mere retirement and vocal protest, he conspired a first time in 1805, and was arrested, tried, sentenced to life imprisonment.

For several years, he remained obscure, another political captive in La Force Prison in Paris, almost forgotten even by his enemies. Then Napoleon, in 1812, started his disastrous expedition into Russia. With the Emperor away, the vigilance of government officials in France relaxed. At the time, all news had to come by mounted couriers, and dispatches from the Eastern front took weeks to reach Paris. And Malet knew that the time had come to strike, if ever.



He applied for a transfer to a smaller establishment, a sort of nominal prison in the suburbs of Paris, on the Rue de Charonne, explaining that his health, due to long incarceration, was poor. No one believed him dangerous, it was believed that his spirit had been broken by his years in a cell, and the transfer was granted. What could an aging friendless man, with few acquaintances in the outside world, achieve against the most powerful potentate of the period?

Before the man in charge of his new prison, Malet assumed the role of a gentle, doddering old chap, without ambition or hope. His kindly jailer granted him a special favor: Malet was given a key to a small door in the garden wall, to go out at night for long walks, necessary to the building up of his weakened body. Malet used this freedom to arrange for a general's uniform, and to hire a pair of riding horses. With these, he was to undertake to overthrow the government, and came very close to doing the job!

This former musketeer, a man of sword and strife, knew the respect of government officials for the written word. He knew that anything molded by a skilled pen would be believed. And on this psychological deduction, he based his plan. One of his companions in the prison was a priest, the Abbé Lafon. Malet used him as a secretary. He obtained some help in the forging of documents from an employee of the establishment, a young corporal, Rateau. From beginning to end, these three were the only ones "in the know."

Malet reasoned that with Napoleon a thousand leagues eastward, busy with his dreams of conquering Russia as a preliminary to a march to India, dreams which had already brought the man of destiny to the Egyptian Campaign and its fiasco, even temporary success could be effective. Given control of France for forty-eight hours, he could obtain foreign help, from England, from Germany, and the assistance of the Bourbon claimants to the French throne.

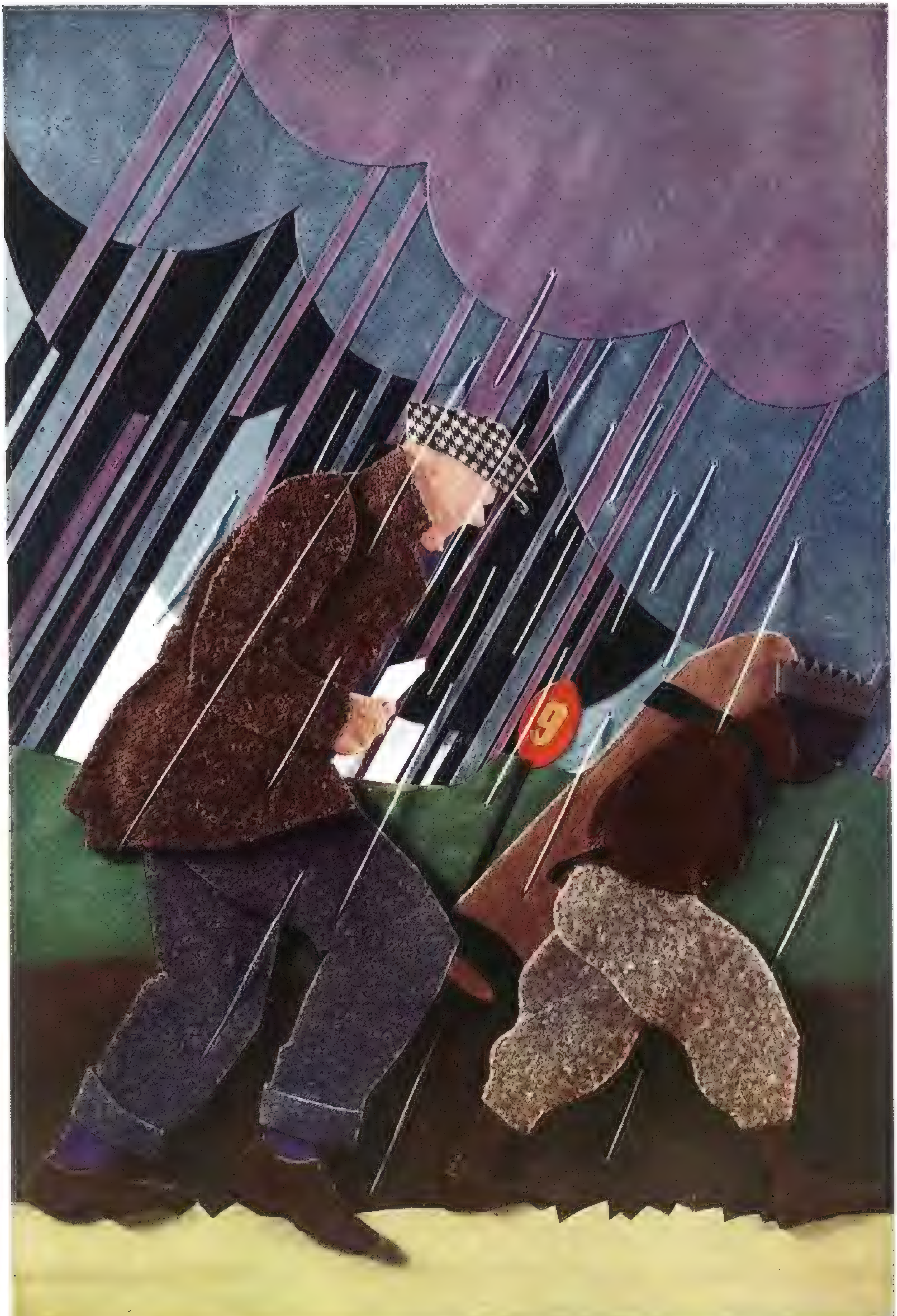
He felt that the man who controlled Paris would control France, for the Government was centralized and the capital was the brain of the Empire. To control Paris, he had to grasp: first, the Military Power, represented by the General Staff, second the National Police Headquarters, third the Local Police Headquarters, fourth and last, the civil power governing Paris, the *Préfecture* contained in the City Hall. And he evolved a plan that would place all these within his hands in a few hours.

At eleven o'clock, on the night of October 22nd, 1812, he left his prison by the back door, as was his custom, with Corporal Rateau. He wore the uniform of a Divisional General, carried forged credentials attributing that grade to him and a commission as military commander of all military forces in Paris, penned by his good friend, the Abbé Lafon. The two found horses waiting for them as prearranged, at the nearest corner, mounted and trotted casually to the barracks of the 2nd Regiment of the Paris Guard.

With astonishing assurance, Malet called the sentry, showed him his epaulettes, and demanded to be permitted to enter, to see Colonel Rabbe. The regimental commander, awakened from sleep, found himself in the presence of a man he did not know, that was true, but of a man who wore a general's uniform. Malet produced his forged credentials.

"Napoleon is dead," he stated. Then, without giving Rabbe time to think, he explained that news had reached Paris by secret messenger the preceding evening, announcing the Emperor's sudden death. The Senate had gathered, decided that up-

Continued on page 128



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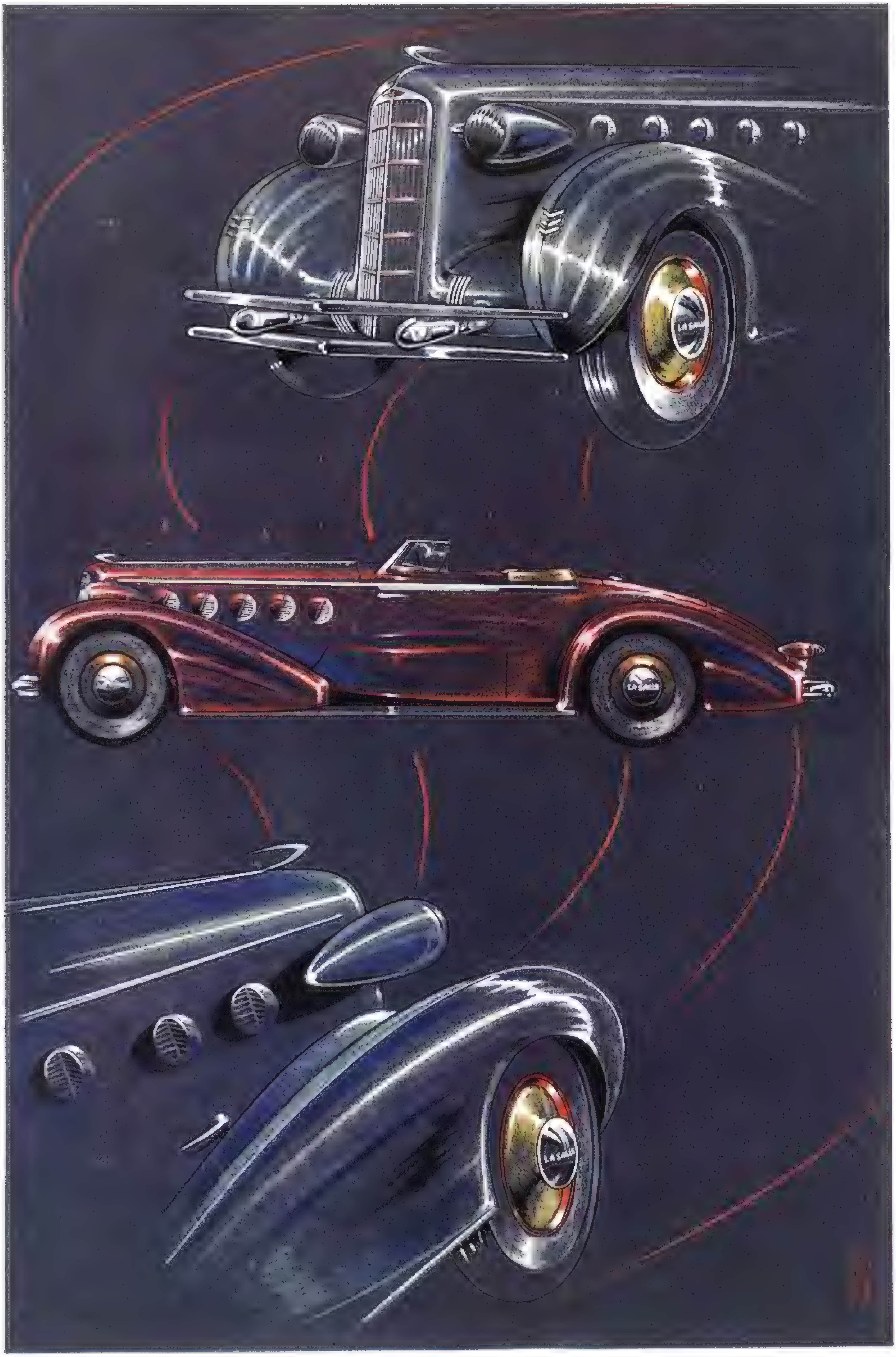
LA SALLE

The New
STREAMLINE
La Salle

illustrated by

COUNT ALEXIS *de* SAKHNOFFSKY

⁂

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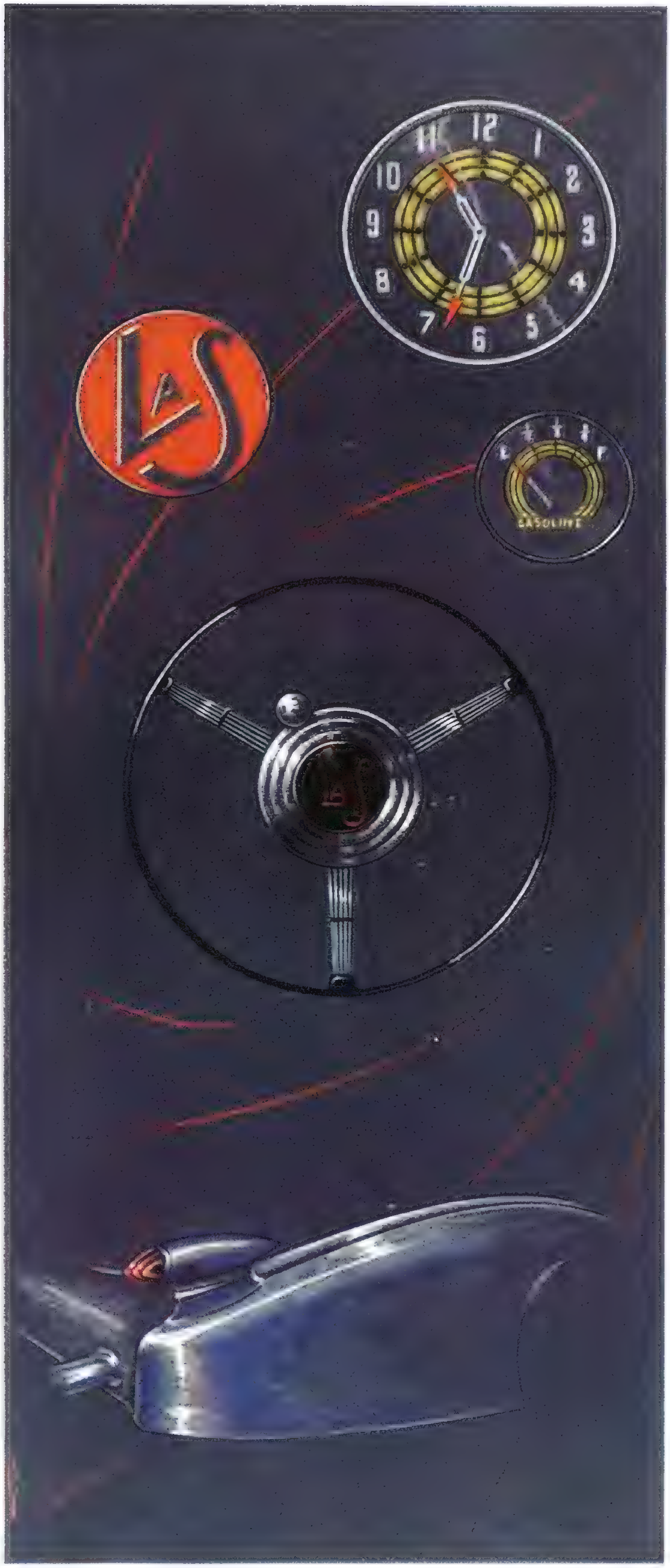

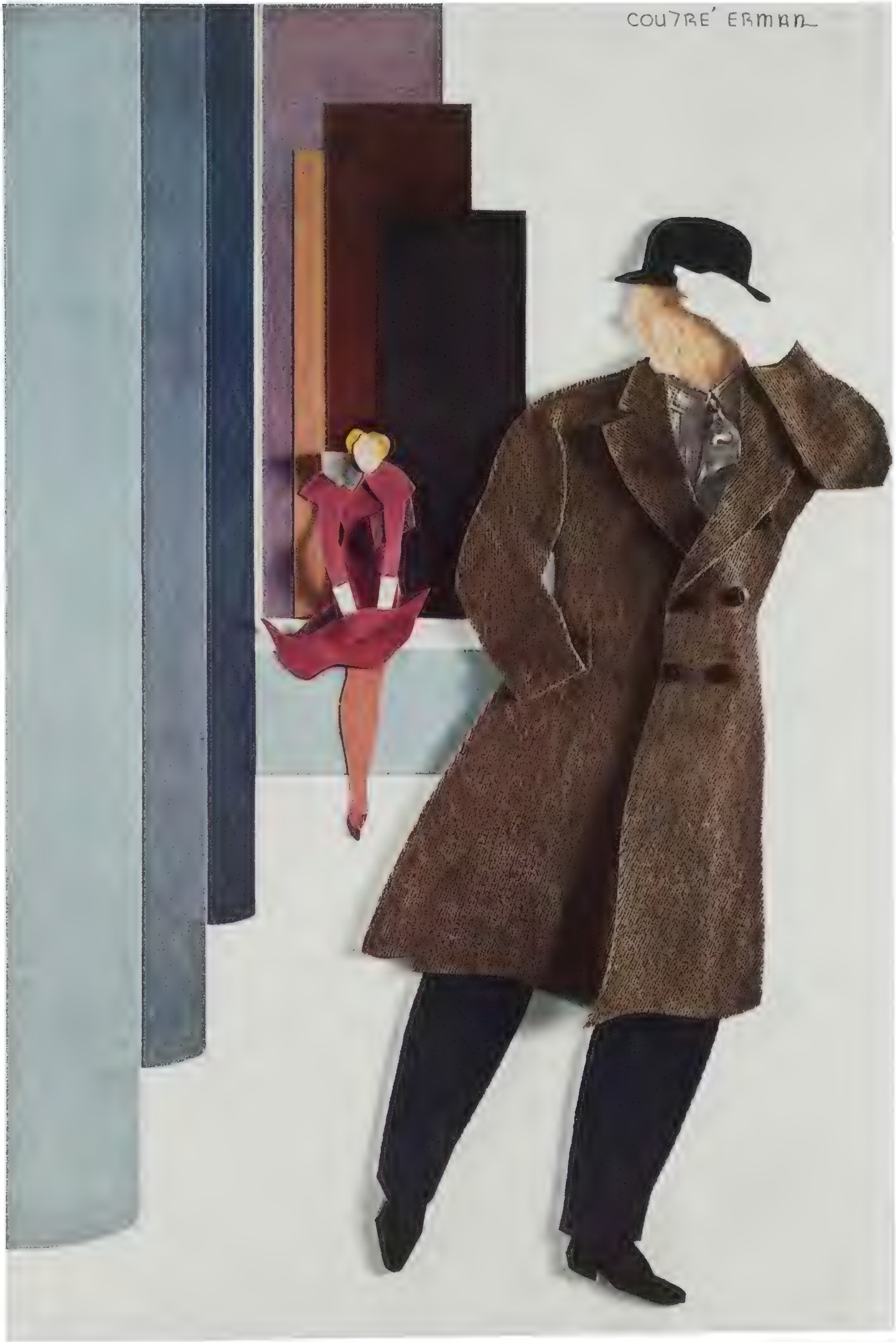

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THE FABRIC PICTURE FOR CITY STREETS

Year of the Big Breeze

The effect on the Washington press corps, used to hot air, of the fresh air of the New Deal

by ROBERT S. ALLEN

When the Washington show changed suddenly last March from a merry-go-round to a rip-snorting, wild-west rodeo the metamorphosis caught the Washington press corps unaware and at its lowest ebb.

Today the press emerges from the year's dusty scramble as the New Deal's principal beneficiary.

The inanities and imbecilities of the Harding, Coolidge and Hoover administrations had left them a bunch of dull-eyed papmongers. The New Deal has given them back their integrity. Middle-aged paunches and points of view have dropped from them in the delirious days of the past year and they are newspapermen again. Not all of them, of course, know what the excitement is all about, or will ever know, but today the least of them has a glitter in his eye as he speeds about dedicated to the supreme task of telling the story. And what a story! Bulletin! New lead! Flash! Extra!

Twelve years of Republican rule had imprinted its mark deeply upon the Washington press corps. During that enervating and habit-forming period it was customary for the man in search of a story to look first at his calendar and then at his filing cabinet to see what he had written at that time a year ago. Refurbished with a new lead, last year's story was usually good for a column on the front page of any paper. No story was considered really respectable until it was at least a year old. Muscle Shoals, patriarch of them all, was written annually for fifteen years with little variation.

The annual session of Congress scarcely increased the pulse rate of the press by a beat. It invariably began with a presidential message taking a stand for peace as opposed to war, for economy as opposed to reckless spending, for tax-reductions, for law-enforcement. With the speech read and pigeon-holed the annual fencing for sectional advantage began, punctuated by attempts on the part of a small liberal group to put through a reform program which a large conservative majority from both sides of the aisle was nearly always able to block.

In between sessions there was only the droning of the administration's publicity machine to keep the reporters awake. A daily sheaf of handouts was passed around—the banana market in Mexico, the coffee market in Brazil, weekly summary of business conditions, allotment of river and harbor funds, decrease in the number of immigrants, a periodic accounting of postal receipts, the daily treasury balance. The press galleries, every press room, and most of the bureau offices had large leather couches for the convenience of resting reporters. When resting became monotonous most of them became expert in the finer points of bridge, pitch and dominoes.

During the last few years of the Hoover administration the condition of the press shifted from simple boredom to acute discomfort. Alert enough to know that the optimistic twaddle all officials were uttering was twaddle, the reporters nevertheless had to write it. The feeling of futility and frustration spread like a plague.

The press corps had only the feeblest hope and no real conviction that things might be better after March fourth.

The Roosevelt flair for breaking precedents had, of course, been thoroughly publicized. But neither the flight to Chicago, the FDR magazine articles between November and March, the Eleanor Roosevelt radio broadcasts nor anything said in the campaign had prepared a sceptical press for revolutionary changes in Washington. Plenty of office holders with personal idiosyncrasies and a yen for publicity had sojourned in the Capital before.

Not even the inaugural denunciation of money-changers put the press on notice that a new era lay just ahead. Radical utterances had also been heard on occasion. It was customary to report them and then forget them. But in the dizzy hours following the ceremony the boys began to realize that something had happened. They had expected to sit in cozy reviewing stands and watch an elaborate inaugural parade file past. Instead they found themselves covering a short special session of the Senate, a meeting of the newly-sworn-in cabinet, and a series of conferences in the White House, Treasury Department, and Department of Justice that kept them running up and down Pennsylvania Avenue and through Lafayette Square practically all the night. Their surprise was a little ludicrous. An administration was actually meeting an emergency! That was news!

And more was to come. When the new Congress convened on March ninth in special session it received a shot in the arm from the White House that galvanized it into passing emergency bank legislation through both houses in about three hours and a half. The excited press corps felt the utmost peak of human achievement had been reached and it prepared to relax after five of the most strenuous and harassing days and nights it had ever known.

It never had a chance. Before either reporters or congressmen caught their breaths another White House conference was announced. Another long cold reportorial wait on the White House steps was rewarded with word that Congress was to receive a new message and a new assignment the next day. It was climax piled on climax.

This second message, when it came, was more staggering to the press than any other development so far. It was a flat request for a power that no one had supposed the President would want—power to cut veterans' benefits in any way he saw fit—and he made it known that the cuts he proposed were drastic. The reporters knew that Roosevelt was taking on the most powerful lobby in the country and they had seen the fear and reluctance with which previous officials had approached this problem. They had watched Herbert Hoover, who used to collect editorial comment on an issue from all parts of the country before he announced a stand on any subject, timidly recommend a much smaller veterans' cut and then fail to support a congressional group which tried to give it to him. Roosevelt said simply "It was in the platform, wasn't it?" and the press corps almost had apoplexy. It was the first time that most of them had ever heard a platform mentioned after election by a successful candidate.

The bewilderment increased when a 72 word message asking the return of beer went hurtling up Pennsylvania Avenue to Con-

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Poppings of the Corks

Continued from page 36

merry as a Greek, nipped, pepped up, peppy, polished (up), rosy, so-so, sprung, stimulated, that way, there, all there, there with the goods, tip-top, tuned, under the influence.

Since the pretzel-bender (cocktail to you) is the product of our own gustatory chemists, the vernacular of venery has more home-grown words for this variety of concoction than for any other beverage. Here are a few specimens. Mix ingredients in any proportion, add a few fancy touches, shake well, drink—and hold tight.

"Aerial" (a high-flyer)—Scotch, gin, and absinthe. Take it on the chinny-chin-chin with a "Big Bad Wolf"—whiskey, vermouth, absinthe, and bitters. Don't be too piggish with that one. "Brass Rail" (a little reminiscent)—gin, whiskey, and absinthe. And for an old trusty, try a "Bronx," a medley of vermouth, gin, and orange juice. "Bumbo"—gin or rum, with water, sugar and nutmeg. "Cheerio Cocktail" (something Limey, what?)—gin, Noilly Pratt, and cherry brandy. "Debbie," better known as a "Debutante Cocktail," with brandy, angostura, gum syrup, and a chaperon. "Devil May Care," ye old orange juice and gin combo. "Earthquake"—brandy, vermouth, and sherry. And if you want to make some "Easy Money," throw together angostura, grenadine, and vermouth—good for those depression blues. "Fish House Punch"—lemon juice, sugar, cognac, peach brandy, and rum. "Fog Horn" (for that toot)—peach brandy, vermouth and grenadine. If you want to get shot, take on a "Frankie and Johnnie"—gin, ginger ale, and lemon. "Frisco Fizz"—lemon juice, grenadine, Swedish punch, and seltzer. "Gin Fizz"—an effervescent gin. "Gin Sling"—gin, grenadine, lemon juice, and water. "Gin Twist"—gin, with water, lemon and sugar. "Gold Digger"—vermouth, gin, and pineapple. To get a good affectionate jag on, try a "Goona-goona"—lemon, orange juice, grenadine, white of egg, and Bacardi. "Hell Raiser"—gin, Scotch, egg, lime juice, and sugar. Has it a wallop, or has it a wallop? "He-man Cocktail" (puts the old hair on your chest)—slam together gin, grenadine, lemon, and Swedish punch. "Honey Moon Flip"—port wine, sugar, yolk of egg—more eggs if necessary. Go on a merry-go-round with "Honky-tonk"—brandy, rum, sweetening, and lemon juice. "Horse's Neck" (yes *neck*)—gin, ginger ale, sugar, and lemon peel. "Jim Dandy" (which means "excellent stuff" in good American slang)—vermouth, peach brandy, and curacao. "Keyhole (Winchell) Cocktail"—gin, vermouth, absinthe, and pickled onion. "Kickoff"—bitters, sherry, and gum syrup—catch it on the run. "Ladies' Cocktail"—anisette, absinthe, whiskey, and angostura. Let her try to be one after a shot of this. If you feel sunk, call for a "Life-guard"—port wine, yolk of egg, lemon peel, curacao, and sweetening. Something to make him "Linger Longer"—vermouth, sherry, and bitters. "Loop-the-loop Lemonade"—lime, sugar, gin—and hold your hat. Sugar daddies' delight, a "Monkey Gland Cocktail"—gin, absinthe, grenadine, and orange. "Naughty Nellie" (naughty but nice)—apricotine, creme yvette, creme de menthe, and prunella. "Neptune Special"—lime juice,creme de menthe, and sugar—what, no water? "Old Timer"—vermouth, brandy and pickled walnut—a real old timer. "Old Maid's Dream"—benedictine, egg, milk, a man, and some forbidden fruit. "Ole Meanie" (the editor, if he gives us the go-by)—gin, curacao, and orange juice. "Palooka Cocktail"—cassis, kirsch, and seltzer. "Pansy Blossom," called "Pansy" for short (takes the hair *off* of your chest)—gin, creme de menthe, creme de violette, cream de cow, and anisette. "Peg," a drink of whiskey or brandy and soda water. For something short and sweet, a "Quickie"—sherry, vermouth, and orange bitters. "Razzberry Cocktail" (not the "Bronx Cocktail")—a raspberry and gin concoction. "Side Car"—brandy, cointreau, and lemon juice. Gives a good ride. When hopped up, is called a "Side Car in High Gear." "Tip-top Cooler"—sugar, orange bitters, and champagne. And our old friend "Tom and Jerry," back again, live and merry, whiskey, rum, hot milk, eggs, sugar, and nutmeg. You make a "Virgin" with creme de menthe, gin, whiskey, and forbidden fruit. "Whoopee Cocktail"—champagne, cognac, and curacao. Five or six shots should pep things up a bit.

THE WHOOPEE PARTY

Now you can throw discretion to the winds, and a garland of rum blossoms to the best swigger in the gang. Assure yourself of this nice little booby prize by tossing a flock of these:

Beer: "Sir John Barleycorn" to you. Otherwise known as "barley," "barley juice," "bunker," "cold-blood," "froth," "hops," "oil of barley," "rosin," "stingo," and "suds." Belly up to the bar, me lads, and get your "scuttle of suds." For something plenty good, dunk your schnozzle in some "domestic," underworld for any U. S. liquor with a base of Irish malt. If you're getting fed up on "three-point-two" and want something with a real punch, blot up some "lush," or a couple of "doubles." But, whatever you drench your gizzard with, don't oh don't insult the stomach with any of that N. G. "slops," "bumclink" or "small beer." If you're that hard up, shoot some alky into near-beer—"shotbeer" they call it. Though, if we were you, we'd "rush the growler" for some good stuff. It can be had.

If you want to take it on the chin, hit a stiff glass of Gin: "blue ruin," "blue stone," "blue tape," "cat's water," "cold cream," "cream of the valley," "eye wash," "eye-water," "Gordon," "Gordon water," "juniper," "juniper juice," "lightning," "nigger gin" (synthetic gin), "satin," and a "white," (underworld for a pint of gin).

All set for another jolt? Try a toothful of Alcohol: or, in bootlegese, "alky," "hall," "mule and aqua," "rye sap," "straight," "white," "white stuff," and "white lime." But go easy on that stuff straight. Better cut it with some "white wine" (water, my sweet). It is then called "smoke," "white line," or just plain "cut alky." Unless you want to pass out of the picture, lay off "de-horn" (denatured alcohol)—better to get hold of some from which the poison has been removed, called "re-run." The flavor may be a little disagreeable, but you can disguise that in a "high wine," made by simply mixing a little in a soft drink.

Now splice the main brace with Rum. You'll find "the Demon" in "Cape Horn rain water," sez Barnacle Bill the sailor and his pals. "Bogus" to you landlubbers.

Your real push in the mouth is "bard stuff," "blue pig," "budge," "bug juice," "caper-juice," "cawn," "corn," "corn likker," "corn mule," "mule," "pine-top," prairie-dew," "red ruin," "roasting ear wine," "Scotch," "skee," "sky," "tanglefoot," "white-eye" (maize whiskey), "white lightning," or "white mule"—all jazz jargon for Whiskey. Of course you want the real stuff: "bottled in bond," "the (real) McCoy," "pre-war," "quill," or "Simon." Dump into the briny deep: "brush whiskey," "forty rod," "forty rod lightning," "jackass," "mountain dew," "red-eye," "sod-corn whiskey," "squirrel," "squirrel dew," "swamp root," and all the rest of the bum homebrews.

Some other things worth knowing: "bottom," a small quantity of liquor in the bottom of a glass to be diluted before it is swilled; "chaser," something you take after a drink to knock that nasty taste—the favorite being "Adam's ale," "fish broth," or "aqua pura" (H_2O, every one of them); "cold-without," liquor and ice-water without sweetening; "footing hooch," drink exacted as a fee for entering a club or the like; "heeltaps," booze which you shouldn't leave over in the bottom of your glass; "hocus," doped liquor; "makin's," the virgin-pure ingredients of a cocktail before they are defiled; "pack," a molasses concoction.

When that blah feeling comes on around four ayem, snap out of it with a flash of some sort of "awakener," "cooler," "cooler-off," "dew-drink," "eye-opener," "invigorator," "livener," "pick-me-up," "refresher," "rouser," "screw," or "warmer" or go home and sleep it off.

Here are the states of intoxication that suit the whoopee party best:
adrip, alight, alkied, all at sea, all wet, awash, balmy, basted, battered, bearing the ensign, in beer, beery, bent, biting the brute, boozy, bubbed, budgy, bumpsy, burning with a low blue flame, burpy, charged, chucked, cocked, full cocked, half cocked, (gloriously) cockeyed, cooked, corked, corkscrewed, corned, crocked, cupshot, a cup too much, cushed, cut, (slightly) damaged, decks-awash, detained on business, disguised, dizzy, done-over, double headed, drinks gone woozy on one, a drop *or* a glass too much, drunk as a lord, -an owl, -a wheelbarrow, -a fiddler, etc., edged, electrified, exalted, far-ahead, featured, fiddled, flared up, flooey, flummoxed, flustered, flusterated (up), flusticated, flying-high, flying light, fogged, foggy, foxed, frazzled, fresh, fried, fried to the hat, full, full as a tick, full of courage,—Dutch-courage, full of hops, fuzzy, fuzzy headed, ga-ga, geed (up), geezed, gilded, gin-

> soaked, ginned (up), ginnified, ginny, glorious, feeling glorious, goat-drunk, goofy, Gordoned (up), gowed up, grape-shot, gravelled, greased, half-cocked, half-cut, half-on, half-screwed, half seas over, half shot, half slewed, hard up, hazy, heady, (all) het up, hiccius-doccius, hicky, high, feeling high, hockey, hocus, hooched (up), hooted, hopped up, horseback, illuminated, incog, incognito, in one's altitudes, in one's cups, in one's pots, in soak, irrigated, jazzed (up), jiggered, jug-bitten, jugged, line liquored (up), lit, half lit, lit a bit, lit to the guards, lit up, lit up like a store window, -Christmas tree, -a cathedral, -a church, -a fifty-watter with twelve volts on the filament, -the sky, -a kite, etc., a little bit round the corner, love-dovey, lubricated, lumpy, lushed (up), malted, malty, Methodistconated, mixed (up), moonlit, moony, moppy, needing a reef taken in, not all there, obfuscated, off, oiled, on, a bit on, organized, piffed, piffled, pifflicated, piped, (pleasantly) plastered, potted, potulent, potvaliant, powdered up, raddled, (slightly) rattled, razzle-dazzled, right royal, feeling right royal, rileyed, ripe, rocky, rummed (up), set up, several slugs behind the midriff, a sheet in the wind *or* wind's eye, shicker, shot, shot in the arm *or* neck, sizzled, snooted, slued, smelling of the cork, spiffed, spiflicated, spifflow, squiffed, squiffy, steamed (up), swivelly, swizzled, taking it easy, tanglefooted, tanked (up), tipped, tippling, tosticated, trifle maudlin, under, a bit under, up a tree, up the pole, uppity, uppish, upsee, well oiled, whoopeed up, vulcanized, well sprung, whipsey, winey, with an edge on, with a skinful, with a slant on, with a snootful, whittled, woozy.

Run the gamut, of these, and you are ready to be poured into a bibber's bed.

THE HANG-OVER

Whoever said "slang is the language of wretchedness" said a mouthful when it comes to describing the proverbial morning after and other after effects of drinking. Could the King's English provide anything as apt as these:

> next morning suisses, dark brown taste, dead mouth, ale-pock, blossom nose, copper-nose, fiery snorter, grog-blossom, rum-blossom; and, for delirium tremens, barrel-fever, beezy-weezies, blue devils, blue Johnnies, bottle-ache, D. T.'s, gallon distemper, heebie-jeebies, horrors, jitters, jumps, pink-spiders, rats, screaming-meemies, the shakes, snakes, snakes in the boots, trembles, tremens, triangles, uglies, white elephants, whoops and jingles, woofits, and zings.

The fact is that comparatively few drinking words have ever been obsolesced. They are accumulative. The effect of prohibition was merely to add a great number of highly virile and apt expressions to those already in existence. Repeal is junking few of them, if any. In fact with the resurrection of John Barleycorn, and now that we are able to acquire the old seasoned liquors, we will begin to reanimate the language with many of the old neglected expressions. Just as a thirsty devotee of Bacchus renews his spirit with a stiff glass of old Bourbon. With this in mind, we have taken the liberty of dragging out for rejuvenation a few terms worth rescuing from the attic. Some of them may have accumulated too much rust to expect a return to usefulness; but it is never too late to regret their loss. If loss it be; for they will continue to linger defiantly beneath the form of some vivid new word.

Two Years to the Davis Cup

Continued from page 23

want to say here and now this is not a censure or criticism of those who through their own cleverness conceived and constructed such an ingenious, solid skeleton. More power to you say I. It is ever the survival of the fittest and my hat's flung high to the fittest.

With the consequent progress and expansion of the game, however, this human octopus with its mechanical motion spread its tentacles farther and farther, gathering all into its fold. It gained power and strength with each new expansion. A serious resultant evil was the appointment of men in important positions such as chairman of the Davis Cup Committee, who were to say the least wholly unfit for the job. Unfit because they had no knowledge of tennis and even less than that about international competition. They were merely placed in these spots because they could be depended upon or controlled by those in high places who were directing the destinies of the game. This is unfortunate and to be deplored but who among us can honestly condemn the white-haired boys for accepting the positions thrust on them when they well knew the intangible benefits that would accrue to their personal enterprises as a result. Perhaps even in a moment of wild delirium they entertained the confidence that they would prove their mettle to the world and fly the victory banner. That they failed to do so for the last seven years is a commonly conscious thought and the reason this article is written. But enough of the political ramifications and enough of the incompetent officials. Let's see if we can't unravel the solution from now on.

What of the players? Splendid paragons of American youth—but temperamentally the proverbial prima donna has little on them when it comes to being hard to handle. It must be remembered that these fellows have been reading their names in headlines since their early teens. Honors have been heaped high upon them. On the whole they do not know the value of a dollar, can boast of very little business training and are seldom accused of anything resembling "deep thinking." There is always the exception of course. But the life they lead is not conducive to sober-mindedness. It is true they must be clear, quick thinkers but it is a far cry from court strategy to philosophical musings. They can't be blamed if they seem to purr when they are petted and pampered. It's not hard to take. And it is all the more easily understandable then why they so often have not only an exaggerated but a distorted opinion of their own self-importance.

But by and large the group might well be labeled: "Swell Guys. *Caution:* Handle with Kid Gloves." That's only half of it. Imagine if you can the pitch they reach after months of training. When your body has been toned to the pink and your game has been sharpened to razor-blade edge—take it from me you're hard to live with. It is a highly sensitive, precious tenseness that should only be unleased in actual combat on the courts. It is during those days that the team needs intelligent treatment more than anything else. And even the most well-meaning non-playing captain can upset his team with his "over-solicitous" attention that always borders on nagging. There are ways and ways of getting his anxiety across to the performers—ways of instilling pep—inspiring—the right way, born of personal experience, and—the wrong way. If the non-playing captain has always been a non-player it just isn't common sense to expect him to handle the boys successfully. If he's never indulged in anything more than tea-party tennis how indeed can he appreciate what his team needs. How can he understand what they are experiencing during those hectic days before the big battle? The first time he issues an order which is directly opposed to what the players feel is best for them they begin to question his capabilities. Reviewing his background in their own minds, the natural attitude is "what does he know about it anyway." From then on each conflict of opinion tends to lessen the team's respect for him—not as a character but as a leader.

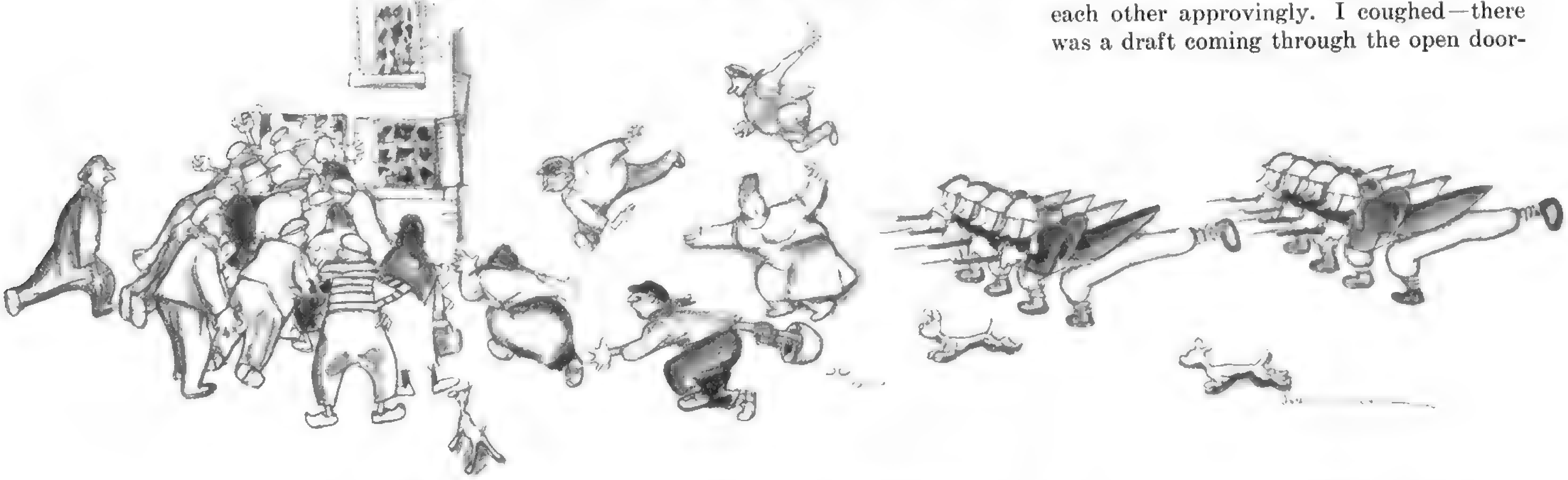
What then is the solution of this difficult problem? The answer is a simple one as far as I am concerned. First of all, pick a man as captain who knows what it is all about. A man who has been "on the firing line," so to speak. In picking this man all barriers should be eliminated. If he is the right man for the job, whether he is an amateur or a professional, he should be chosen. The next step in finding the answer to this cross-word puzzle is to pick the team from among the younger players. Players like Frankie Parker, slashing young Lawrenceville student, who I predict will some day in the not too distant future reach the top of the tennis heap. Gene Mako, Southern California boy wonder, also has unlimited Davis Cup possibilities, as well as Donald Budge of San Francisco. These boys are young, have the aptitude for the game and with the proper handling and coaching, would not only bring back the cup, but would undoubtedly be able to repulse the net attacks of foreign nations for many years to come. Naturally the training camp established for these youngsters would also find such seasoned campaigners in it as Sidney Wood, George Lott, Wilmer Allison and John Van Ryn, who would be able to straighten out the kinks in these youngsters' game.

Sounds like a simple solution, doesn't it? Well, it is simple and I want to go on record, here and now, that if the United States Lawn Tennis Association follows this simple formula, they will be celebrating the return of the historic Davis Cup, within two years.

Concierges Keep Canaries

The man who wrote about those French plumbers now discusses elevators in an amusing sketch

by JOSEPH SCHRANK



Everyone who has lived in Paris knows that concierges keep canaries. They also keep potted plants, early hours, cats, husbands, dogs and scowling. The principal duties of a concierge—in the order named—are to collect from you a large quarterly tip, to inform the police of your habits whenever requested, to deliver your mail promptly if you are prompt with your tip, to keep you waiting after ten at night until she pulls the cord which releases the lock of the street door, to stop all your visitors and ask them what they want and to sweep the stairs. She does not, however, collect and dispose of your garbage. You do that yourself.

Madame Froidveaux, my concierge, occupies the place of honor among the concierges of the neighborhood. For a long time this place had been occupied by one of her confreres down the street who had thrown a pot of boiling water over her husband as he slept, giving as explanation the fact that he "annoyed" her by falling asleep at table directly after dinner. But she has been replaced by Madame Froidveaux who has achieved no less a feat than having a section of the Garde Republique—fifty strong with steel helmets and bayonets—called out in her behalf. It happened one dead winter's night. I was just returning home from my favorite cafe when I saw an enormous mob gathered in my street. Horrible shrieks issued from my building. As I came up to the edges of the crowd, the great open motorbus containing the riot squad roared into the street and came to a grinding halt. An officer jumped out and—But to understand it all fully I must go back to the beginning. And it all begins with Madame Froidveaux's passion for canaries.

She had seven of them distributed among three cages. Considering that Madame Froidveaux together with her dog and her husband occupied but one small room off the street door, which served as bed room, living room and kitchen, seven canaries seemed sufficient. But Madame Froidveaux often regretted the limitations imposed by lack of space upon her canary passion. If you wanted to be considered *gentle* by Madame Froidveaux (and this carried with it many practical benefits) you had but to admire her canaries. All the locataires—that is all but M. Sarthel, the painter, who lived on the top floor and of whom we shall hear much more later—admired her canaries.

Madame Froidveaux's opportunity to provide increased accommodation for her little feathered pets came about in a curious way. Our building was comparatively a modern one. It boasted an ascenseur—self-service of course—and chauffage central. Next to the canaries, the lift was Madame Froidveaux's pride and joy. At first she had been inclined to regard it rather with suspicion. It was not according to precedent, as far as she was concerned it was unnecessary and the locataires seemed to take it as a matter of course that they should ride at ease to their respective floors instead of walking in the good old way. It was all vaguely irritating to her. But this feeling soon changed. She read the long list of instructions framed under glass on the wall of the lift and the very first one soothed her ruffled feelings. It read: "All persons ignorant of the manoeuvering of the ascenseur are advised immediately to consult the concierge." Well—this at least was some recognition of her power and authority. And when she came to the final instruction: "The ascenseur serves only for the going up," she felt distinctly better. Everybody had to walk down. It was a mitigating circumstance, although it was a lasting disappointment to her that no one ever availed himself of Instruction Number 1, to ask her to explain the proper use of the lift.

During the week before Christmas, the postman for telegrams, the postman for packages and the postman for the regular letters had all presented themselves at my door in turn, stated that they had come to present me with a calendar for the new year—and received their annual tip. One morning, as I was busily at work, the doorbell rang and I found two men outside my door.

"We are the men of the ascenseur," said one and they both smiled suggestively.

"Enchanted," I replied.

"The ascenseur marches well, is it not so?"

"Very well," I replied.

At this they smiled again and looked at each other approvingly. I coughed—there was a draft coming through the open doorway. The spokesman said, "As monsieur doubtless knows, it is the season for the distribution of gifts," and smiled once more.

I was slightly puzzled. "But I do not quite understand—"

"It is very simple," he replied gently. "We are the men of the ascenseur—the greasing and the repairing—and we have come for our tip."

After this incident I felt ill at ease until after Christmas. I momentarily awaited a visit from the plumbers who had installed the pipes in the building and the electricians. But the ascenseur it seems, and those connected with its operation and repairs were in a special category. On an average of once a month, a little painted sign appeared hung on the gate of the ascenseur reading: "The ascenseur does not march." On these occasions the lift failed to work for anywhere from a day to a week. It was then the men of the ascenseur appeared upon the scene and took the leading role. Madame Froidveaux was on good terms with the men of the ascenseur—or rather I should say they were on good terms with her. They admired her canaries.

None of the locataires felt very badly about it when the ascenseur was out of order. They considered it quite natural and

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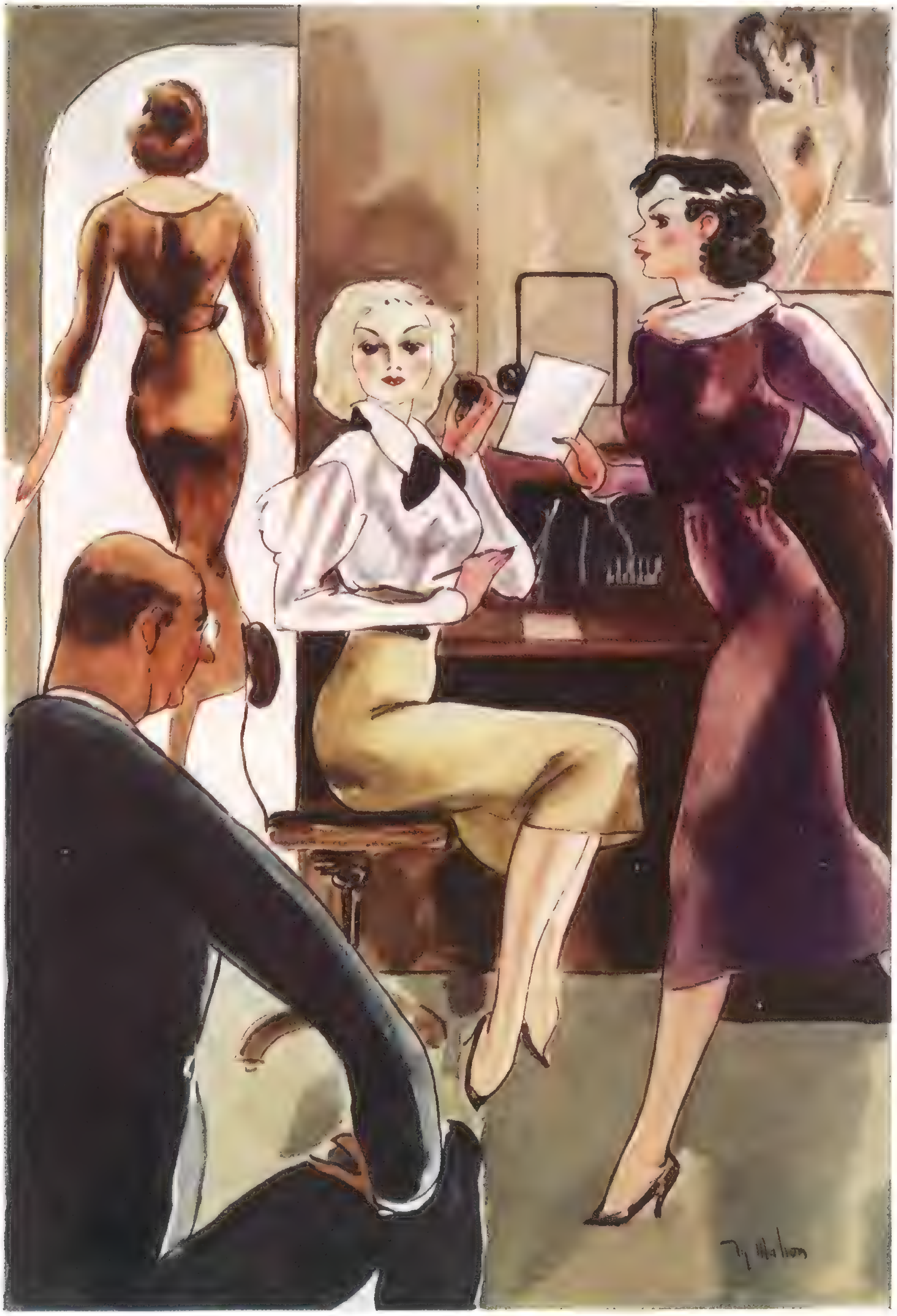
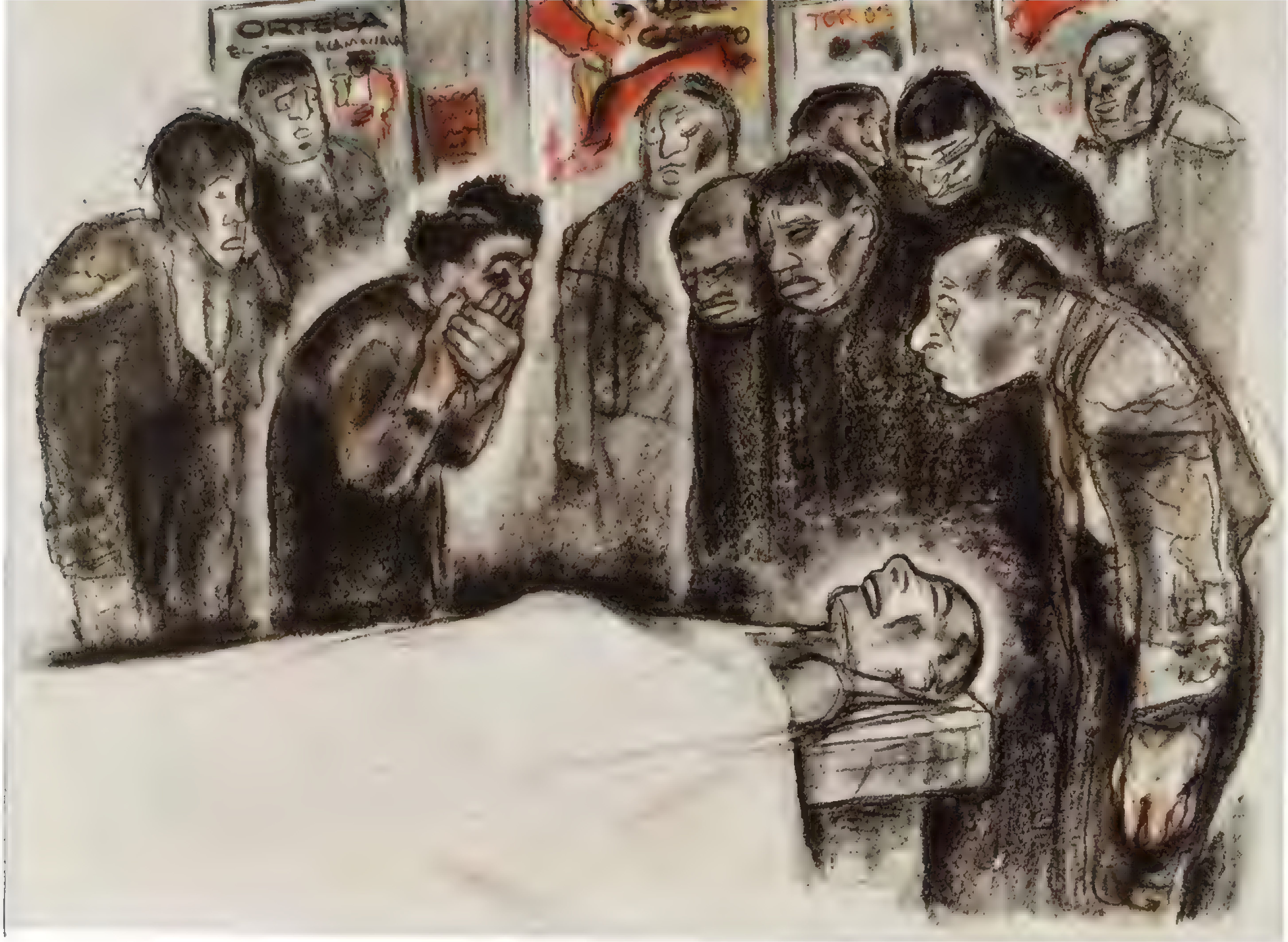
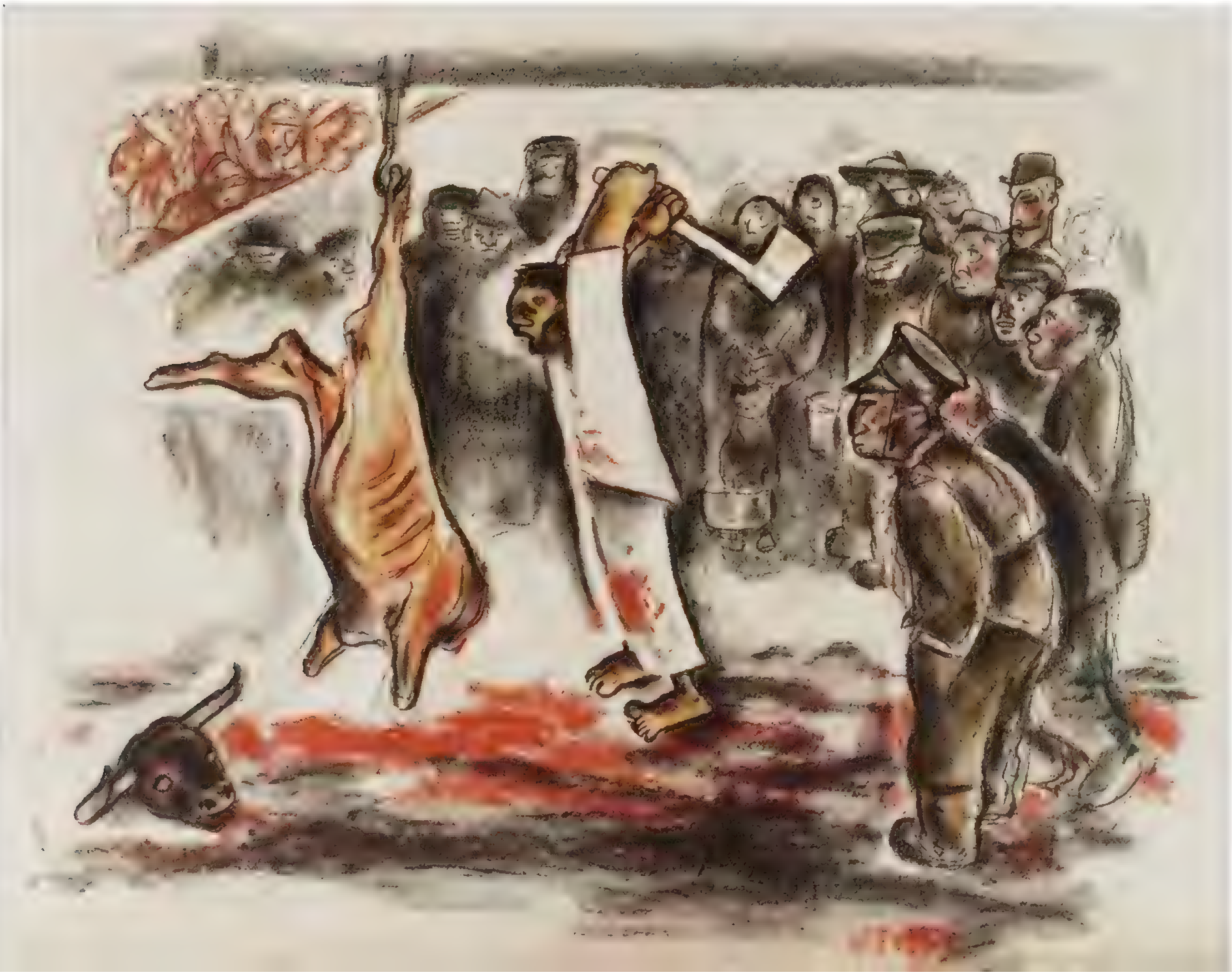
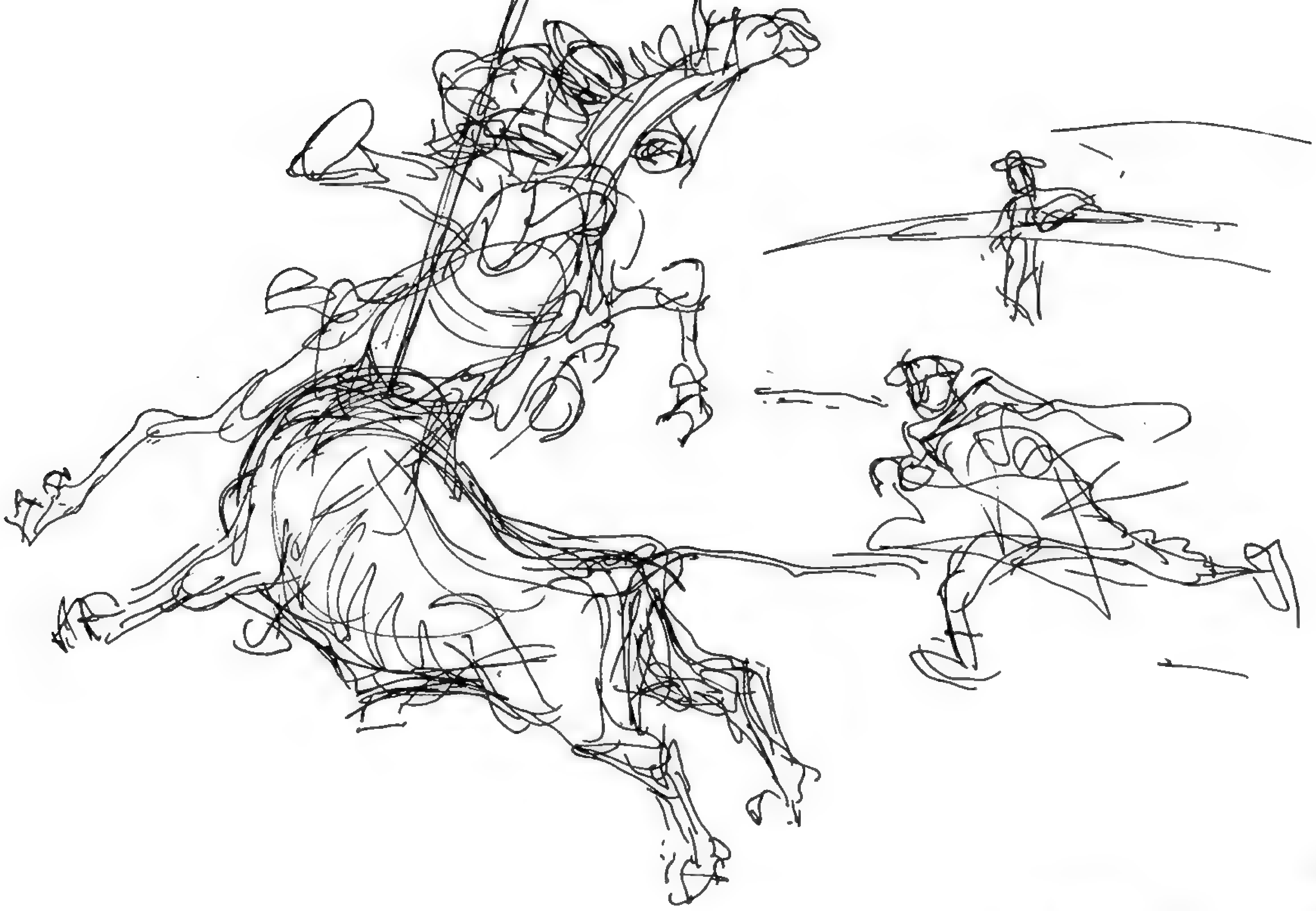


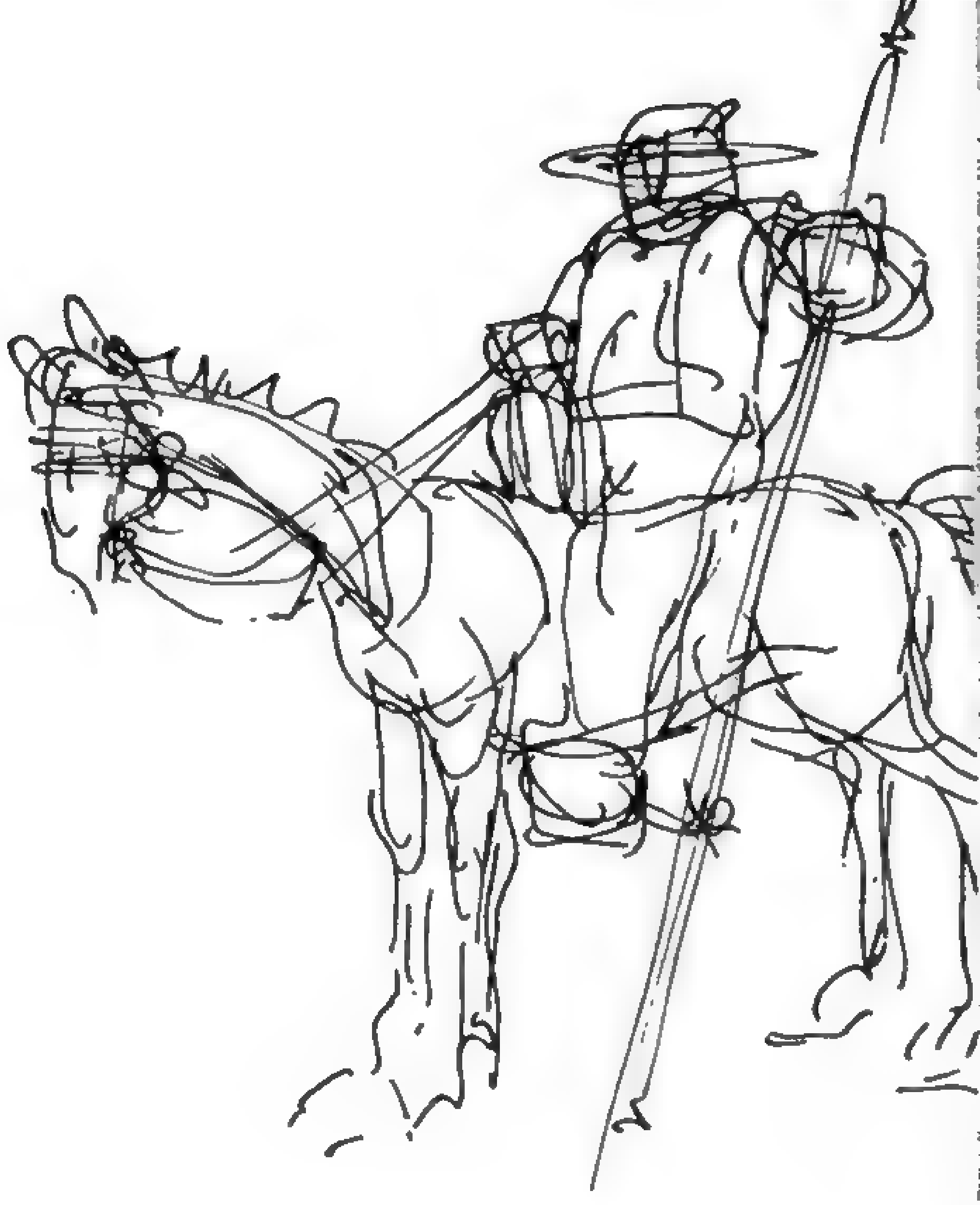
"That's all right, I don't mind waiting"



For some bullfighters and all bulls, this is the end. For one a cold slab; for the other a hot stove. For the bulls are sold the same day as meat, whatever happens in their brief hour of bloody glory. Thus, through the wrong end of the telescope, John Groth gives you his first, because it is his most lasting, impression of the tragic pageant that serves, for many millions of people, as their one equivalent of a sport. Anglo-Saxons hate it because it is the one form of theatre in which the action is not a make-believe. And Latins adore it for the same reason.





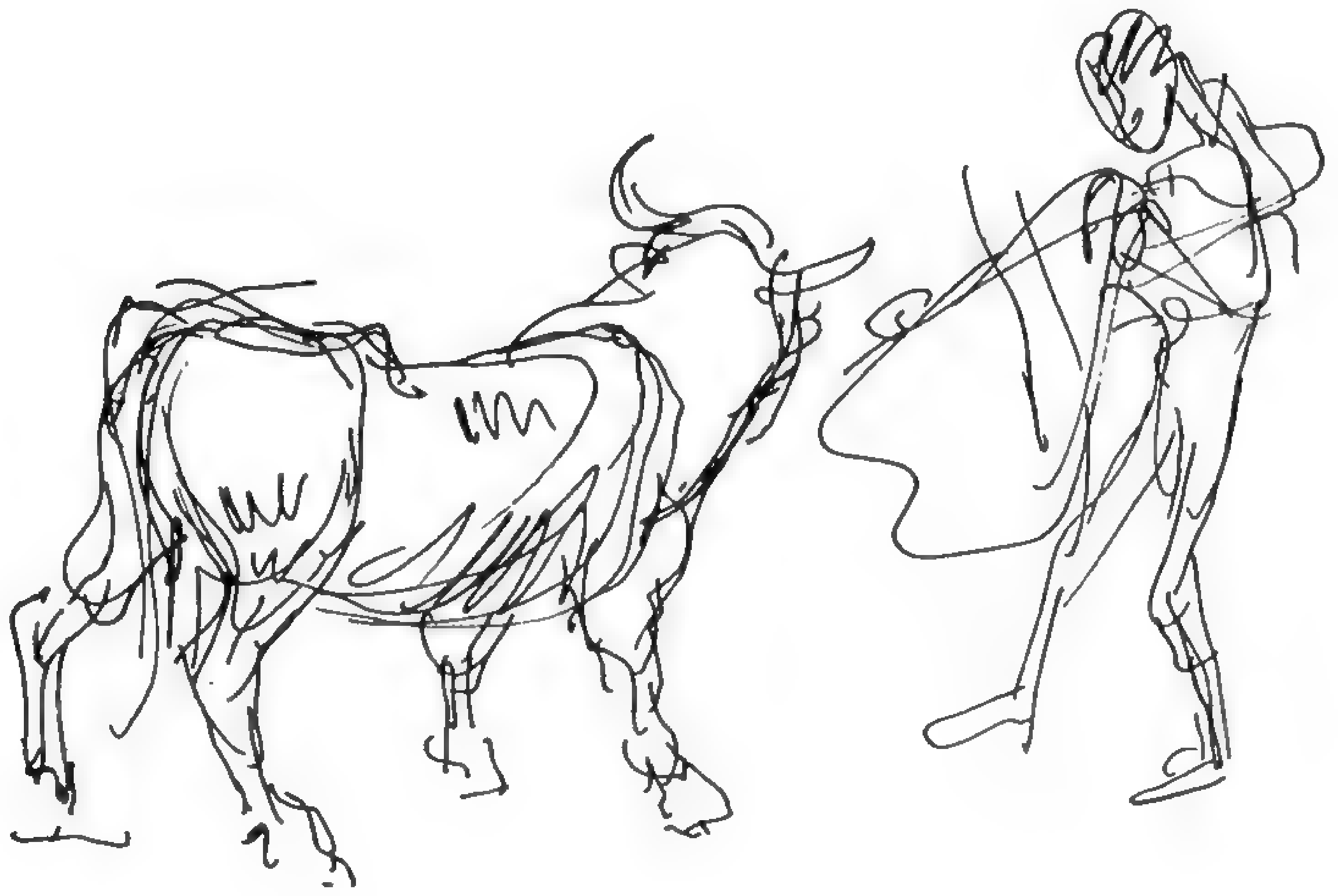


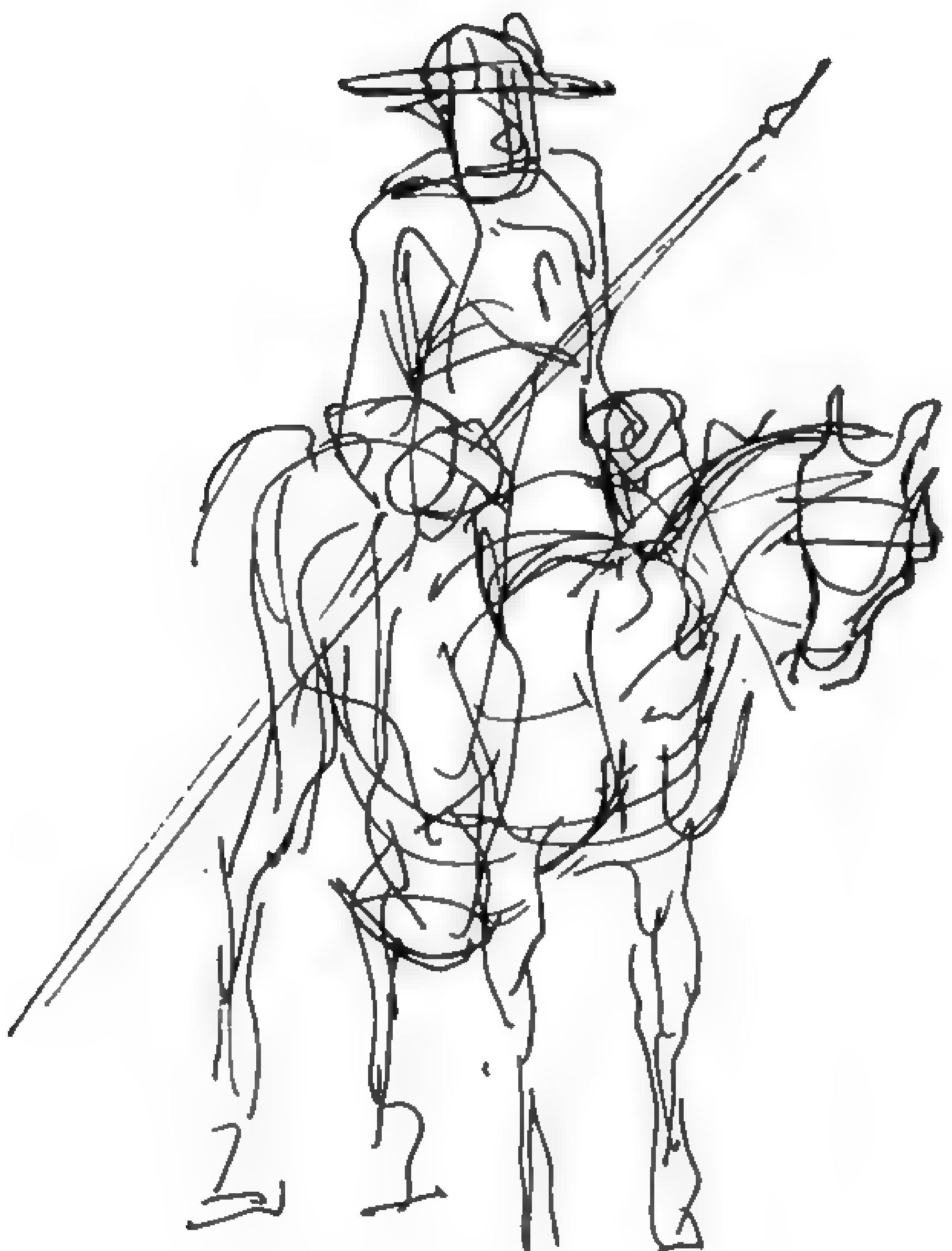
CORRIDA DE TOROS

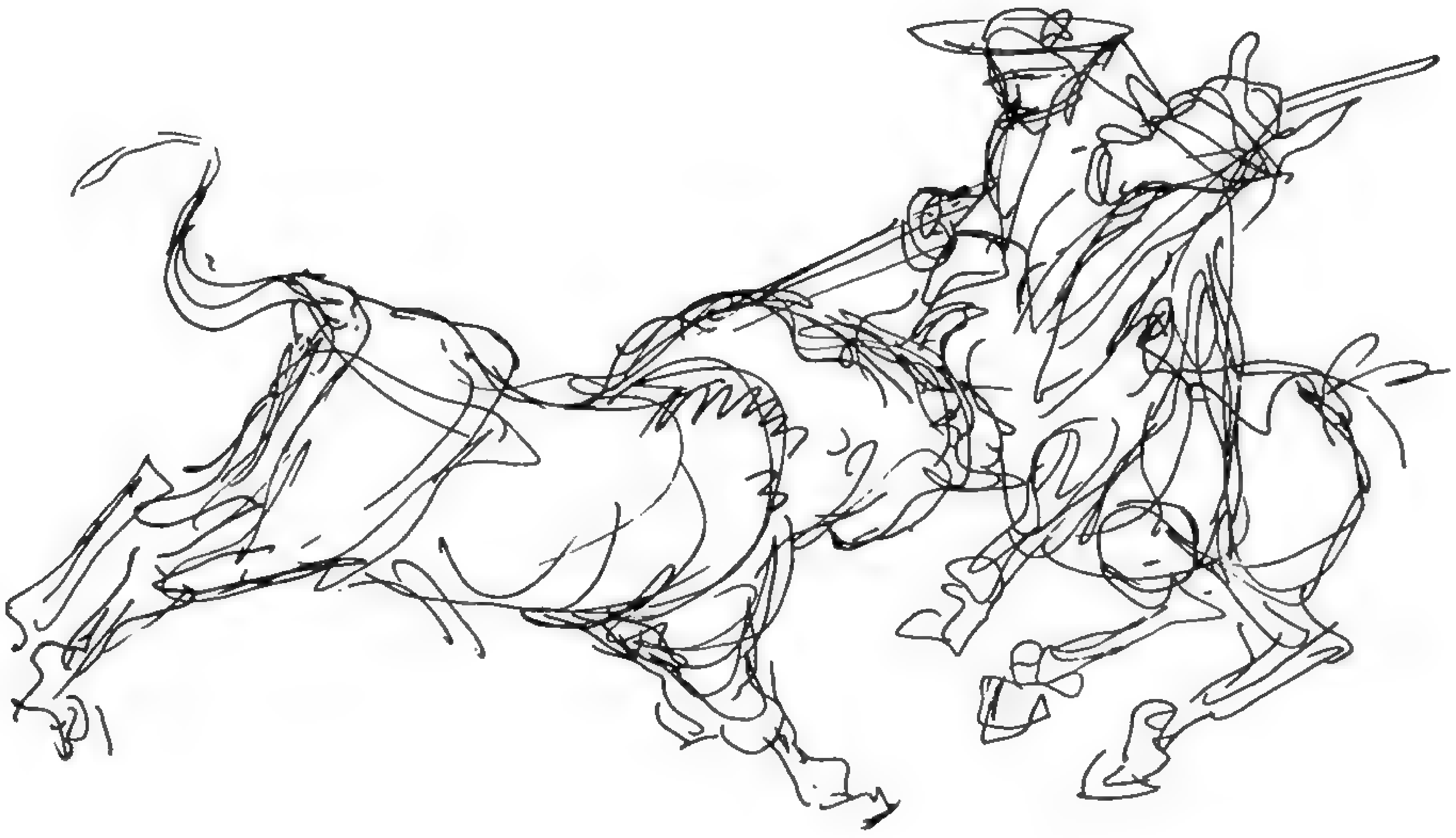
A PORTFOLIO

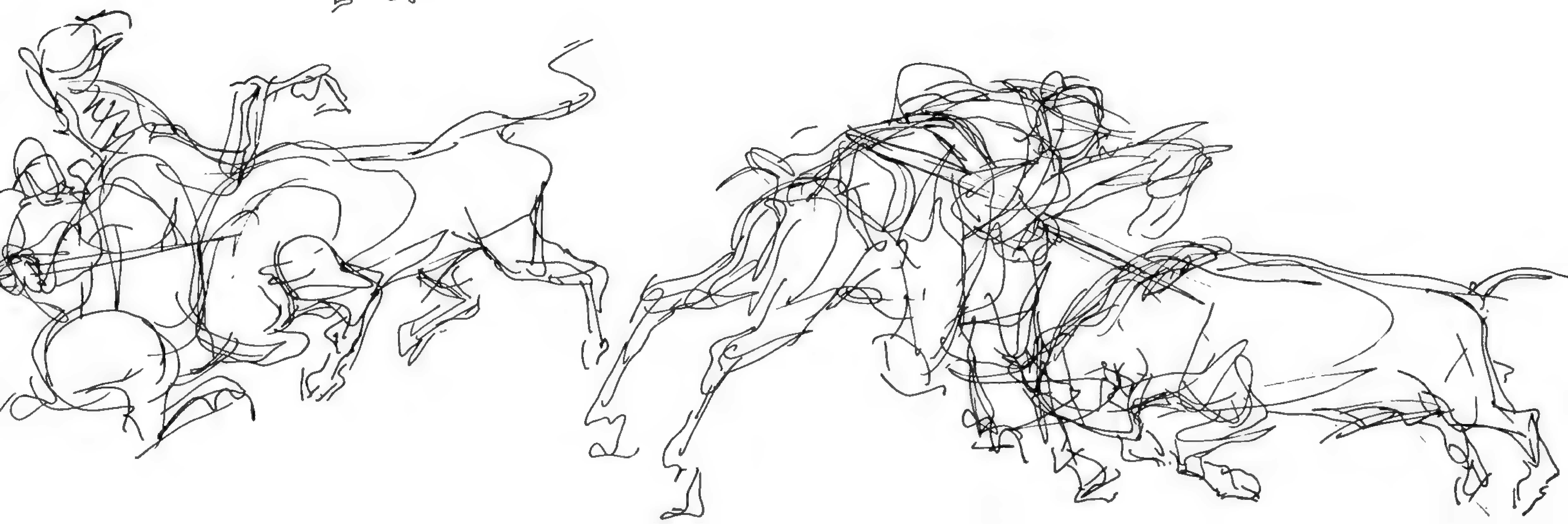
by

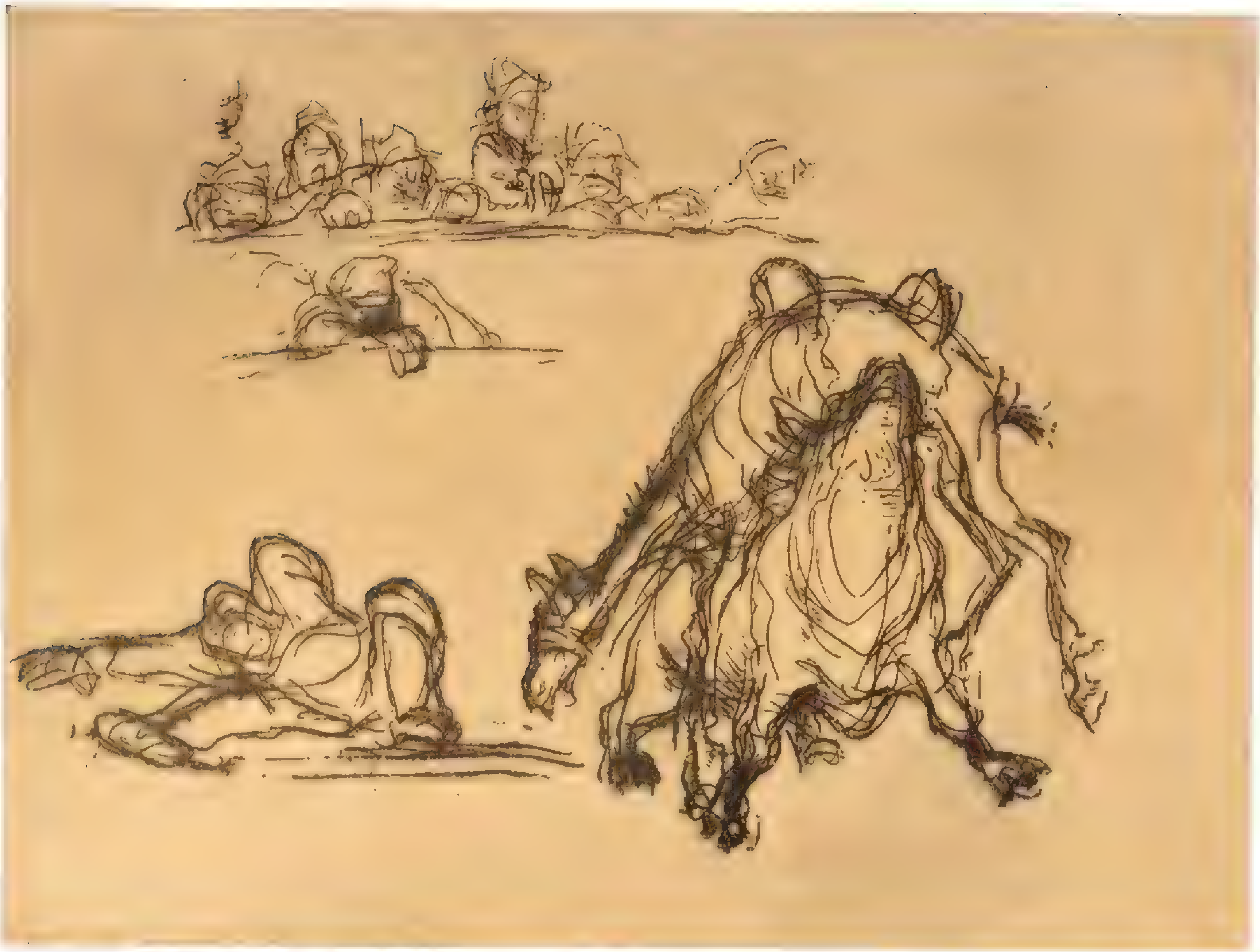
JOHN GROTH



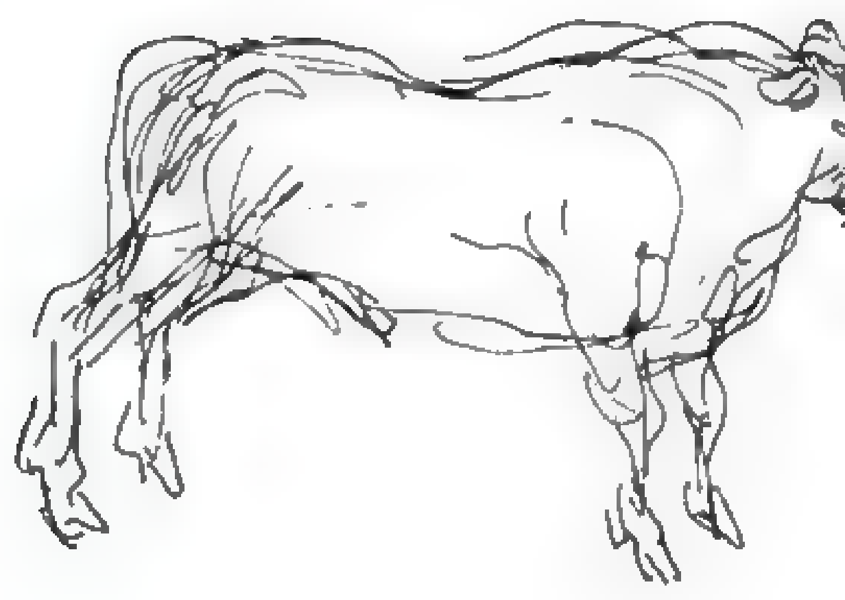


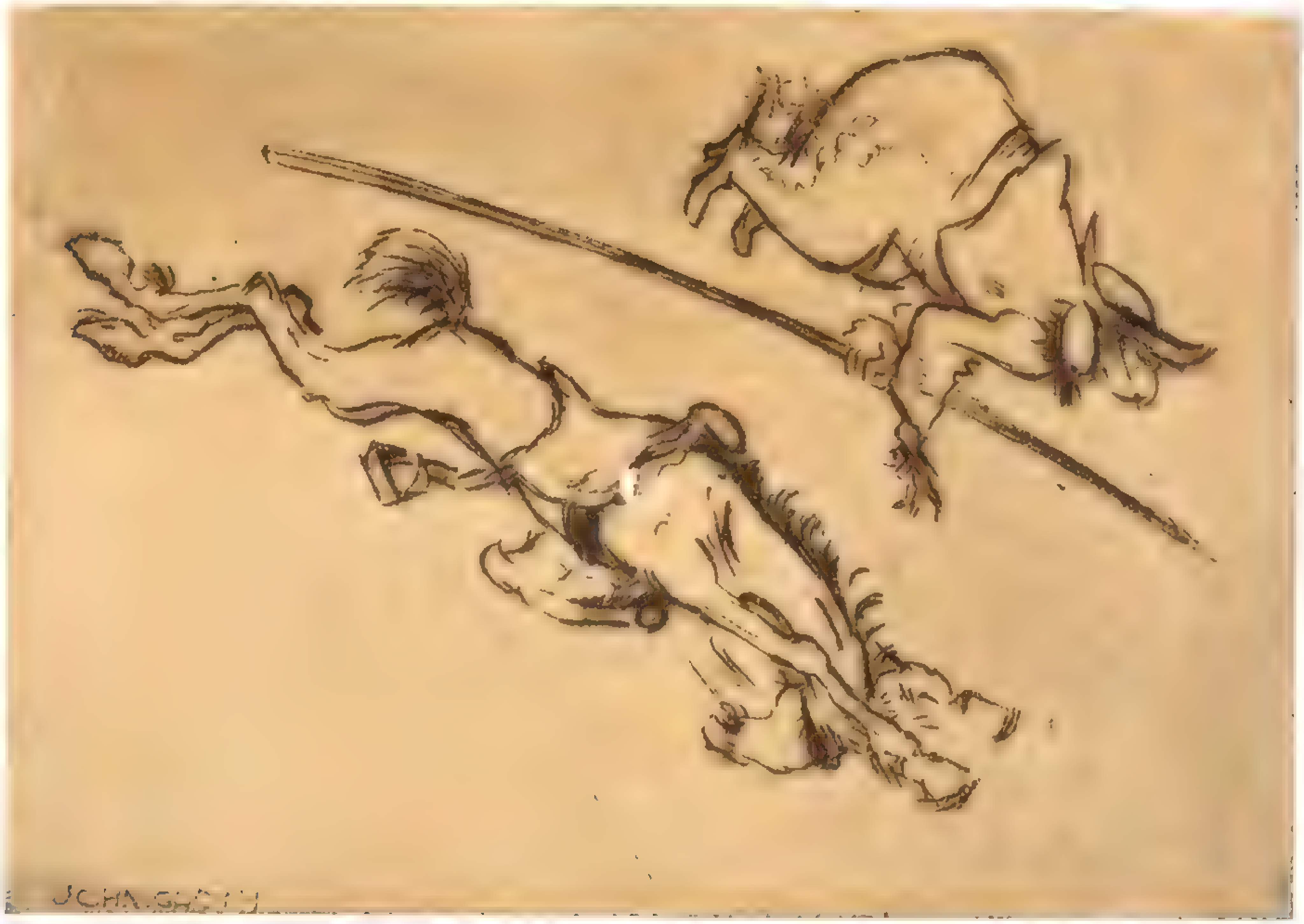




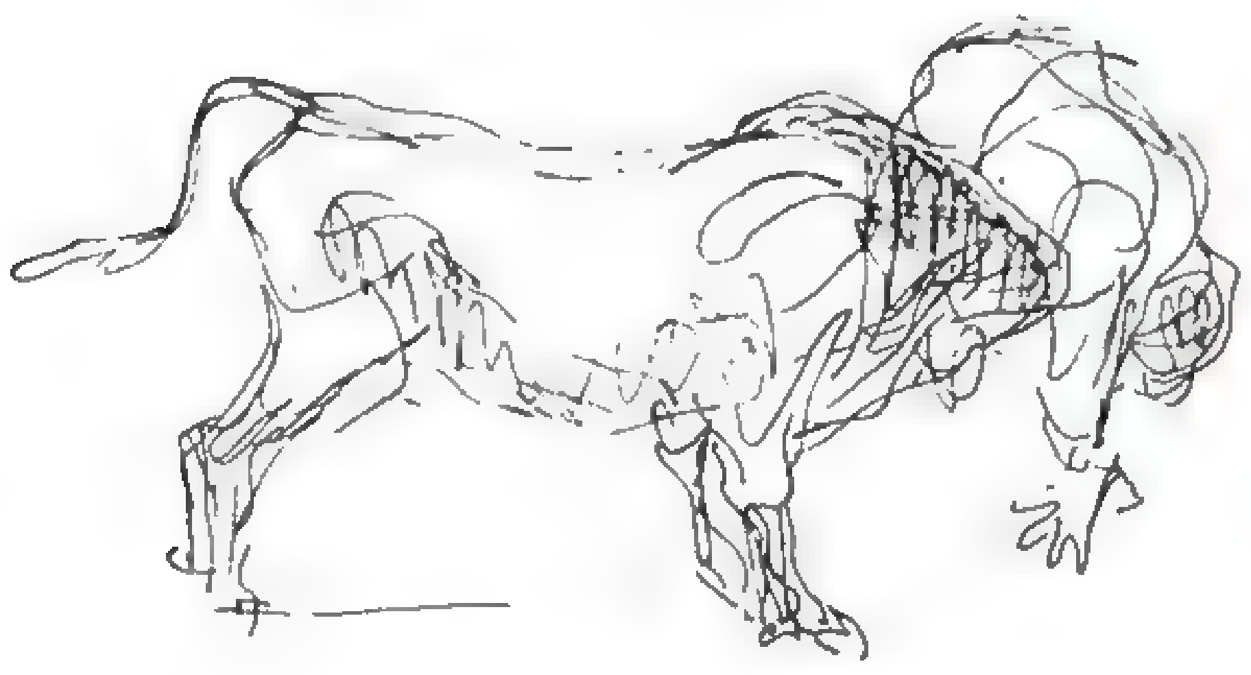


EL TORO DEVELOPS A HEADACHE

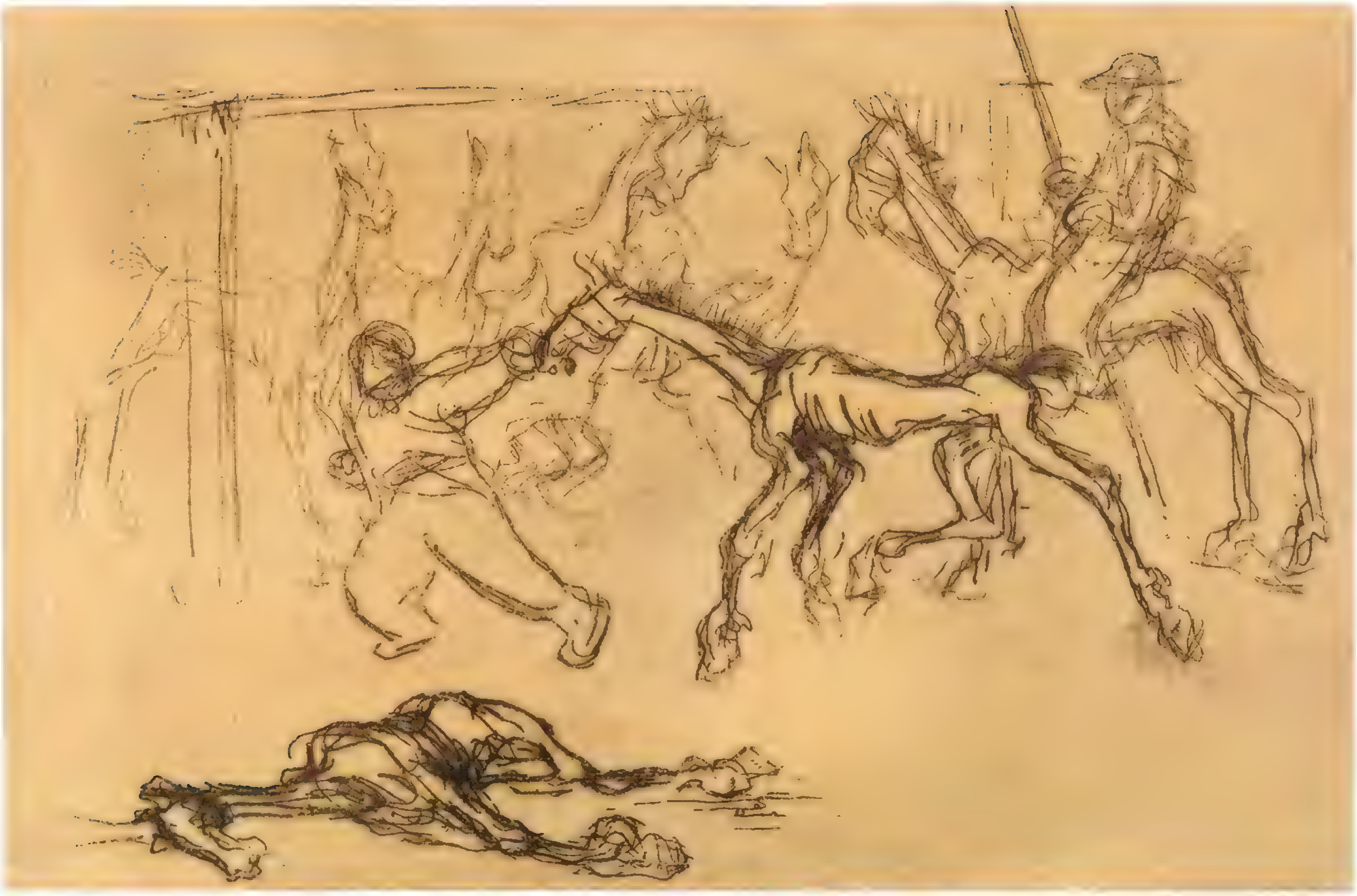




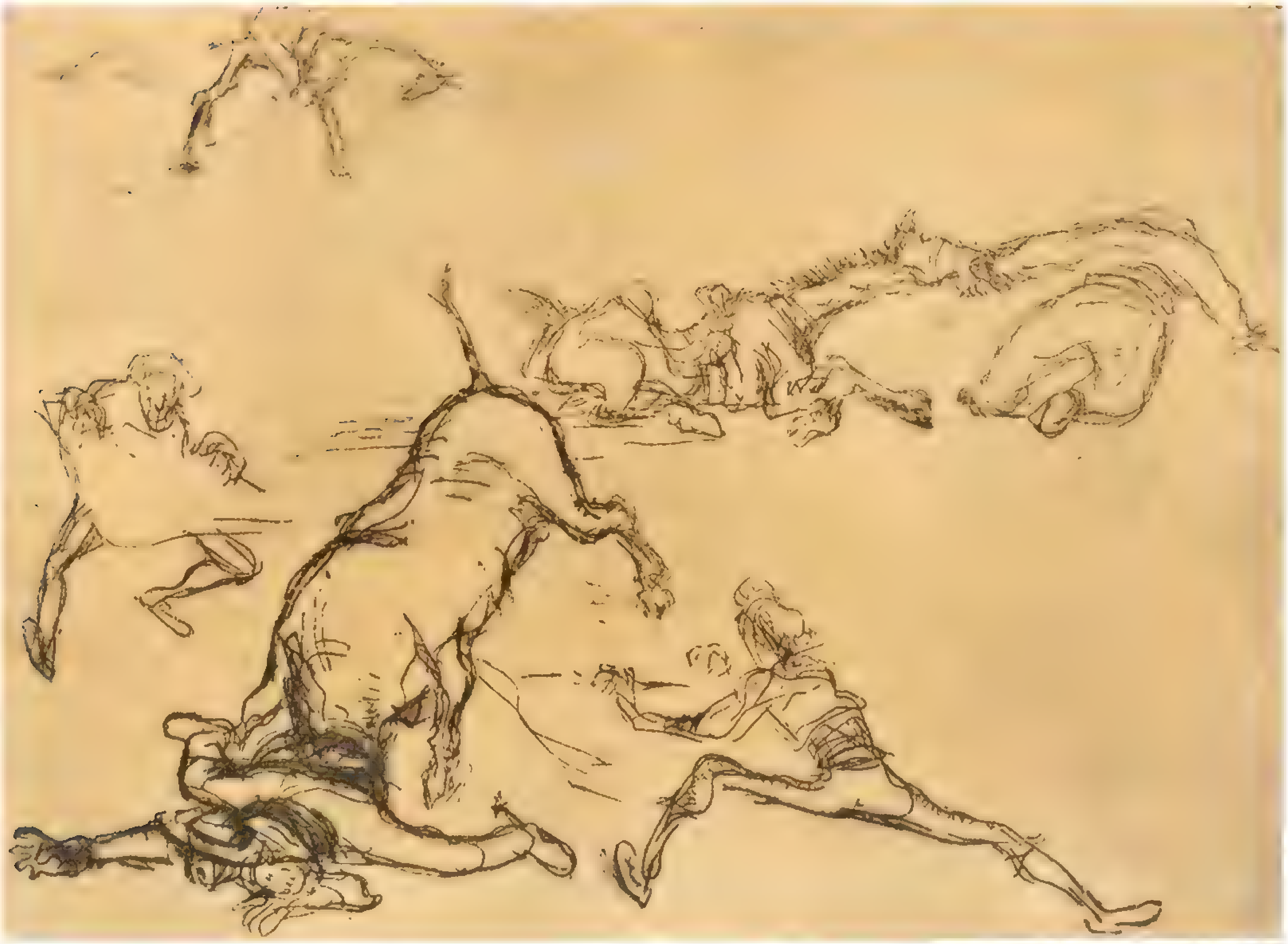
ROSINANTE FLIPS A PIC



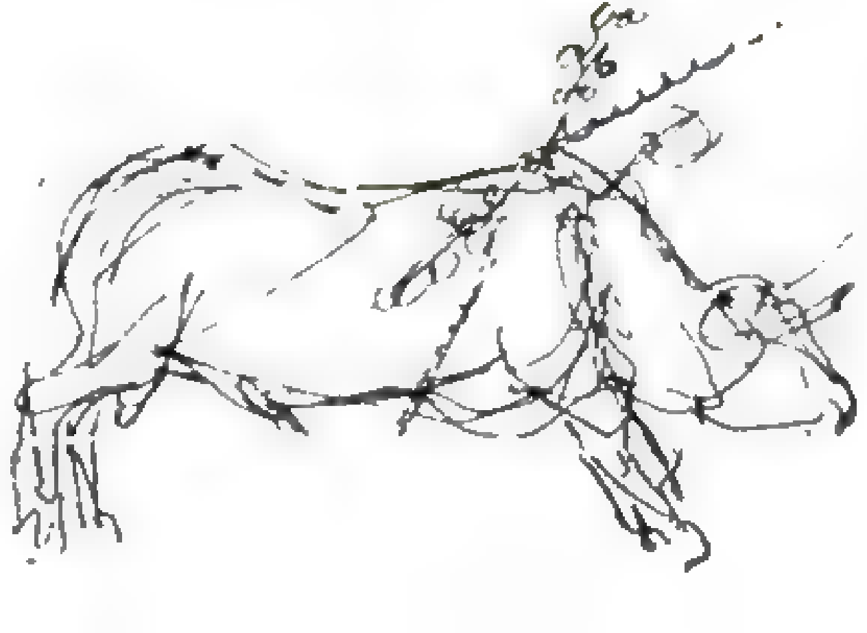
MEXICO in the wintertime, when the bullring is the place to go, to see and to be seen, where the bull is a tragic figure, the matador a storybook hero, and the horse the only comedian. The gored horse is funny, though non-Latins who say so are always accused of being *poseurs*. But he is truly funny because his is the comic role, in the ancient Greece as in the modern Minsky's, of the innocent bystander who gets in the way only to get the worst of it. That has been considered funny for a thousand years.



BULL FODDER



EL TORO HOOKS HIMSELF A PICADOR



Row, Damit, Row

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"inboard" hand. The first is the one in which the blade is manipulated in and out of the water and the second the one upon which the most power or pull is directed.

By this time slides have been placed on the greased tracks; oars have been inserted into the braces or outriggers. Men sit down, inserting moccasined feet into foot-braces fashioned into the shape of toeless and heelless shoes.

At this point my instructions run pretty much as follows:

"Put your inboard hand flush with the oar handle. So you can get plenty of leverage. Put your feathering hand (the one closest the water) about four inches apart. The width of your hand. Now move forward on your slides until your knees almost tickle your chin. Reach out with your arms so you can grab plenty of water. Your knees! Watch your knees. The inside or inboard knee goes on the outside of your arm; the outside knee goes on the inside of your arm. Knee, arm, knee, arm . . ."

Cornell oarsmen have rowed with both arms working inside their knees. Hiram Conibear in 1914 used this method. But the position previously described is the one I use. It seems to be the natural way. It permits the most comfort.

So we find the oarsmen reaching forward with their oars. Slides have been brought forward. Knees are doubled. They are ready for the "catch," an act which embraces the act of dipping the blades in the water. A good "catch" is one in which all members dip their blades together. A poor "catch" is one in which the movement is disorganized and uneven.

Having buried their oar-tips men are ready for the "drive." Another way of saying it might be that the "drive" is the application of power. And here it might be well to point out that contrary to the general belief the water is not pulled under the boat: the boat is pulled over the water.

In explaining the "drive" my instructions are as follows:

"At the start raise your hands a little, forcing the blade into the water. Bring your shoulders back from the hips, always, always keeping a straight back. As soon as the shoulders pass the vertical, the knees come together, the slide being driven back. Hands are pulled into the body, arms bending simultaneously with the flattening of the legs. This gives you arm drive, body swing, and leg drive all terminating at the same time."

In rowing there are really only four distinct movements. Two, the "catch" and "drive" have been explained. Having dipped their oars, having applied the power men are now nearing the completion of their stroke. Legs are straight out. The body has a layback of about 15 degrees. Hands rest against the body at the top of the stomach or at the bottom of the ribs. They are now ready for the "release."

On the "release" the first act is the dropping and rolling of the feathering wrist (the one closest the water). It is accomplished by giving the wrist a little flip or roll; preferably a roll. The action exposes the blade and lays it flat to the water. This, too, is a simultaneous movement.

A good "release" is one in which all oarsmen shoot their blades out together; a poor "release" is one in which the action is slow, ragged and jerky.

So the third important movement is behind us. We are now ready for the "recovery" or that combination of acts which will bring us into position for the next stroke. Here the arms are pushed away from the body, the arms straightening at the elbows. Shoulders swing forward. As they pass the vertical knees start up, bringing the slide forward into a position for the next "catch."

Fundamentally that is all there is to rowing. First the "catch" which embraces the anchoring of the blades in the water; next the "drive"—the pulling of the boat through the water; next the "release"—the taking of the blades from the water; finally the "recovery"—the act of moving forward into a position for the next stroke. If all are perfectly synchronized a crew's oarsmanship will be fundamentally sound. Perfection carried California to two consecutive Olympic Games' titles, carried my 1933 crew through an undefeated season, carried hundreds of other crews throughout the world to sensational victories. "Catch," "drive," "release," and "recovery" become songs sung to the swinging of the oars.

Of the four I would say that the "recovery" is the most important and at the same time the most difficult to grasp. Races are won and lost when the oars are out of the water. We coaches are forever figuring ways and means of executing this movement without decreasing the ship's speed. Inventiveness in this connection might be compared to the play origination of football coaches.

This period when blades are out of the water, when men are moving forward for the next stroke embraces what is known as the "run" in a boat. A shell with a sustained "run" is a swift ship. We had a good "run" last year. California had a good "run" in '32 and '28. Leader's crews always have a good "run." We shall hear more about it when we discuss "spacing."

So, having explained to freshmen the four movements I have them paddle Old Nero into the canal. It is usually a hectic trip. Water is splashed and missed. Slides are jammed. Oars are buried too deeply. Backs are never straight. I often wonder what football coaches would say if their entering freshmen knew as little about blocking and tackling as most of our yearlings know about rowing.

During the first week attention is confined to the proper "feathering" of a blade, the rolling motion of the wrists and the laying of the blade flat to the water. If a man has a tendency to drop his hands, causing the blade to wave in the air like a horse's tail, that is called "skying." If there is a tendency to dip the blade not at a right angle but towards the bow that is called "knifing in."

To "catch a crab" is to get your oar stuck in the water. It is accomplished by turning the blade too soon. The boat's forward progress drives it deeper and all the straining and pulling in the world will not free it. I have seen the uncontrollable oar handle catch an oarsman in the pit of the stomach, lifting him from the boat. In a scow, however, this rarely happens. Men can lean far back. Their position is more secure.

"Washing out" is to lower the hands before the finish of the drive, causing the blades to prematurely shoot from the water.

The second week action of the slide, particularly on the "recovery" is stressed. It is supposed to move swiftly at first, slowing towards the center, then literally stealing to the "catch" position. If the legs are too hurriedly pushed down that faulty habit is called "shooting the slide."

I might say it takes vastly more than an ox-like back and a mechanical mind to make an oarsman. A sense of rhythm is vital. He must keep his eyes in the boat and on the back of the neck of the man directly in front of him. He has to get the "feel" for the catch.

At the end of a month's continuous drill in Old Nero beginners usually are eager to try their luck in faster company. So shell barges, round-bottomed creatures similar in shape to racing shells only larger and more seaworthy, are made ready. Eight men are named—a stroke, a No. 7 man, a No. 6 man, a No. 5 man, a No. 4 man, a No. 3 man, a No. 2 and a bow man. Also a coxswain who steers and who, in conjunction with the stroke, regulates the speed.

In watching a group of frosh taking their first shell barge out there is always a certain amount of humor. With beaming confidence they hoist their boat from the rack, raise it high over their heads, stride with it to the float. Gently they deposit it upon the water. Eagerly they scamper back for oars and slides. Set, they place one foot in the shell's waist, one on the float. At a command they shove off.

Then for the beginners comes a sickly sensation. Their faces, despite themselves, assume doubtful expressions. Eyes appear a little strained. I suppose it is because they are no longer in the staunch, seaworthy, flat-bottomed scow. They are in a round-bottomed boat sensitive to their every movement. With a sort of weird fascination they keep studying the water.

But at the coxswain's command, "Ready, All!" they move forward. At the word, "Stroke!" their blades dig in. Someone may miss water. The ship may careen. They become a little paler.

A gruff command, "That's right, forget all you ever knew about rowing," usually straightens them out and sends them on their way.

I keep my freshmen in a shell barge for two months. They go out in it in all kinds of weather. In that way they gain confidence. The "catch," the "drive," the "release," the "recovery" are repeated until they become reflex movements. Workouts are lengthened. Long rows of six and seven miles are taken. Informal time trials are held. With the coming of warm weather they are lean, bronzed, and muscular; the finished product which you see skimming over the water like aquatic spiders.

About this time I may be heard to use such expressions as, "They are rowing twenty-eight now. They should be rowing thirty. The stroke is taking 'er up. They are at thirty-two. The 'spacing' is terrible . . . but they'll learn . . . I hope . . ."

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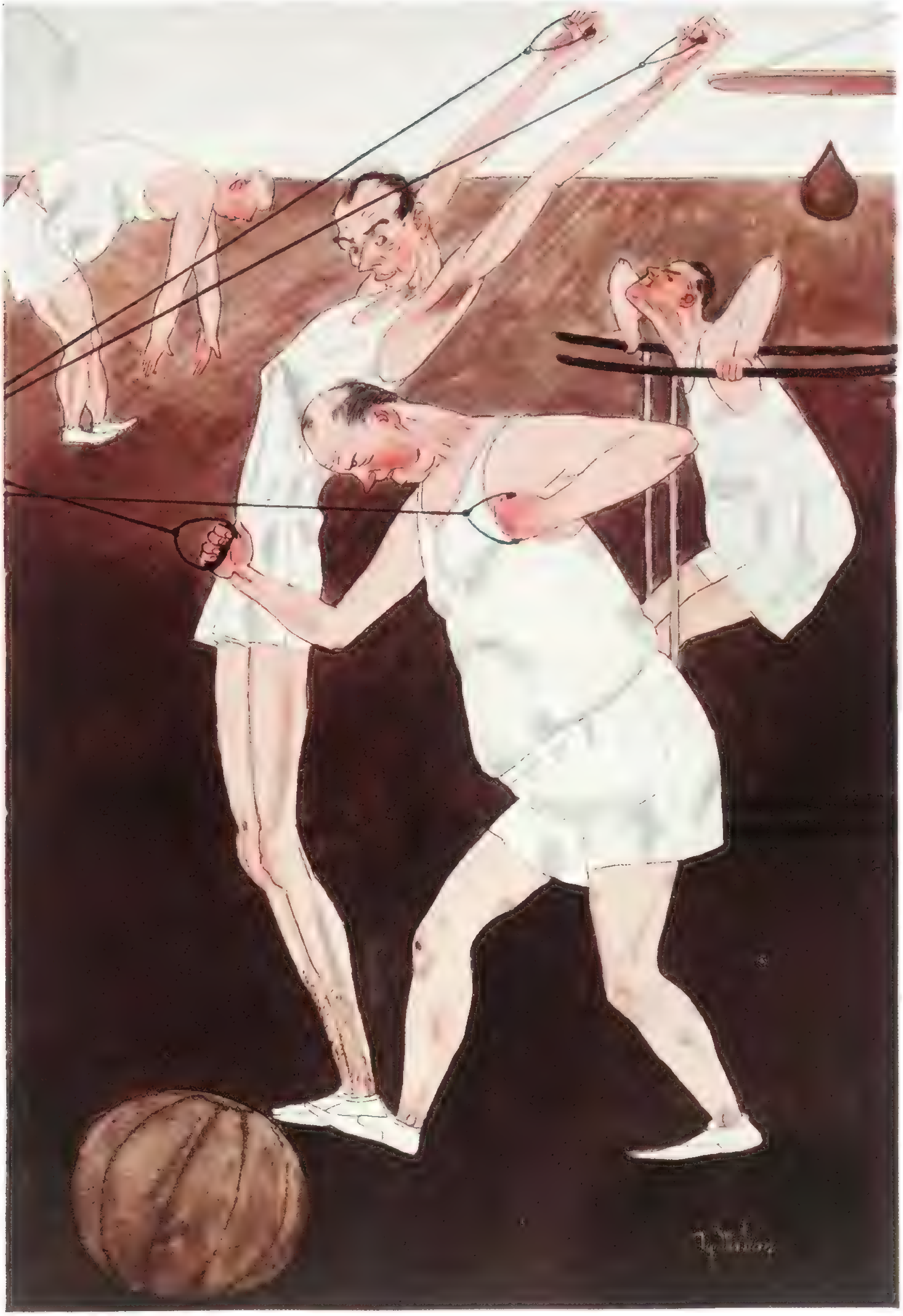
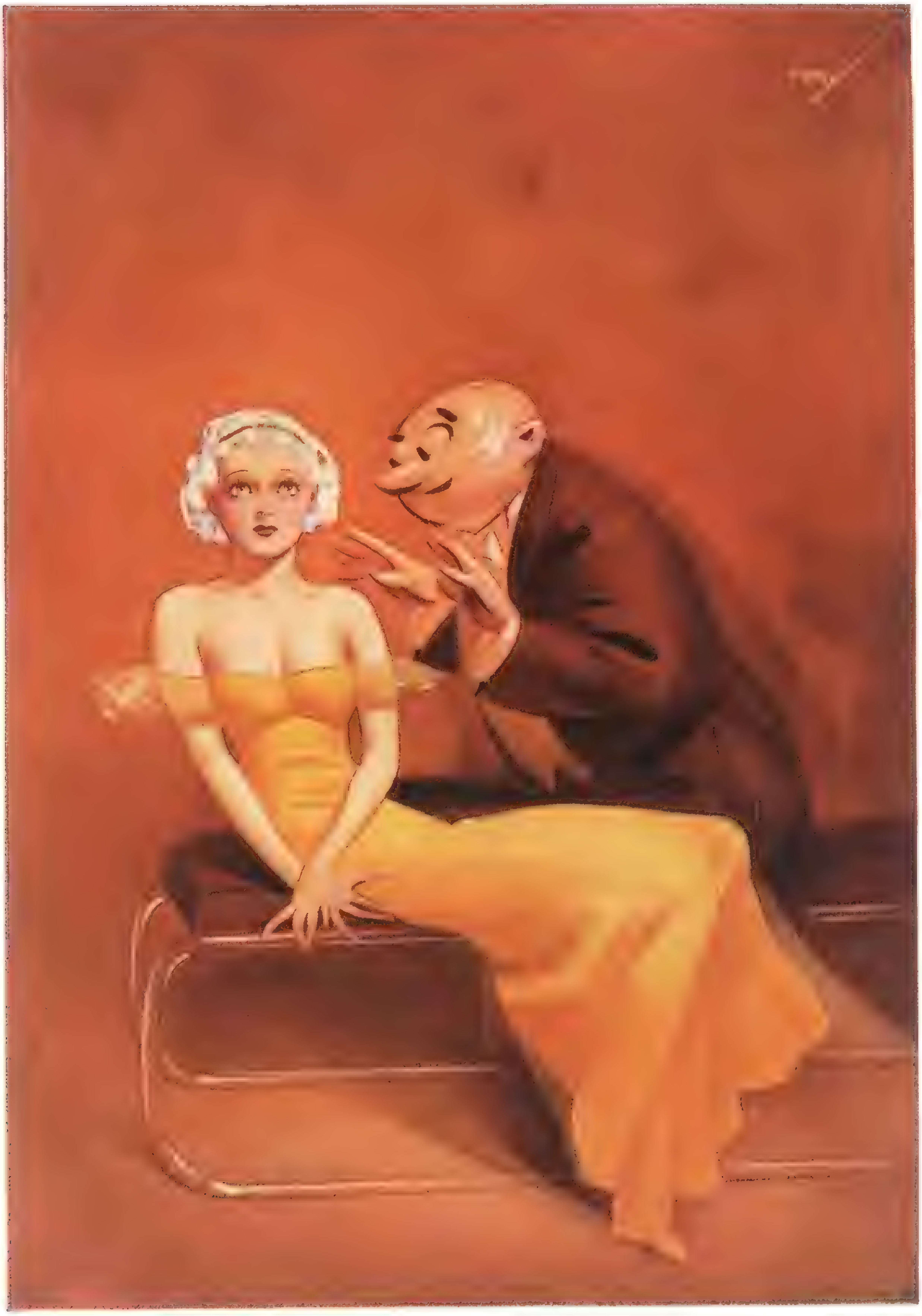


"I had to do something—hearing about this Max Baer every night"



"Don't worry, little girl, God is watching over you"

From Clock Shooting to Skeet

A note on the origin, rules, and rapid rise to popularity of a new form of a very old sport

by ROD COOPER

"SKEET" is just an old Scandinavian word. It means "shoot."

That information was worth exactly one hundred dollars to Mrs. Gertrude Hurlbutt of Dayton, Montana, in 1926. Since then it has been worth a great deal more to the manufacturers of guns, cartridges, clay birds, hurling-machines, shooting vests, and all other equipment useful in the murderous pursuit of the flying clay target, for the Skeet sport has been creeping up on this country even throughout the depression; there are now over 850 Skeet fields in the United States, there are Skeet tournaments, Skeet champions, Skeet experts, Annual Skeet Meets: in fact, Skeeting has arrived.

Mrs. Gertrude Hurlbutt got her one hundred dollars as a joint prize given by the National Sportsman and Hunting and Fishing magazines for the best name for this type of target-shooting. She did well to select an ancient word for the name, as Skeet shooting is merely a new, and highly intriguing variation of an old sport. And no one, I take it, has any objection to the Scandinavian origin of the word!

Skeet contributed a standard method of scoring, a variety of shooting positions, and a "natural" shooting method to the old sport of clay-target shooting. Whereas that sport requires the gunner to shoot from a fixed position at a target flying away from him, and allows him to have his gun at his shoulder before the target is released, Skeet creates the natural patterns and necessities of the bird-hunt for the gunner; he shoots at the bird coming and going, from all conceivable angles, and he is not allowed to raise his gun to his shoulder until the clay target has actually been sprung from the trap. As the Skeet fields are standardized, with the shooting-posts in exactly the same position, and distances always the same, it is possible for Skeet-shooters to match their skill by holding tournaments simultaneously on several courts throughout the country, matching their reports at the Boston headquarters by telegraphy.

Although the sport has been spreading rapidly, it is not likely that it will attain the craze-dimensions of miniature golf; nor will it fade as quickly. The Skeet-shooting addict is more akin to a real golf addict; the game is not one of tricks and novelties, to be indulged at every roadside gasoline station or vacant city lot, but a sport that requires skill and practice, and that offers most delight to those who like to stand around and argue about the virtues of various bores, weights, and makes of guns. It is a game likely to teach the "expert" field shot that he is not such a hot shot after all, and its practice is sure to reward any gunner with a higher coördination of mind and muscle.

The game was invented circa 1915 by a trio of shotgun enthusiasts who were wont to assemble at the Glen Rock Kennels of Andover, Mass., for the clay-smashing pastime. Mr. C. E. Davies, owner of the Kennels, and his son Henry, now a Boston attorney, got together with William H. Foster, sportsman and editor of "The National Sportsman," in the creation of this new diversion. For five years they knocked off clay targets from various angles, until the favorite and toughest angles were found. In 1920 Mr. Foster began to write about their game in his magazine; it was then called "Clock Shooting," because the Skeet shooters sort of go around the clock, or half of the clock, in their pursuit of the clay bird. From 1920 to 1926 Skeet shooting was in what might be called the experimental stage, as various other enthusiasts took up the sport and made suggestions for improvements; and now we have the Skeet field, fixed and immutable.

It consists of two trap houses, placed forty yards apart, with trap openings for the targets facing each other. The first house has its target opening ten feet from the ground, to simulate the bird flying from high cover. The second house has an opening three feet from the ground, for the low-sprung bird. The clay disc, or bird, is flung from each house in an arc that carries it over the roof of the opposite house, to fall to the earth some twenty yards beyond. The traps are adjusted to throw the targets so that they reach a height of fifteen feet midway between the two trap houses.

Suppose these houses to be placed at the hours twelve and six of a clock. Each intervening hour is a shooting post, making seven posts, inclusive of the starting and finishing posts. The eighth post is right at the center of the clock face; that is, directly under the flight-arc of the targets.

The trap puller sits behind three o'clock with a lever that leads to controls in both trap houses. Trap boys load the clay discs into the throwing machines. The shooter takes his place at twelve o'clock. When he is ready he gets his gun up to a "ready" or alert position, much as he would have it in the field if he were expecting a bird to jump from the bush at any instant. He says "Pull" or "Mark" to the trap puller, who, within the next three seconds, releases the clay bird. The three-second leeway is to make sure the gunner doesn't shoulder his weapon ahead of time; he must wait until he sees the released target.

Then he raises his gun and shoots at the bird coming out of the trap right next to him at sixty miles an hour. Pointing and shooting must take place in a fraction of a second; the best Skeeters smash their birds before they pass the mid-mark, which is directly over the eighth post.

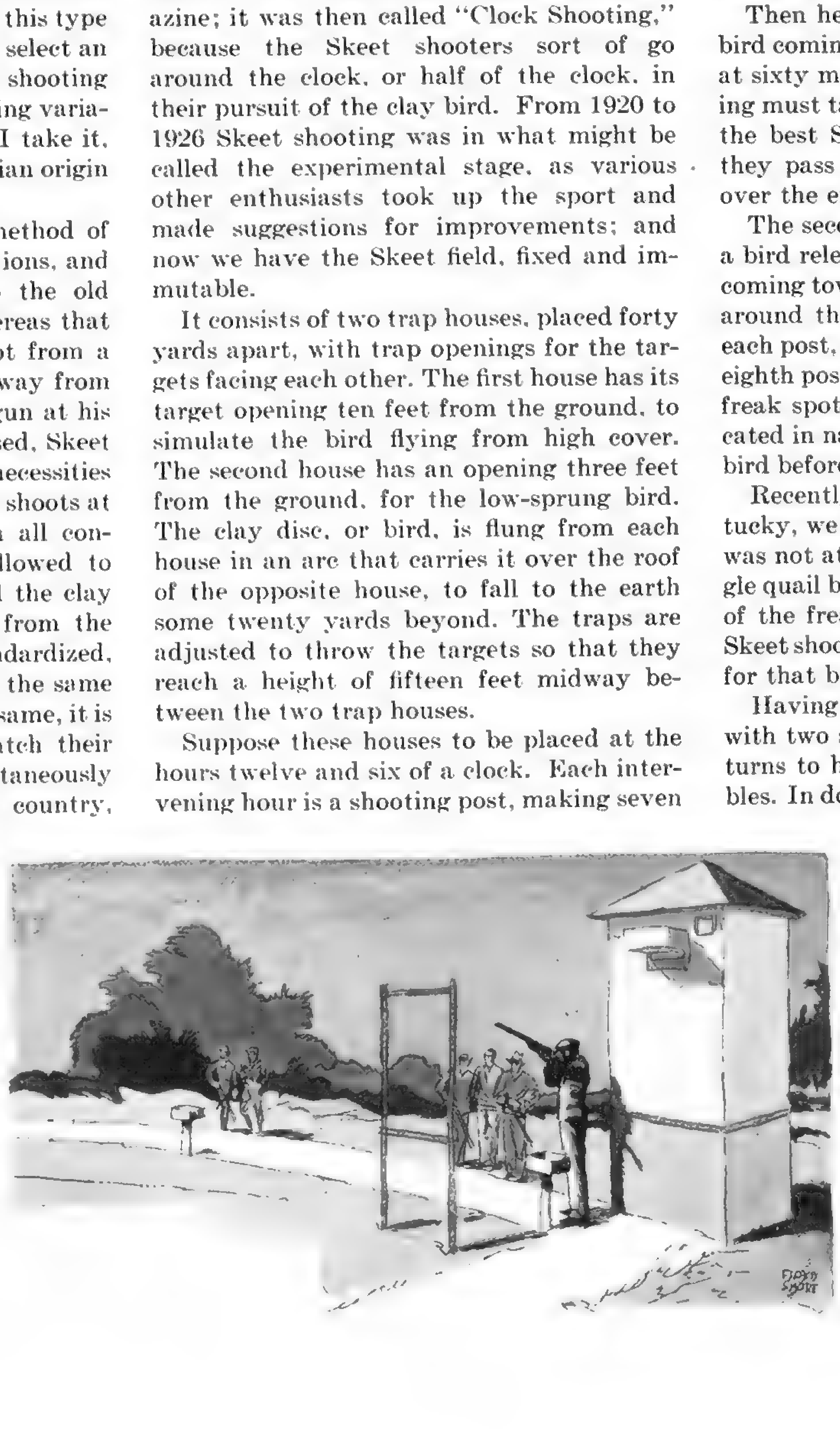
The second shot is from the same post, at a bird released from the opposite tower and coming toward the gunner. Thus he proceeds around the half circle, taking two shots at each post, and then he takes two shots at the eighth post, right under the birds. That's the freak spot, which is said never to be duplicated in nature. It is necessary to shoot the bird before it gets overhead.

Recently while on a quail hunt in Kentucky, we found that the number eight shot was not at all impossible in nature, as a single quail bird came up exactly in the position of the freak target. No one but a veteran Skeet shooter, I think, could have been ready for that bird.

Having gone the rounds of the eight posts, with two shots at each post, the shooter returns to his first position for a pair of doubles. In doubles, the birds are released simultaneously from the two towers. The gunner fires first at the outgoing bird, then at the incoming bird. This, of course, requires fine coördination. The beginner is likely to muff his first shot in his anxiety not to let the second target get away; only with experience does he learn to be cool about the outgoing bird, concentrating on that kill before he swings for the second shot.

Double shots are made from the twelve o'clock, one o'clock, five o'clock and six o'clock posts.

In all, the gunner has ex-



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Will We Always Have Securities?

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Naturally, it is to the immediate interest of the seller to offer the most worthless "security" he can, so long as he can find buyers who will pay as much as they would for good "securities"—because, obviously, the seller can create or obtain poor stocks or bonds much more cheaply than if they had a high degree of merit. One might think a financial house would look beyond immediate return and issue only stocks or bonds that would make for the good reputation of the house. But recent United States Senate investigations have shown that even the biggest banking institutions on earth have not been above considering almost any bond good enough if the public would buy it.

This willingness by important financiers to betray the public explains why we had such absurdities as numerous skyscrapers built in New York and elsewhere at a time when any well-informed person knew no additional office space was needed. Skyscrapers were erected for the *sole purpose of obtaining commissions for underwriting and distributing stocks and bonds against these buildings!*

The same explanation goes for various new stock or bond issues to raise funds for additions to plants already having more capacity than needed. There may have been a time when a bond issue meant that somebody needed money so badly he was willing to give the buyer of those bonds a hold on something of great value. But that was long ago. More recently a bond has become something to sell at a profit—too frequently an instrument with which to defraud the public. We used to speak of a man's word being as good as his bond. Today to compare a man's word with some of the bonds he has sponsored would be an insult. A bond no longer has the connotation of security. When bonds first ceased to mean real value, we had so-called "debenture" or unsecured bonds. Then we began to accept such nonsense as "secured debentures"—that is, *secured insecurities.*

We have had various foreign loans as a means for obtaining pieces of paper—bonds—not likely to be paid (as for example the German bonds floated by J. P. Morgan & Co.), to sell to our own people.

Many of these foreign bonds, it was announced, were to increase foreign trade. In anything except foreign trade, when a man gives away more than he gets back in return, and does this deliberately, over and over again, he is soon supposed to be a little crazy. Imagine anybody saying: "I'm getting rich. I had a cellar full of wine but have given it to men who traded me wheat of only half the value of my wine."

But in foreign trade such procedure would be accepted as decidedly shrewd and successful. This excess of goods sent away over that received is called "favorable balance of trade!" We have actually considered it good sound business practice.

Our financiers, from time to time, have said to foreign nations: "You should buy more goods from us."

The foreigners said: "We can't buy any more goods than we now do, because we haven't enough money."

"Ah, don't worry about that," said our financiers, "we'll gladly lend you the money. We'll even lend you the money to pay the interest."

Sometimes, as in Peru—according to testimony introduced before the Senate investigating committee in Washington—the foreigners felt a little reluctance about running into debt, and it was necessary to resort to bribery of important people before they could be persuaded to borrow money our financial Wise Men wished to lend. (In Peru, they offered the son of the President $500,000 if he would help them induce the government to borrow a substantial sum.)

The financiers who look after such affairs for us do not object to a favorable balance of trade—that is, giving away more goods than we get back—because they receive for the money they lend to buy this excess of goods, pieces of paper called bonds. The fact that these pieces of paper are worthless causes them no concern, because these financiers have no intention of retaining such paper themselves. Instead, they promptly pass them on to the public.

Sometimes, it is necessary to lose no time about getting such worthless paper (bonds) into the hands of the public, before the public discovers the true state of affairs. As we learned in the Senate investigation, one of the big, highly respectable New York banks, on learning that Cuba was about to default on its bonds, connived with their agents in Cuba, as well as with the State Department at Washington, to keep this fact quiet until they could sell to the public still another issue of bonds which today are worth practically nothing.

Having arranged foreign loans for purposes of encouraging "business," and bringing about a favorable balance of trade, our wise financiers proceed to ship abroad various goods we at home might have liked to use ourselves. Then they say to consumers at home:

"Having sent abroad goods you yourselves wanted, naturally, we cannot give them to *you.* But making these goods to ship abroad will temporarily increase profits of certain corporations in which we are interested and we are willing to sell you stock in those corporations at inflated prices. You may think this is all we are going to do to you; but we are also going to ask you to draw on your savings to pay for all these goods we took away from you to ship abroad. *You* must pay us for these worthless bonds we accepted in exchange for the goods we refused to give to you."

As Thomas W. Lamont, a Morgan partner, once admitted on the witness stand: "Yes, we are merchandisers."

Thus the game went merrily on. Why should we be surprised that when the inevitable crash came, a great mass of gullible people did not have much money with which to tide over the emergency?

The "Securities" business had become a gigantic racket. Our bankers, in control of American business, themselves created the need for the Securities Act to protect the public from all financial operators and advisers. Now these same financiers say the Securities Act will hurt "business." I am inclined to think they are right. It will hurt their kind of business.

As this is written, nobody knows what changes Congress will make to strengthen or weaken the Securities Act. But even if Congress does nothing more than remove a few ambiguities and does not strengthen this act at all, we may have a scarcity of "new issues" bankers have been panting for as a vital necessity to the return of their kind of prosperity. Already I hear even honest people saying they are afraid to issue or advertise new stocks or bonds. So-called customers' men in brokerage offices tell me they hesitate to make even the mildest recommendation of existing stocks lest somebody turn some obscure phrase of the Securities Act upon them.

This may be exactly what Mr. Roosevelt and the more nearly radical of his New Dealers want. Perhaps Mr. Roosevelt could reconcile himself to having *all* financiers so scared of the Securities Act as to put out *no new issues* whatever. That might mark the first faint beginning in the direction of truly drastic changes. We might even live to see an era of *no* "securities"—*no* stocks or bonds.

"What!" somebody will exclaim. "No stocks or bonds! What would become of all the people in the 'securities' business, and how would new business enterprises be financed?" The answer is that the same thing would happen to these "securities" dealers that happened to manufacturers of buggy whips, or other obsolete instruments, and new business ventures might be financed in America as is being done in Italy, where manufacturers and bankers now recognize that the time is not far off when *all* industrial activities will be financed by the government. Mr. Mussolini is already having his government put out stocks in industrial enterprises with a government guarantee of 4 per cent, but no more. (Presumably, some of these are for industries needed for the public good but which for one reason or another do not pay in money returns and must have government aid. Whether the Italian government gives a subsidy and raises money for this subsidy by government obligation—bonds—sold to the public, or through a 4 per cent stock in a particular industry with a government guarantee, the result is much the same.)

As this is written, there is much talk about broadening the scope of the National Recovery Act to permit more direct loans to industry. If this were done, we may assume the aim would not be to make a practice of lending money to any industry that asked for it, but only to those industries whose capacity is inadequate to supply goods now in demand, or which are in need of improved machinery to produce such goods at lower cost. Heretofore, any industrial corporation manufacturing shoes, automobiles, or what not, has been permitted to issue stocks or bonds for the purpose of growing bigger. Even if there were already too many factories, or excessive capacity for making that same product, directors of any corporation were free to expand if they could succeed in making the public invest. With no central or scientific plan for determining what industries needed more capacity, or more bond issues, new bonded debts for industrial concerns have depended on the

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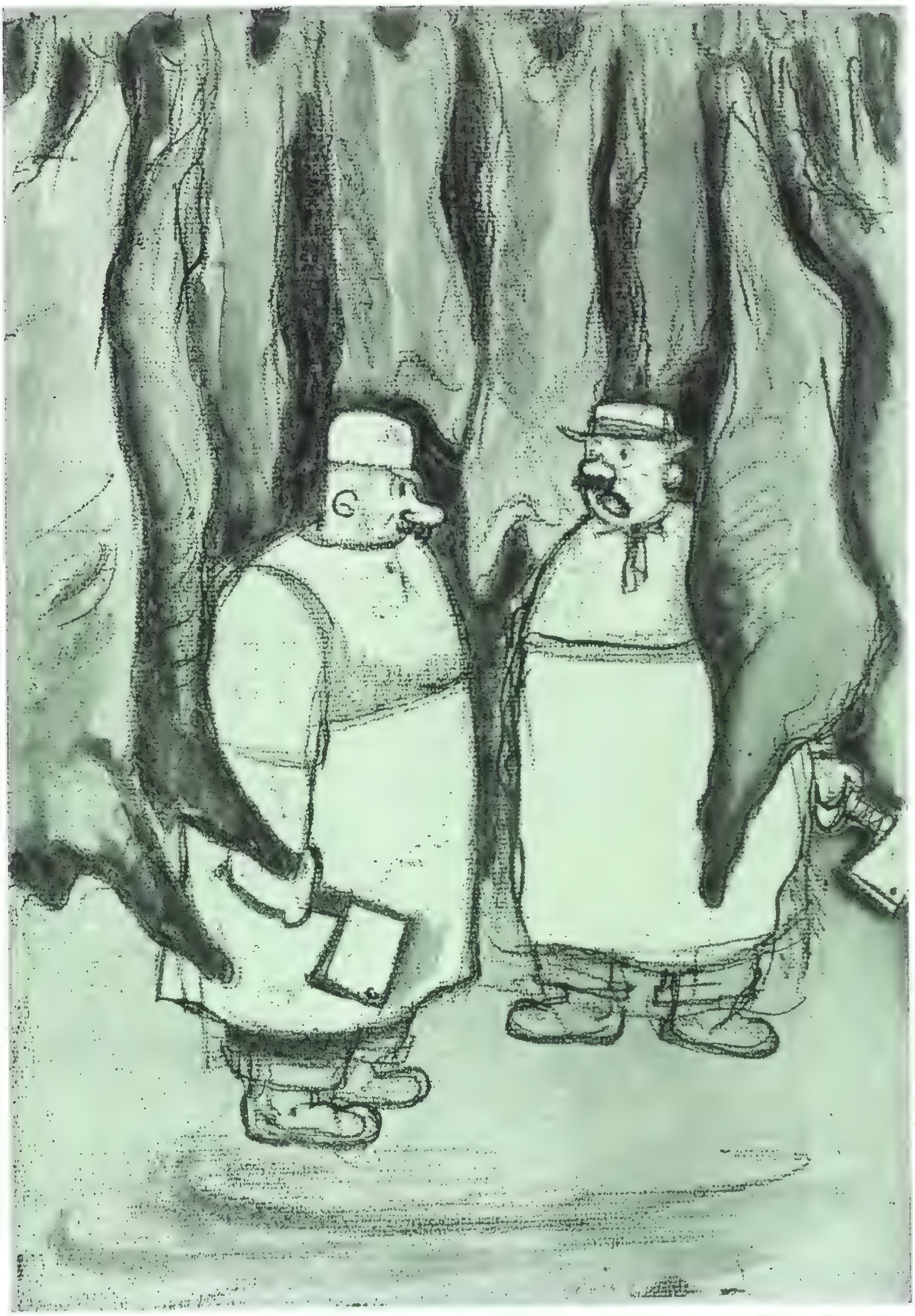

"I don't know where we are—we'll have to chop our way out"

The Red Hat

Continued from page 49

alluringly. His wife looked full of amazement at all these things, which were absolutely not her style. Her quiet, retiring ways and her tiny childish figure demanded very bourgeois underclothes and dresses, clothing which emphasized her chaste nature, and gave her an air of simplicity. But his wife's virtue had now lost all interest for him. She did not please him or attract him.

Only fear for his career now held him back from putting his sinful thoughts and wishes into practice, not the commands of his inner purity. His imagination was filled with the most obscene images. Now he began to see that the actions of men do not depend only upon their will, but upon a secret, invisible power, to which we are all subjected. Now he, too, was under its influence, it had mastered him, and if he did not put his thoughts into action, this was not because of his inner strength, but because of his weakness, his fear for his career.

He began to fear this invisible power which had mastered him and could compel him, tomorrow or the day after, to do things which would bring him into conflict with the law. He, Adolf Levinson, whose ambition it was to be elected a judge, and to judge other people according to the standards of human justice, he would actually stand before the judge himself.

How could such a thing happen? What had brought such a thing about? Only a short while ago he had a dear young wife, two little children, a clean, comfortable home, a clear conscience, sound moral principles, and a spotless life. What had happened? He had seen a woman with a red hat in the street, and his feeling for purity had immediately vanished. How easily it had now become possible for him to bring a hideous disease into his home, to infect his wife and children, to destroy his career with his own hands, to soil his conscience, and to ruin his entire life.

He fought powerfully against this, as he drew his future in the darkest colors, but through the mists of evening, amongst the thousands of people along Broadway, the red hat exercised an irresistible power of attraction. Adolf Levinson clearly saw the evil, and his will stiffened against it. Nevertheless he was powerfully drawn to the red hat, which beckoned ever and anon, and lured him with the subtle, oh, so subtle breath of vice and disease . . . (*Translated by Ernest Boyd.*)

Row, Damit, Row

Continued from page 94

If in the coaching launch there happens to be a group of relatives and friends they invariably ask me what "twenty-eight" and "thirty-two" mean. If I tell them they are the number of strokes the men are taking per minute they usually retort, "But how do you know? How can you tell?"

So, for the benefit of relatives and friends this technical matter will be explained.

Sixteen strokes per minute is a snail's pace. Twenty-four might be compared to a fast walk; twenty-eight to a fast trot. Thirty-two is a racing cadence. Anything above thirty-two might be called a sprint.

How can you estimate the number of strokes being taken per minute? Well, you tell the same way nurses and doctors determine pulse beats. That is, you count the strokes for a half minute and multiply by two. Or you may count the full minute.

There is a trick to counting strokes! The moment the blades strike the water you do not say, "One!" Rather, the instant the blades hit the surface you set your stopwatch in motion. Not until the blades hit the water the second time do you say, "One!"—not until then has one complete stroke been taken. At each subsequent dipping of the blades increase your count.

Now for the highly important matter of "spacing." I say important because if you can tell good "spacing" from bad "spacing" you can tell a fast crew from a slow one. In other words you can speak the crewman's language, you can rub shoulders with him on even, if not familiar, terms.

"Spacing" is simply another term for the "run" in the shell. It is the distance between the swirl of the No. 2 man's blade on the previous stroke and the point where the stroke man puts his oar in the water on the next stroke. Involved? That's one of the reasons why rowing has professed to be something of a mystery.

But I will make it clear to you. "Spacing" is simply the distance the shell travels when the oars are out of water. Savee! It is simply the distance the boat travels when the oars are out of the water.

Good "spacing" is when, at the completion of one stroke, the boat, at a twenty-four cadence, carries about fourteen feet before the next stroke. A fast eight or crew rowing thirty-two will space about eight feet. My 1933 varsity had good "spacing." Columbia's 1929 ship had fine "spacing."

To get good "spacing" a crew must have a smooth, powerful drive, a smooth, clean, simultaneous release, a fast start on the slides on the recovery, a slowing up toward the center and an easing up before the catch. This gives it continuous speed. It will travel as fast when the oars are out of the water as when they are in. There will be no jerking. The bow will ride high. Notice these things at your next race. If you see them or fail to see them, as the case may be, the boat will be fast or slow and you will know the reason.

I can best make this clear by supposing a bicycle to be placed upside down. With movements of the hand we start spinning the wheel. The interval between strokes figuratively might be called the "spacing" and its action the "run." If the speed of our stroke is not faster than the speed of the wheel a jerky motion will result. It will slow down, then speed up. In our eagerness for more speed our strokes come faster, the exertion becomes greater. Yet the "spacing" is short, there is little or no "run."

Contrarily if the stroke is faster than the speed of the wheel the spinning will be continuous. There will be no resistance when power is applied. The wheel will roll smoothly. The interval between strokes or the spacing may become longer. We can work or row with less effort.

In rowing then the power of the blade must be delivered sharply and at a slightly greater rate of speed than the progress of the shell. That is the trick I teach my men. It's the idea behind the idea of the Conibear system of rowing. It is the theory Leader uses at Yale, the theory Callow uses at Pennsylvania, the theory Ebright so successfully teaches at California.

How is this trick taught to college men? I had best not go into that or you will know more about coaching than I do.

Will We Always Have Securities?

Continued from page 98

whim, caprice, optimism, or greed of selfish interests—which furnishes another reason why so many investors have lost their savings. In other words, our industries may have grown too big and too complicated to have their financing any longer entrusted to the greed or even to honest, well-intentioned opinion of those directing one little part of the industrial whole. Whether we like it or not, we are close to the time when a central agency of the government must determine whether financing for a new industry or an expanding industry is necessary. At any rate, a number of steps already taken indicate that such a plan may be much nearer than many conservative people think. The code for the textile industries provides that representatives of the National Recovery Act must approve any new installations.

If all new financing should be handled by the government it is hardly conceivable, in our present state of social education, that there would not at first be many abuses. Politicians would doubtless mess in and spoil the plan by trying to get loans for unnecessary or obsolete enterprises in one locality or another as a means for obtaining votes. We are still thinking in terms of individual greed. We have not yet reached that border or selvage of Utopia where everybody is thinking: "What can I contribute?" Too many of us, due to years and years of rugged individualism, are still saying: "How can I get hold of a slick lawyer who will show me how to beat this new scheme? What clever trick can I work to get more out of it for *me?*" It has not yet dawned on us that everybody might be better off, with freedom from devastating depressions, if we had a plan devised to provide the greatest possible amount of goods and services for everybody. In other words, we have our choice of operating our affairs on a hit-or-miss basis, directed by individual greed, or of conducting them according to what engineers call a balanced load.

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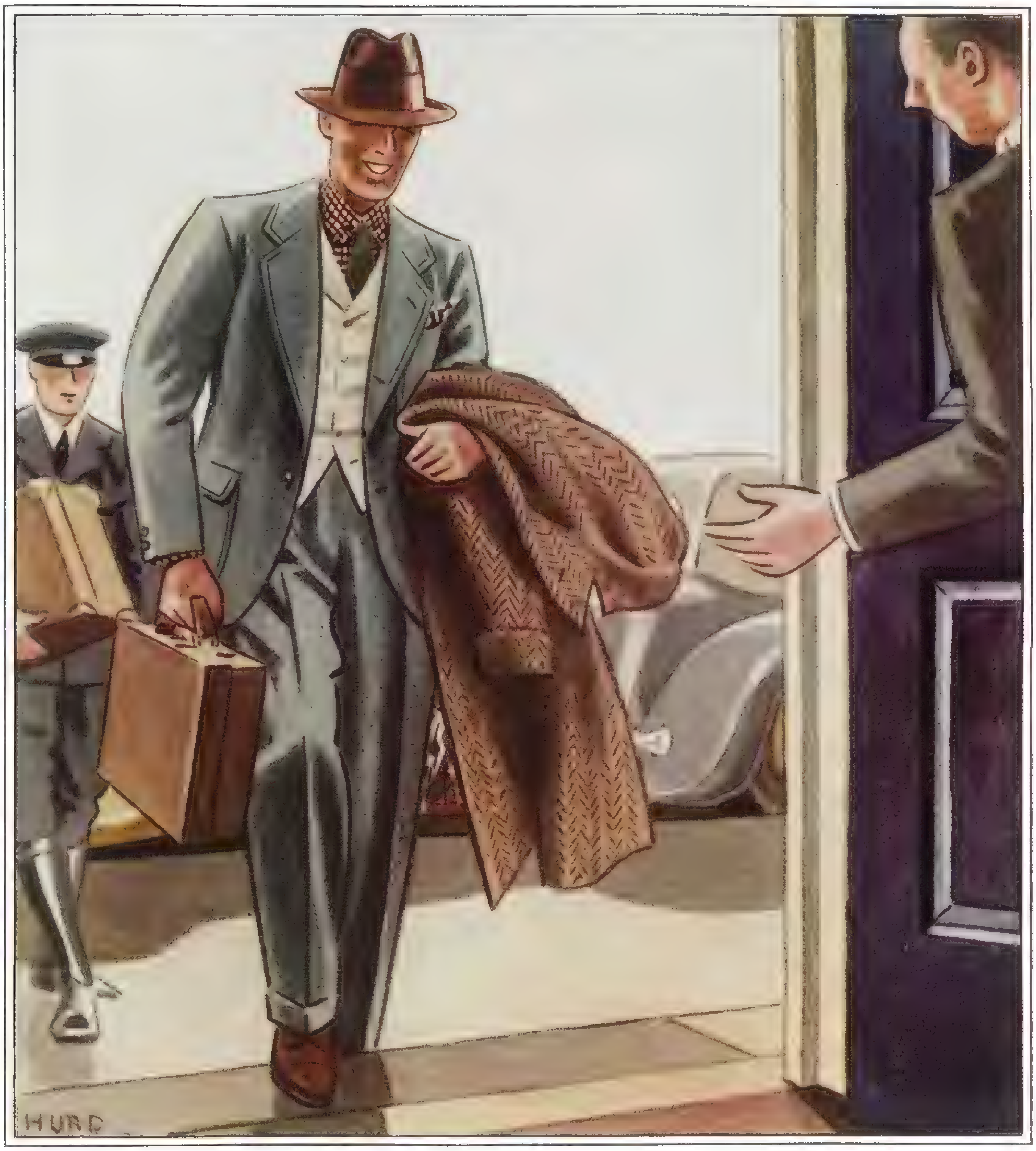
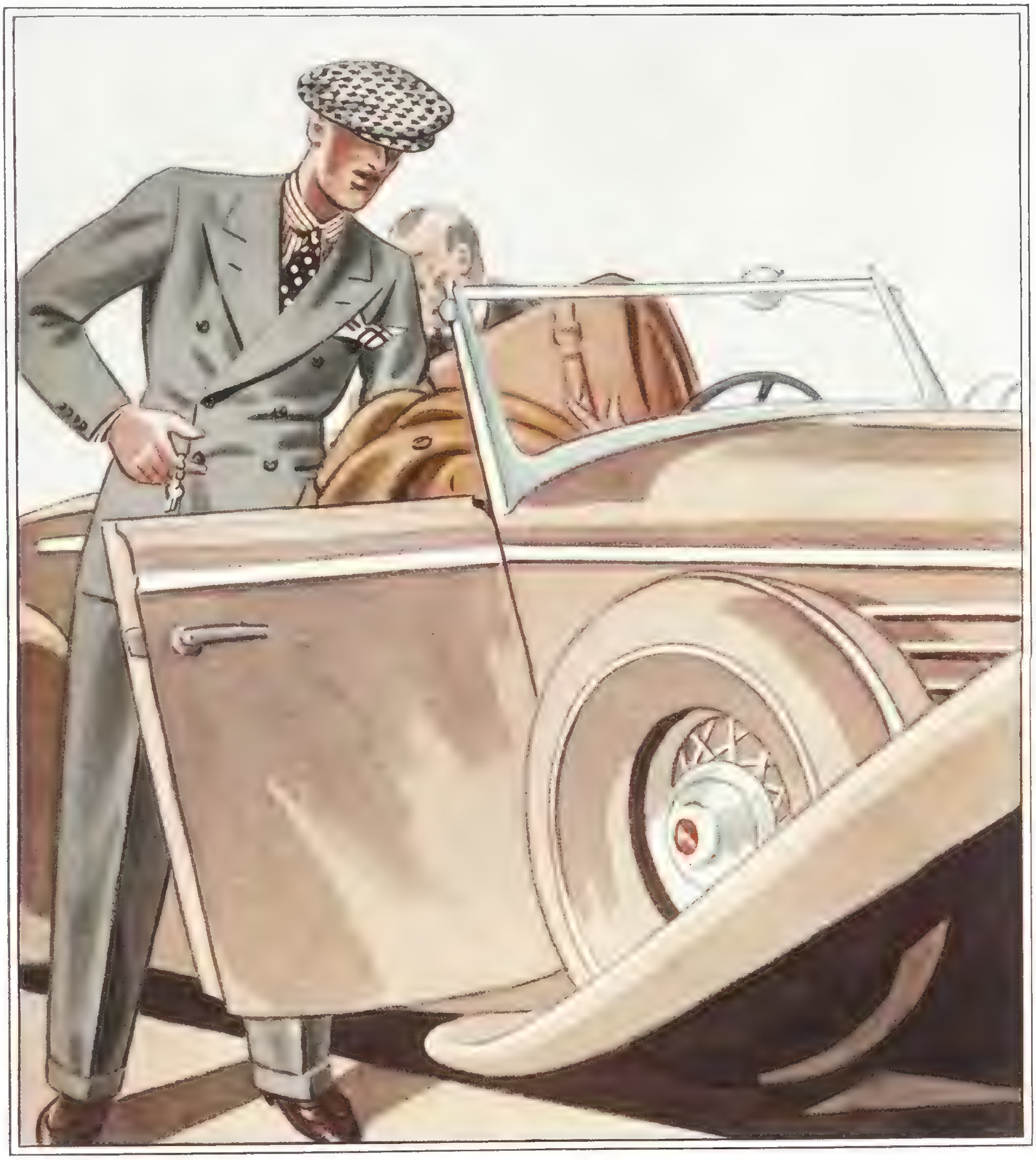


CLOTHES FOR A WEEK-END IN THE COUNTRY

These are the kind of country clothes in which you can come back to town without feeling that you ought to take to the dark alleys. The suit is a three-button notch lapel model of lovat tweed, with a soft roll to the front of the jacket, giving a natural set at the second button. Note the large patch pockets and the heavy stitching on both pockets and lapels. The patch pockets mark the suit as being definitely for country wear, and make the jacket suitable for wear with odd colored slacks. For that matter, the trousers of this suit will serve equally well as slacks for wear with odd tweed jackets. The waistcoat, in this instance, is of cream color flannel doeskin—correct for riding and very effective, in this combination, for general country wear. The bold checked flannel shirt is a prime favorite of the moment with well dressed sportsmen and, to avoid an overdose of pattern, calls for a solid color tie like that of bottle green which is shown in the sketch. The brown snap brim hat is preferable, because of the somewhat dressed up character of the outfit as a whole, to the telescope type of hat which is now considered smart for general knockabout country usage. The blucher front shoes are of brown buckskin, with leather soles and heels. The topcoat could be of either tweed or shetland, with the latter having the edge for looks and a fine luxuriant feel, while the former is better from the standpoint of long run serviceability. In case a tattersall vest were substituted for the plain one shown here, a solid color flannel shirt should be worn. This would also be true in case tattersall slacks were the odd trouser choice with this jacket. Substitution of an odd jacket, if loud in pattern, would call for a solid color shirt.



THE CHECKERED CAP IS AS GOOD AS THE COMPANY IT KEEPS

Devotees of the checkered cap have been rankling over a crack we made about it some months back, in the course of one of our learned disquisitions on the whats and hows of evening clothes. The checkered cap, like limburger cheese, has a very definite but restricted place in the lives of men. For golf and for motoring, it is perfectly suitable, with certain reservations as to its cut and pattern. As to the former, it should be one-piece, and as for the latter, the hounds' tooth pattern, as shown here, is preferable to the monotonous regularity of the simple square check. As for the rest of the outfit shown on this page, there are certain fairly obvious qualifications that recommend it for knockabout usage, such as long motor trips. The double breasted suit obviates the necessity of a waistcoat, which is no little boon when you must sit in the driver's seat for hours at a time. This suit would show to best advantage when made up in grey flannel, but if the thought of wrinkles bothers you too much, an unfinished worsted would give virtually the same effect. The shirt is a collar-attached model, with rounded front in place of the usual collar points, and is highly recommended in the even brown and white stripings shown here. The tie is a maroon foulard with white spots, and a connecting link between the brown of the shirt and the maroon of the tie is afforded by the colored border of the white handkerchief. Brown wing tip shoes go well with this outfit, either in calf as suggested by the sketch, or in buckskin which would be equally appropriate. The tan camel hair topcoat is a logical, because eminently practical, concomitant.

Will We Always Have Securities?

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If the new Securities Act, in its final form, proves effective in discouraging many more stocks or bonds, what will happen to those already in existence? This depends, of course, on so many uncertainties no answer is of much value. My guess is that there may be temporarily a considerable advance in prices of stocks. Due to uncertainty about future value of dollars, those who still have money are likely to buy stocks—especially if (due to greater buying power of thousands of families from their doles, in form of public works programs), many lines of business continue to show improvement. If new legislation should come, limiting profits, as a means of raising money to carry on reemployment—in other words, if there is a great redistribution of wealth at the expense of owners of wealthy corporations—then maximum dividends of, say, 4 per cent on the investment are conceivable. In that event, investors may grow less excited than heretofore about anticipating future value of stocks, and stock prices might recede.

Mr. Eastman, federal co-ordinator of railroads, has recommended that all railroads finally be nationalized. This, presumably, would mark the end of railroad stocks and bonds—(though he evidently has it in mind for the government to pay off present owners of these claims, rather than wipe out such values by law, as was done to holders of stocks or bonds in brewing and distillery companies when we passed the Eighteenth Amendment). Likewise, the government has already advanced so much money to banks that a nationalization of banks is becoming conceivable—particularly as there is talk of opening up postal savings banks for checking accounts. With no more bank or railroad stocks, we would have made a big step toward nationalizing other big enterprises.

Even without any more nationalizing of industries, if taxes on unearned wealth should continue to go higher, there may be less and less advantage in being an owner of either stocks or bonds. Indeed, it may grow increasingly difficult for corporations to pay interest on bonds, even on those that were heretofore a first claim on earnings. Possibly we can begin to glimpse the time when a first claim on improved earnings will be higher wages, for the purpose of maintaining high purchasing power by the masses of people—a kind of social insurance against more depressions.

If legislation should prohibit all marginal stock trading, and all bank loans for buying stocks, and if at the same time all so-called pool operations in stocks are prevented, then wild speculative movements in stocks might end. It is becoming a little easier to imagine a world where people live and have their being without any stock exchanges at all! We have already seen enough changes to know that almost anything may happen.

It has been estimated, I believe, that there are some fifteen million bondholders in the United States. Most of these are doubtless small holders whose income from bonds does not make much difference in their mode of life. They have to work just about as hard as if they had no bonds. Those who live solely from interest on bonds—that is, those who live off of other people's debts—are probably surprisingly small in number, though they loom large in value of their bonds. If the great majority of people should prefer to do so, they could restrict the privilege of this relatively few being a special charge. All they need is the desire and an active leader.

The Securities Act, regardless of what form it takes this year, is at any rate a step toward limiting new issues of special claims against the national income. It is a step which suggests the possibility of a time, when all stocks and bonds are relics of the past—when people gain security for old age by other means, such as old age pensions and government annuities. But how far off that day may be, who can tell? All we know is that, whether we like it or not, we are moving in the direction of greater cooperation, and more government control over all industrial enterprises. We may have seen the beginning of the end of certain forms of wealth that once seemed logical and enduring.

From Clock Shooting to Skeet

Continued from page 97

pended twenty-four shots: sixteen in singles, and eight in doubles. He now takes a last fling, from any position he chooses, providing he names it before shooting. The optional shot is usually taken from the seventh post, though many sportsmen will select the post that is hardest for them, until they have mastered it.

Thus, twenty-five shots comprise a round. Anyone who breaks all the birds on a round is credited with a "straight," dubbed a twenty-five, and given a special button to wear. While the twenty-fivers are not quite as rare as hole-in-one-ers, their number, in 1932, was less than 800 in the entire country. Average scores are around fifteen. If you run around twenty, you're an expert skeeter.

The record for consecutive breaks with a 12 gauge shotgun is held by Oliver Mitchell of Waltham, Mass., who killed 223 clay birds before missing. He was gone one better by L. D. Bolton, of Detroit, Mich., who knocked off 224 targets with a 20 gauge gun. Almost every type of shotgun is used; the smaller the bore, the sportier the game. Skeet shooters swear by the 12, the 16, the 20, 28, or even the .410 gauge; the record with the long .410 is held by H. C. Hathaway, of Dighton, Mass., who made 134 consecutive breaks. George Knowles, of Attleboro, Mass., made a 57 break record with the short .410.

Because of the comparatively short distance of the Skeet-shot, the full choke gun is not advantageous in this sport, as a wider pattern-spread is desirable. It stands to reason that a 12 gauge gun shooting 1 ⅛ oz. shot will give a better pattern spread than a 20 gauge gun having ⅞ oz. shot. The .410 gauge gun, with ¾ oz. shot, will give a still smaller spread than the 20 gauge gun. The .410 and the 28 gauges, then, require much closer pointing than the 12, 16, or 20's. The long and short classes in the .410 also offer considerable variety in results. The long .410 shoots the 3-inch shell, which contains ¾ oz. of shot, and the short class only carries ⅜ oz. of shot. A shooter who can break the birds with the smaller gun certainly is entitled to some extra salvos of applause.

All the ammunition and firearm manufacturers have been quick to realize the importance of Skeet-shooting, and are building special guns and shells for the sport. Experts on ballistics vie with each other in compiling specifications for the ideal Skeet-shooting gun, but it seems to be the gun that suits the gunner best.

Skeet-shooters are not always practicing for real bird-shooting. Many of them like the sport for itself, and never go out into the field. One can shoot the clay all year around, while bird-shooting hereabouts is limited to forty days in the year. Skeeting is attractive because it is informal, and conversational. Shooting is usually done in squads of five, all members of the squad taking turns at each post before moving on to the next; kidding is not at all forbidden, though it is an unwritten rule to go easy on beginners. It is more leisurely and less costly than ordinary target shooting; in the old form of straight shooting one may kill from 150 to 200 clay birds in an afternoon; the Skeeter will break from 50 to 75 targets. The average cost of such a session will be under three dollars.

The best way to learn the Skeet-shoot is not to go right out and shoot. As in most other sports, some preliminary study and practice will do a great deal more good than a pell-mell rush at the field of activity. Put a shotgun into the hand of a novice and he will probably take up a very awkward position, then follow the bird as it comes out of the tower until it is too late to shoot. When he does shoot, he will be considerably surprised at the kick of the gun. "She" will be even more surprised, and may decide to give up Skeeting then and there.

A little preliminary explanation, some handling of the gun before a mirror, is of great help. The average person thinks of the shotgun as producing a spray as wide as a barn door; the reality, of course, is much closer to a handkerchief. Once the novice has got this in mind, he will have some notion as to the pointing of the gun. Then he must learn to lead, rather than follow, the bird. To swing up and shoot instantaneously; and when it comes to shooting doubles—

Just go out and try it.

A Case of Jamaica

Continued from page 66

"I don't want to ask any favours, Captain," said the Reverend.

"Go ahead and take the wheel. I'll watch you till you catch on," said the skipper.

There's not much to steering a ship in fine weather, and pretty soon the skipper left the Reverend to himself, when, after two hours, he was relieved, he hurried to the skipper, "That was wonderful, Captain. I'm learning something every day," said he.

"There's a lot of days between here and Chile, mister," said the skipper. From then on the Reverend took his regular trick at the wheel, as well as helping round the decks every day. One day the skipper said to him, "I can't pay you any wages, mister. But it looks like you ought to be getting something out of all you're doing."

"Oh, I don't want any pay, Captain. It's being a real education to me," said the Reverend.

"Go right on and get all the education you want, mister," said the skipper.

In the evenings the Reverend played checkers, chess, and cribbage, with the sailors. He didn't join in their gambling games, though he never said anything against them. The sailors thought a whole heap of him, and one evening an old shellback said, "See here, mister! Wot you says goes with us. Say the word, and we quits gambling."

"Just be yourselves, men. Don't mind me at all," said the Reverend. And of course the shellbacks thought more of him than ever.

Well, at last, one morning when the ship is getting down to the southward, the Reverend comes on deck as the sailors are hoisting a heavy sail. And at just the moment that he appears the chanteyman starts a chantey, so they can all pull together:

"*Whiskey is the life of man,*
Whiskey for Johnnie,
I'll drink whiskey while I can,
And a whiskey for my Johnnie."

The Reverend stopped in his tracks. With his eyes popping out of his head, he stared at the sailors.

"More beef here, mister! Grab hold of that rope and lend a hand!" called the mate. And then he exclaimed, "Jumping porpoises! What's up now?" For the Reverend was striding toward the poop whereon stood the skipper.

"Captain, do you allow songs about the demon rum in your ship?" asked the Reverend in solemn tones.

"Oh, hell," said the skipper, temporarily forgetting himself; and then he added, "Mister, that ain't rum they're singing about. That's only whiskey. It ain't in the same class at all. Rum's real sailor drink." The Reverend stared at him from a blank face. "Cheer up, mister," continued the skipper, "you ain't expected to get educated all in one jump. If you ain't feeling well this morning, why not take a day off?"

And the Reverend did take the day off. He moped round all day, looking solemn as an owl. And though he went back to work next morning he acted as though the bottom had dropped out of everything. He worked for four or five days without putting any heart into things. But after that, because no one mentioned the demon rum any more, though all hands were grinning up their sleeves of course, be began to liven up again; and things went along pretty much as they had been. The ship was well down south now, and the weather was getting windier all the time; so that there was a good deal of furling and of setting sail to be done. You can't set a sail without a chantey of course, and one day the Reverend came on deck just as the crew were walking a topgallant sail to its masthead. They were stamping along the deck, all singing at the tops of their voices:

John Brown's wife drinks whiskey in her tea,
John Brown's wife drinks whiskey in her tea,
John Brown's wife drinks whiskey in her tea,
As we go rolling along!"

The Reverend gave one long look, turned, and hurried to his cabin. No one saw him till supper. He didn't say a word during the meal. Nor did the skipper or mate. After supper he went back to his cabin, and there he stayed for three days; only showing up at meals; every one of which passed in silence, with the skipper and mate exchanging winks now and then.

After four days the ship ran into a hard blow and all hands were called out to get sail off her in a hurry. Hearing the racket, the Reverend came up to the poop. There he stood, looking on; and you could tell by the look in his eyes that he was all eaten up to be lending a hand, but couldn't bring himself to associate with the sailors. The sprays were flying over the deck. The sea was roaring. The ship heeling far over, was plunging like a race horse. The mates were bawling to the sailors, and everyone was on the run. And then, all of a sudden along came a howling black squall that sent her reeling so far over that it seemed as though she must capsize.

"Lively there! Hop along! Let's see some sailoring now!" bawled the skipper, standing close to the Reverend. And at that the Reverend couldn't resist any longer. Down the poop ladder he went, in two jumps, and grabbed the rope.

"Bully boy!" yelled the mate, and an old shellback slapped him on the back.

By breakfast time the Reverend was soaked to the hide by the big seas that came sweeping in over the bulwarks. The skipper didn't stay at the table two minutes. And, without waiting to change into dry clothes, the Reverend gulped down a few bites and ran back to the deck. But the skipper grabbed his arm. "Hold on, mister! You'd best go get into some dry duds," said he.

"I don't want to miss anything, Captain," said the Reverend.

"Obey orders, mister! I don't want you sick on my hands," said the skipper; and looking a bit crestfallen the Reverend hurried to his cabin. He was back in a jiff, in dry duds, and oilskins; and he worked with the sailors all day, only staying a few minutes at the dinner table. By nightfall it had started to snow, and was cold as old misery. The ship was snugged down now, and the Reverend stood in the chart room door looking out at the black yelling weather. You could see how fagged out he was. But his eyes were shining with excitement. "Don't you want to roll into your bunk and get a good sleep, mister?" asked the skipper. Not he. He wanted to stay up and see whatever happened.

Pretty soon the skipper sang out to the mate, "Send all the men to the chart room, mister!" And then he called down to the steward in the pantry below some words that, owing to the noise of the wind and sea, the Reverend didn't hear.

Just as the sailors gathered about the chart room door, the steward came up from below and handed the skipper a tin pannikin and a big tin filled with good Jamaica rum. One by one, while the mate stood by to see that nobody tried to get into line twice, the skipper handed the sailors a tot of Jamaica. One by one, while the Reverend looked solemnly on, the weary sailors swigged down their rum. You could see the life come back into their tired faces.

"What about it, mister?" asked the skipper when all the sailors were served, "How about a tot to warm your blood, eh?"

The Reverend, who must have been a lot tireder than anyone, solemnly shook his head. "Suit yourself, mister," said the skipper, and swigged down the last of the rum. And then, next moment, along came a harder squall than any that had yet been. Big snow flakes whirled thick past the chart room door. The wind hooted. The sea roared louder than ever. The air was full of snow, and spume, and spray, that froze as they struck the rigging, masts, and sails. The ship was heeling so far over that it looked as though she'd never be able to right herself.

"Furl the foresail!" bellowed the skipper. And with a rush the sailors dashed forward after the mate, into the darkness of the deck. The Reverend jumped from the chart room, but the skipper grabbed his arm and held him back. "Where ye going?" shouted the skipper, above the rage of the wind and sea.

"I'm going to help with the foresail, Captain," shouted the Reverend.

"Not on your life. The main deck's no place for you tonight," shouted the skipper.

By the light of the chart room lamp, the Reverend looked appealingly into the skipper's face. But the skipper shook his head. And then the Reverend shouted, "If you'd let me take the wheel, the man at the wheel could go and help with the foresail."

"By gravy, that's a fact," thought the skipper. And he shouted, "Suit yourself, mister!" So the Reverend went to the wheel and took it over from the helmsman.

It took the crew an hour to get the big storm foresail furled. Ropes, rigging and sails, were sheathed with ice. By when the foresail was fast the order came to furl the three upper topsails.

When a crew is busy with the sails, the man at the wheel stays where he is till the job is done. Only the skipper and the sailor whom he has relieved knew that the Reverend was at the wheel, and in the fury of the gale they forgot all about him. And when at last the topsails were furled he'd been at the wheel three solid hours. And then once more the skipper told the mate to send all the crew to the chart room. They were done in with tiredness, but, thanks to the heavy work they'd been at, were not so horribly cold. They could still joke a bit.

"I'd have give in two hours ago if I hadn't

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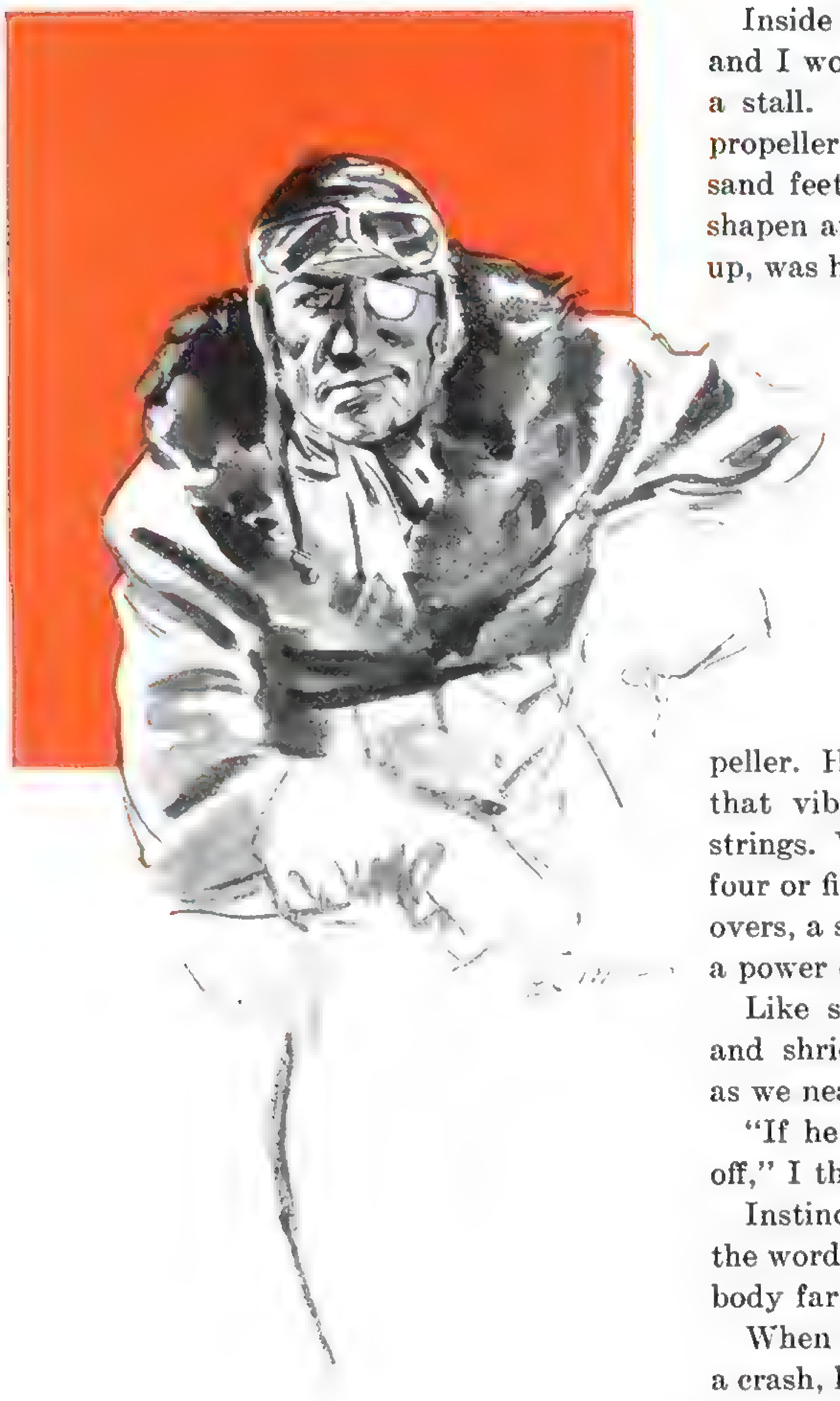
I Died Last Year

Thrill story featuring a flyer who crashed and died and went on about his business afterward

by MICHAEL FESSIER



AT THE municipal airport he was known as a suicide flyer and that's why I asked him to take me up one day.

"I want some stunts," I said. "All you can do."

He had been in a bad crack-up and his face was a spiderweb of scars. He looked at me with one good eye which was almost as expressionless as the patch he wore over the other.

"O. K.," he said. "Do you scare easily?"

"I scare," I admitted.

He flipped me a helmet and some goggles and I put them on. He warmed up the motor and climbed into the rear cockpit of his plane. It was a Laird biplane with a motor that made a nasty, snarling noise. I climbed in and fastened the safety belt. He opened the throttle and we leaped forward. The tail lifted and he pulled back hard on the stick. The plane lifted into the air and climbed on a steep slant.

Inside my breast there was a quick catch and I wondered how he was going to avoid a stall. He was hanging the plane on its propeller. He leveled off at about two thousand feet. I looked back. His figure, misshapen and almost dwarfed from his crack-up, was hunched in the cockpit. He nodded and his teeth showed in what was more of a leer than a smile. I nodded and my hands gripped the bucket seat beneath my legs.

The motor snarled wide open and the nose went steeply up. Then he threw us into a tailspin. We went down and down with the wings swinging crazily about the axis of the propeller. He pulled us out with an abruptness that vibrated the brace wires like piano strings. We gained altitude and he looped four or five times. He did a couple of wingovers, a series of barrel rolls, then went into a power dive.

Like some living fury the plane roared and shrieked and the brace wires keened as we neared the earth.

"If he pulls up now he'll tear the wings off," I thought.

Instinctively I yelled. The wind whipped the words past my ears and it seemed somebody far behind me was crying out in fear.

When it appeared nothing could prevent a crash, he banked the plane so that a wingtip almost touched the ground. He made a half circle and zoomed upward. Then he started stunting not more than one hundred feet up. Time and again a wingtip seemed to flick the dust of the landing field. I closed my eyes and clung to the bucket seat. The snarl of the motor was snapped back at me like a whiplash and I cringed as much from the noise as the fear of a crash.

Finally it was over. The plane was on the landing field, its motor idling. The silence came as a roaring in my ears. I climbed from the cockpit and removed my helmet and goggles. My legs shook and I leaned against the plane for support.

He stood in front of me, regarding me without expression.

"O. K.?" he asked.

I tried to light a cigarette and my hand shook so much the match went out. He held a lighted match for me

"O. K.," I said.

He turned to walk away.

"That calls for a drink, doesn't it?" I asked.

He shrugged.

"Alright," he said.

We sat at the table with a bottle of sherry between us. I noticed that three fingers were gone from the hand that held his glass. He twirled it between his thumb and forefinger but made no motion toward drinking.

"Afraid up there?" he asked abruptly.

"Plenty," I said. "But I liked it."

"Why?" he asked.

"Because fear is a tonic for me," I said. "When I get fagged out and my brain won't work and something happens to scare the living hell out of me, I feel better and my brain feels as if a cold wind had blown over it. Fear is a stimulant I take when everything else fails. It's better than a cold shower."

He nodded slowly.

"I know," he said. "I used to feel the same way—"

He tasted the sherry, then put the glass on the table and toyed with it. He was hunched over the table, looking up at me.

"—before I was killed," he said.

I held my glass to my lips and some of the liquor sloshed out.

"What?" I asked.

"Before I was killed," he said.

He rubbed his right eye and the bright patch stared at me.

"Before you were killed?" I repeated.

He nodded.

"Yes," he said. "Before I was killed. That's one thrill you haven't had yet."

I tried to think of something to say.

"I was killed a year ago," he said.

I gulped the sherry.

"But, look here," I said, "you're alive, you know; you're talking to me."

"I know," he said. "But I died a year ago. I didn't quit breathing and what's left of my internal organs still function but just the same I died."

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A Case of Jamaica

Continued from page 104

been looking forward to a tot of grog," said one. And another said, "Me, too. It's good Jamaica as saves good men and good ships in this sort o' weather." And one by one they swigged down their rum.

When he'd served the last of his sailors the skipper cried, all of a sudden, "Shaking topsails! Blast my deadlights!" For now, at last, he'd remembered the Reverend at the wheel, out in the whirling snow, the spray, and the icy screaming gale. "Jump along and relieve that fellow at the wheel, one of you!" he ordered, and he added, "My God, he must be just about frozen stiff!"

The Reverend tottered into the chart room and slumped down on the settee. His face was chalk white. He was shivering like a jelly. There was snow frozen thick on his oilskins. "Here, mister! Take a good long swig now," said the skipper and held the pannikin to his lips.

And shiver my main skysail if the Reverend didn't actually push the pannikin away! Skipper, mates, and sailors, stared at him incredulously. "By Gawd, he's crazy as Mother Carey's pet goat!" muttered an old shellback. And yet they couldn't help but half like the Reverend. It takes guts to make a man stick by his convictions in that fashion, and they knew it. "Suit yourself, mister," said the skipper, and swigged down the last of the rum. And then, while the mate and sailors went off, he helped the Reverend down to his cabin and saw him into his bunk. "There ain't any educating him. He's past help," he muttered.

In the early hours of the morning the wind eased, and the men piled sail on the ship again. Away she went, running like a deer, with a fair wind after her. The fair wind drove her past the Horn and sent her racing up into the Pacific. The Reverend didn't show up at breakfast or dinner. It wasn't till the skipper himself took him some supper that he opened his eyes. "You're all done in, mister. You're going to stay right where you are for two or three days. Too bad we left you at the wheel all that time," said the skipper. And he added, "We'll be in port by when you're round again, if the wind holds."

"It's been a wonderful experience to me, Captain. A real education," murmured the Reverend, and, after taking a few bites, dozed wearily off again.

"Hell," murmured the skipper, "There ain't no educating such queer fish. He's past all hope."

When the Reverend came on deck at last, three days later, the land was in sight. You'd hardly have known him for the man who'd come aboard two months ago. He was dressed, ready to go ashore. The black suit that had been so baggy on him two months ago fitted him snug all over now. He had to jam down his black hat to make it stay on his head. And because he couldn't button it, he'd ditched his white collar. He looked about as much like a human being as a man in a black suit can ever hope to look. He went from sailor to sailor, shaking them all by the hand and bidding them goodbye. "Thank you, men," said he, "It's been a great education to me." Last he shook hands with the mate and skipper. And, being excited because they were come to port, no one at all noticed the twinkle in the corner of his eye. Soon he was gone over the gangway, and that was the end of him. Or so everyone supposed. Not that anyone really cared anything about him.

"A blasted queer fish. Too queer for my understanding," said the skipper to the mate, and the mate nodded his head and spat his quid into the dock.

"A dick like wot he was ain't rightly human," said one shellback to another.

"A man wot'd think it wrong for a poor sailor to have his tot o' rum," said another, "Education my bloody eye!"

"It ain't no use trying to teach such as him nothing," said another.

And then an old shellback said, "Who's this coming aboard?" For coming over the gangway was a Chileno, carrying a big case on his shoulder. He sat it down at the cabin door and handed the skipper a letter. The skipper read the letter, with his eyes popping out of his head. Then he called to the mate. "Send all the men here, mister, and fetch along a claw hammer."

"Boys," said the skipper, when all hands were gathered at the cabin door, "Here's a letter from that passenger fellow. I'm going to read it to you." And this is what he read:

"Dear Captain, I'm sending you a case of Jamaica rum. I hope that some cold night at sea you'll think of me. There's a bottle for every man on the ship."

Well, you'd ought to have heard the cheer that that crew of hard cases roused up for the Reverend then. Shiver my topsails if you didn't!

The Idiot

Continued from page 74

"Try whatever you wish, General."

Within a few moments, a carriage rolled into the yard of Headquarters. The King and the general had gone back into the room where the idiot was confined. The poor creature had been given a pot of beer, which he sipped with relish.

"Your Majesty," the general resumed, "we shall break this man's resistance. At the Court of France, at Versailles, he has a great reputation as a ladies' man. There is a lady in Halberstadt who was at Versailles, as maid of honor to Queen Lecsynska, and who knows everyone there. I sent for her, and if it pleases Your Majesty, we shall bring her now."

"Let her be brought."

Two ushers opened the wide doors, and the "decoy" entered, a gentle, distinguished lady.

"Madam," the King asked, "do you know this Frenchman?"

The German woman looked, shuddered: "No, Your Majesty."

"That's all, Madam. Please leave by the other door."

The lady had to cross the room, to pass near the prisoner. And as she passed him, she pretended to stumble, uttered a little cry of fear. And that was enough. The idiot's face altered.

"Are you hurt, Madam?" he said quickly, steadying her with a deft hand.

Then he stopped short, shrugged. He was lost.

"A Frenchman," someone said as he was led out.

Heavy boots stamped on the pavement outside, gun butts clashed. There were brief, guttural orders. Then the voice of the "idiot," become for a last second *Monsieur le Marquis de Kervescop de Coadilo*, resounded full and clear.

"Long live the King of France!"

Then came the volley, and the isolated explosion of the mercy shot.

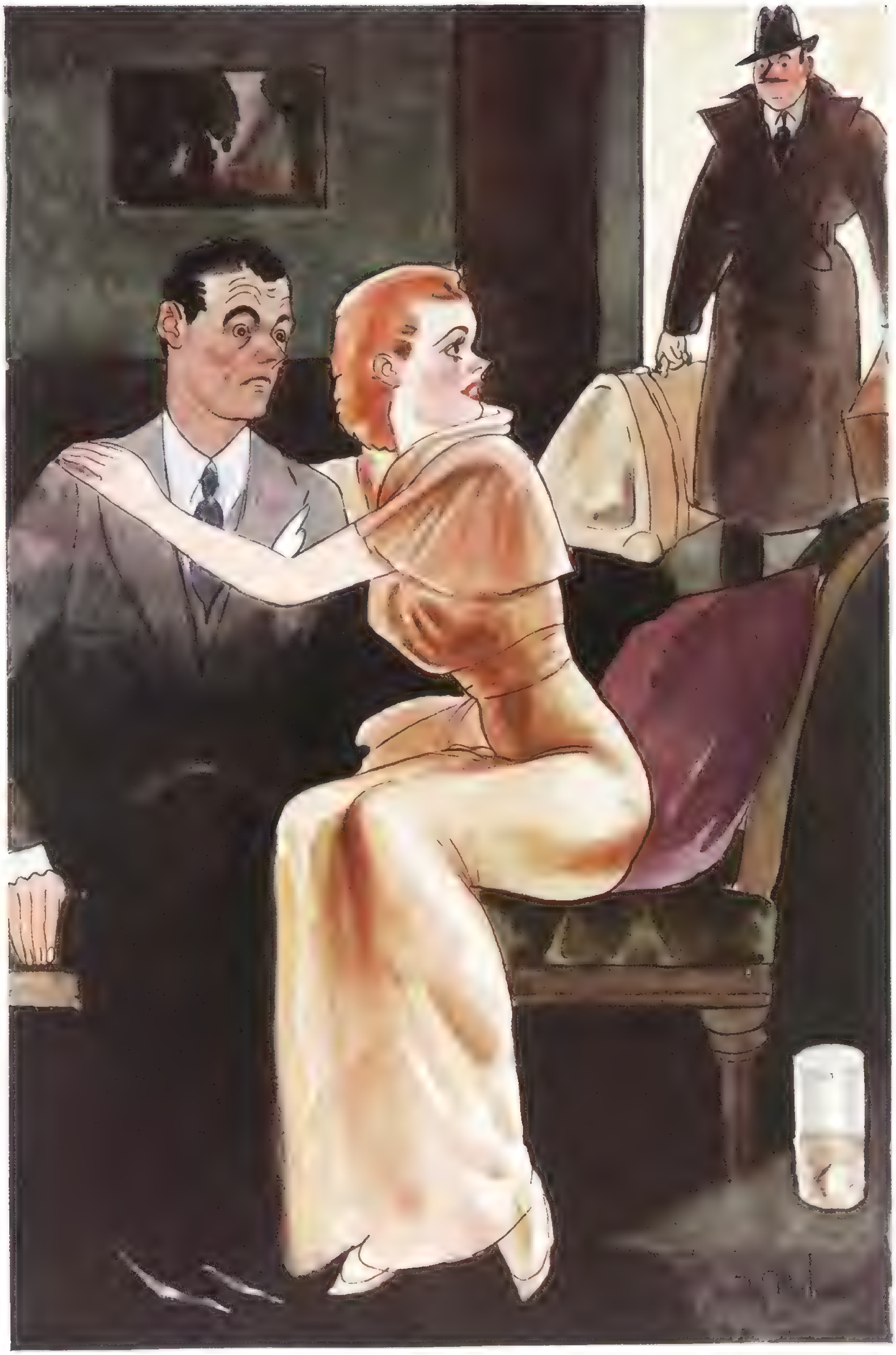
"All men are the same," Frederick grumbled. "Let a woman go by and—"

Men Without Music

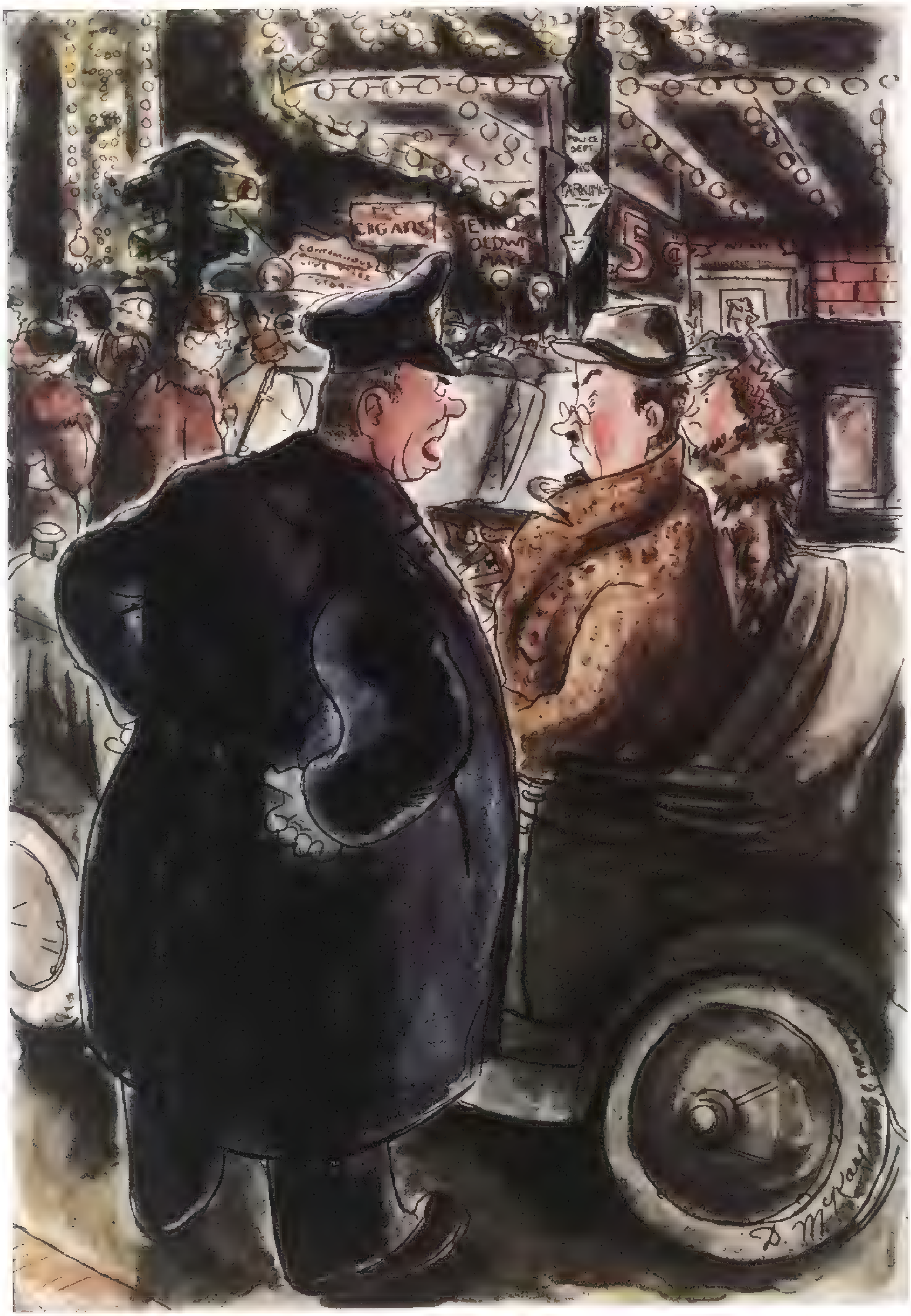
Continued from page 54

It is possible, I believe, to insinuate a love and understanding of music into the majority of resisting males by means of an educational campaign whose chief aim should be the removal of the stigma of highbrowism. It is the alleged mystery about music that repels the practical man and induces the belief that he is by nature forever barred from its delights. The craving for tunes, he must be shown, is shared alike by the man who dislikes concerts and the man who finds the deepest spiritual fulfillment in the music of the great masters. A realization of this common ground would do much to set the former on the road to musical appreciation.

An even better way would be to start from scratch and bring up our little boys to regard music as a manly art, the equal of literature, science and sports. If children were convinced that there is nothing inherently "sissy" about the study and practice of music they would cease to resist it on the current grounds of femininity. Such a procedure would be worth any number of drives for subscribers to recitals, symphony concerts and operatic ventures. In a few years America would possess an unlimited number of music-conscious men who would rush to concerts as enthusiastically as they now rush to football matches.



"John dear, I—I've caught a burglar"


CIGARS
POLICE DEPT
NO PARKING

"Remember, you're speaking to a offica!"

Year of the Big Breeze

Continued from page 85

gress, unmistakably clear in meaning and containing no mollifying phrases for the dry South.

Yet even at this point the press corps was not convinced that any fundamental change had come over the face of things. The Roosevelt bank program and the Roosevelt economy bill were both deflationary measures, bolder and deeper cutting than anything Herbert Hoover would ever have done, pushed through with an energy and vigor beyond his capacity, yet not drastically departing from the general direction of the course that had been long followed. Beer, however much it might hurt the feelings of die-hard drys, was obviously desired by a majority of the populace and sponsoring it could be written down by a sceptical bunch of on-lookers as merely evidence of a superior understanding of mass psychology. It had no bearing on the economic situation and it offended no powerful contributors to campaign funds.

But on March twenty-first the last doubting Thomases had to admit that the old order was definitely ended and a new one begun. On that day President Roosevelt notified Congress that he wanted authority to employ 300.000 idle men in the national forests; he wanted half a billion dollars to spend for direct hunger relief; and he served notice that later on he would ask funds for public works.

This was a realistic approach to the problem of unemployment that was diametrically opposed to the precepts of those who had gone before. It was the first unmistakable sign that the animals had actually leaped off the merry-go-round instead of simply quickening their gait. Evidence piled up quickly after that. A farm bill reached Congress that startled even the farm lobby. A securities act was drawn—and actually passed—that made Wall Street go wan and pouchy under the eyes. The press corps exhumed words that had not been in its vocabulary for years to tell what was happening.

But adequate words were hard to find when the National Industrial Recovery Act burst upon a groggy capital. Nothing like it had been talked about or written about. It set aside the sacred anti-trust laws. It gave labor a clear-cut right to organize along with business. It gave the government definite powers over both. It concerned itself with wages and short work hours. It proposed spending for public works a greater sum than the normal annual budget of the federal government and it contained directions for spending this money on all sorts of social projects instead of confining it to self-liquidating loans that would not interfere with private business. In fact there was not much under the sun which was left out of the recovery act. What was more, none of the familiar loop-holes in phraseology were present. The act really seemed to mean what it said. And Don Richberg, fighting attorney for the railroad brotherhoods, who had sat at many a committee table opposing administration measures of the past, was at hand to testify that it did mean what it said.

When at last the recovery program was enacted into law still another new experience lay ahead of the press.

It soon became evident that the summer of 1933 was to witness a job of law administration such as Washington had never before seen, and that there was to be no warm-weather vacation for reporters. Before the last Congressional cutaway coat tail had flapped through Union Station the executive department of the government began grinding out news at a pace that out-distanced all its previous records. With the thermometer in the upper nineties, the New Dealers rolled up their sleeves and began to exercise the powers Congress had so dubiously conferred. It was a double-time dash for recovery.

For the reporters it became an endurance test into which they flung themselves with the sort of intoxication that sends young men marching into battle. For now the New Deal was really showing its stuff, free of all restraint, and here were no bureaucrats, no time-servers, no stuffed-shirt shammers, but a band of clear-eyed thinking men with a definite idea of where to go and how to get there and a determination that there should be no nonsense on the way.

General Hugh S. Johnson burst upon the scene trailing clouds of glorious headlines behind him. He moved into the Commerce Building, pristine temple of a departed Hoover, and began desecrating the Hoover ideals with every breath he drew.

Reporters started getting down for 10 A. M. press conferences no matter what time they had gone to bed the night before. They found that constant loping around the dark and slippery corridors of the Commerce Building was all that would enable them to keep track of the movements of the whirlwind General and the remarkable new phrases he was tossing off in passing. More press conferences were announced for 6 and 7 P. M. and if they weren't announced the reporters cried for them. The General stayed on duty until midnight and after and the reporters stayed right with him. If they didn't they got scooped.

Everybody in the country began filing up to the General's door—big business men from whom one sentence would have been a headline in the old days; labor leaders; economists. They were all talking and they all had something important to say.

Code hearings began. Strange terms filled the air like production control, limitation of machine hours, wage differentials, code authorities, industrial relations boards, compliance boards, industrial unionism. The Blue Eagle reared his stately head. Alexander Sachs introduced the country to economic zombies. Steel men were lectured by a lady Secretary of Labor. Coal barons sat meekly while John L. Lewis told them what the United Mine Workers thought they ought to do.

And that mad, exhausting forward push was not the only one in progress. At the Agricultural Department Triple A was doing much the same sort of thing for farmers that NRA was doing for industry. Production control, processing taxes, food codes, milk agreements, checks for cotton growers, checks for wheat growers, announcement of the corn-hog plan, defiance to the packers

it wasn't long until all the Washington news bureaus began hiring men and had a hard time finding them—the Administration had hired so many to get out its press releases.

Harold Ickes had two private circuses of his own at the Interior Department—one in which the oil men were being tamed, the other concerned with spending three billion dollars as fast as it was humanly possible to spend such a sum. Harry Hopkins, youngest and most earnest of all the new executives, was doing at least one revolutionary thing a day in disbursing relief, climaxing his exploits with employment of 4,000,000 men and women on Civil Works Administration pay rolls in a little less than a month, an achievement that made everything that had gone before seem gaited to a snail's pace.

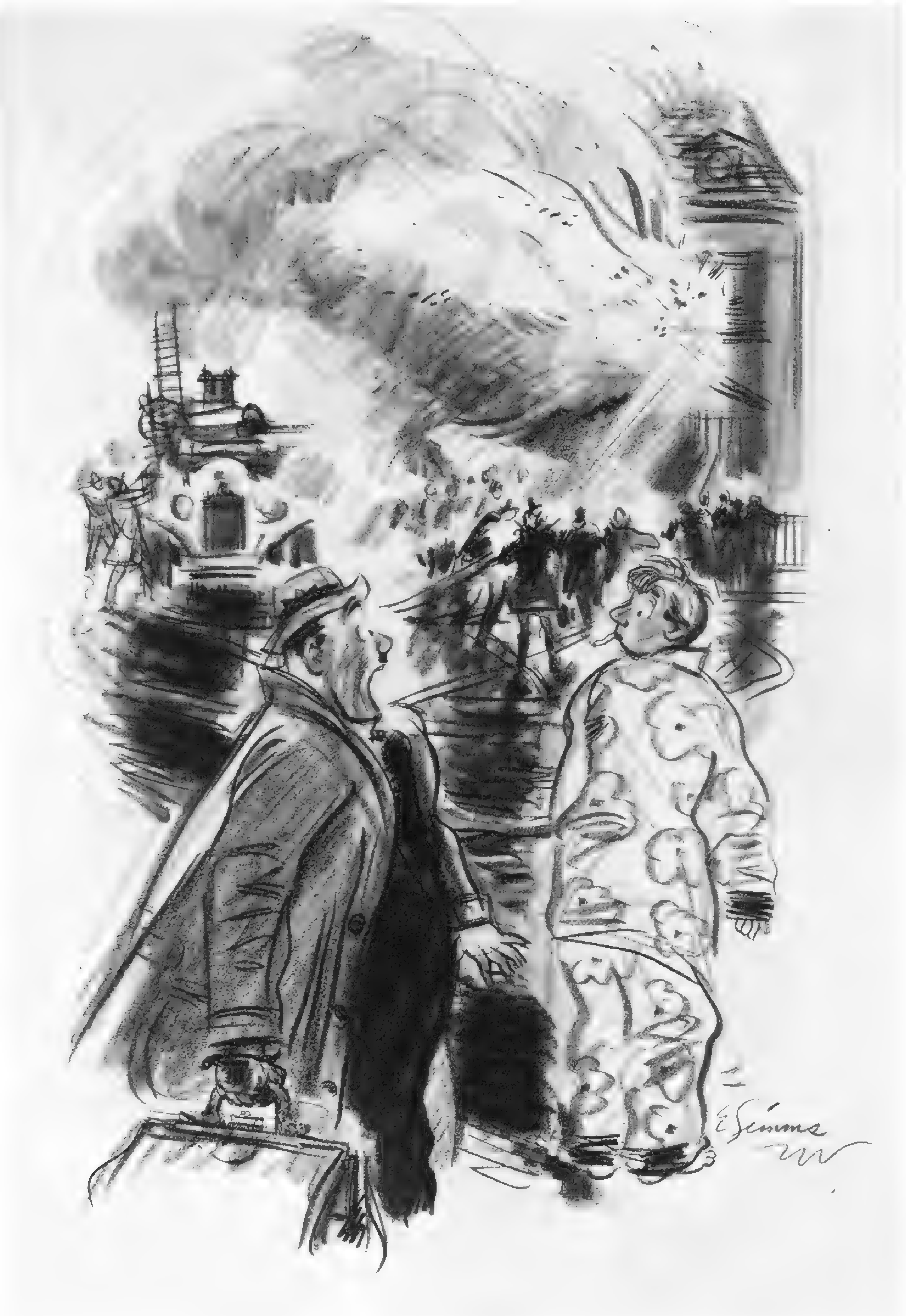
And all the while at the Treasury Building one set of advisers was filing in and another was filing out while feverish rumors about gold, devaluation, stabilization, inflation and what-not filled the air. The London conference ordinarily would have drawn a full complement of reporters but there just weren't men to spare when the time came to sail. The inside story of the Moley-Hull rift, when it finally reached the United States by slow boat, had to fight for front page space with the Ford-Johnson rift.

If nothing else had been going on, the Roosevelt press conferences, perhaps the most remarkable stellar performance in the entire melee, would have kept the reporters in a fever. Here they were at liberty, for the first time in their lives, to ask direct questions of the man at the top and to receive direct answers or a good reason for refusal. No halo of holiness, dignity or fear set this President apart from them. Accurate information on everything under the sun was to be had for the asking and along with it a joke or good-humored comment or an "off the record fill-in." Twice a week for a year the reporters have fought for standing room in the executive office and the crowd today is larger and more appreciative than it was at the beginning.

When Congress attempted to stalk to the center of the stage in January it found its star role had been taken from it. Men whose every word had once been jotted down eagerly found themselves ignored or brushed carelessly aside, forced to plot for days to get space in their home town papers. The Senate press gallery continued to empty, no matter how eloquent a speech was being made, if a Presidential press conference was scheduled. Departments, which were wont to maintain a respectful silence while their alms-givers were in town, kept right on helping to steal the show.

Frowzy-headed, wild-eyed, the Washington press corps is having the time of its life. Men who used to bite their finger-nails and suck their thumbs when edition time approached now shake their fists in the faces of their bureau-chiefs and profanely argue that their story must—must, damn you—move, no matter what else is crowded off. With tears in their eyes they plead that theirs is the biggest, the newest, the most sensational yarn that has ever been presented to a waiting world.

If it should turn out in the end that there was no real progress forward, nothing but rearing and bucking, noise and action, gallant riding and brave falls, still the press corps wins. It is alive again.



"My house—my pajamas"

Little Angevine

Continued from page 40

they were charmed into folly by the impudent cocksureness of the man. They suffered less than he, in the end, for he was undisciplined, crooked and warped, while they had generous instincts. Here he was, at thirty-seven, handsome, hungry and hard, a failure so complete that he ran the danger of pride in it and so slipping from the ranks of men into eternal darkness.

The bull-necked boss, who saw nothing of this, only another hand when the Pacific freight was drawn up beside him, ice-boxes charged with fruit messengers fussing with ventilator louvers, called:

"Hey, you!"

Mr. Leslie Leicester put away his thoughts and with a glance at the gleaming flanks of the *Camotan*, moved over and spoke to the bull-necked man, who spat through a gap in the planking into the dark river searching among the piles.

"Naw!" the boss decided, without disparagement. "You hustle *now*, and maybe next ship you get a job spottin'!"

The long conveyor belts began to move. Men stood away from the elevators as they came to life and crawled a few inches on their wide-gauged track. The dock-master and port-captain conferred by a bollard, and the river tugs yelped in their excitement.

The water was steel color under a grey-white sky. Mr. Leicester, moving toward his pillar again, shivered. Even in New Orleans January is not salubrious if you have nothing beneath a thin jacket but a cotton singlet.

"Whupp!" said a tug, and the *Camotan* came round grandly, a biscuit toss from the wharf, her propellors thudding the brown flood into sewage as it whirled astern against the current. A hundred pairs of eyes gazed down from the promenade deck upon the wharf, upon the crowd of dingy floaters waiting for the big cargo doors to be opened, upon the bull-neck of the boss, upon Mr. Leslie Leicester, leaning genteelly against his pillar.

He was aware, at first, of the general sensation an approaching ship always engenders, of something ominous and strange suddenly shutting out the sky. That huge, reverberant thing was alive, and had come from over the sea. The shining white flanks of her trembled with imprisoned impulses. And then, as he stood, while the ship moved athwart his vision, a polished porthole came squarely into his view with a man's face looking out coolly, pleasantly, without particular interest, and suddenly flaming with recognition.

"God!" said Mr. Leicester to himself, without irreverence, be it said: "George Marshall!" And he added, as though for his own innermost benefit and enjoyment, "Georgie, the Skirthunter."

Instantly Mr. Leicester's thoughts were back among the years like grey ghosts haunting a perspective of stark, blackened and bloodstained monoliths. They paused before one of these grim nightmares and evoked the city of Marseilles, in war-time, with Mr. Leicester's ship in port with a cargo of cotton for the French. Mr. Leicester was at that time doing fairly well as cabin steward. It was, one might say, a high spot in his checkered military career. A month later, when landing in Port Said from Patras, he was discovered to be selling hasheesh to the soldiers, and spent an unwholesome year in the great prison of Alexandria. But in Marseilles Mr. Leslie Leicester, cabin-steward of a transport, with money in his pockets, was successful with the girls. The place pleased him. Something in his character, perhaps the same frayed strand of gentility, enabled him to savor the essential civilization of the city. He would sit at the tables of the cafes on the Cannebiere or the Boulevard Des Capucines, while his shipmates were in the dives of the waterside near St. Laurent, and observe the women who, like himself, sat watching the show. Invariably they noticed him, his handsome disdainful face and contemptuous air, and drew near. And it was in Marseilles, one enchanted evening, that he met George Marshall and spent the evening in diversion. And thinking of that time, Mr. Leslie Leicester, stepping back into the warehouse as men came storming along the wharf with a great hawser and dropped it over a bollard, smiled to himself as he recalled the debonair companion of the night.

Mr. Marshall had been condescending at first. He had been patronising. He had been good enough to hint that he was a devil with the women when he deigned to give them a thought. As chief steward of a troop-ship bringing men from Egypt to Marseilles, he was in a position to lord it over Leslie Leicester. And yet, and yet, it had transpired that Mr. Marshall sought something he could not find for himself. He sought a form of diversion not to be discovered with a gang of half-stewed larrikins out to make a night of it. It was the discovery of this refinement in George Marshall's makeup which led Mr. Leicester to allude to him as Georgie the Skirthunter. That was what he was, too, in Mr. Leicester's tarnished mirror of life. Somehow there seemed a sort of sordid virtue in those men who drank themselves into a stupor and then clutched, half insensible, at the shabby phantoms of the dock-side cabarets. It pleased Mr. Leicester to be offended at a man who sought something more civilized and refined, such as gentlemen discover on their travels and kings in exile keep to pass their useless days. Mr. Marshall had alluded to such opulent episodes in his own past, affairs in Rio, Cartagena and Rangoon.

But his dream had been for an affair in France, and never before had he been ashore in France. Now, with the ship in port for several weeks, he saw, in some obscure fashion, the chance for the experience of his life. Mr. Leslie Leicester smiled again, in the shadow of the time-keeper's cubicle on the New Orleans wharf, as he recalled that evening. He would go on board presently and see Mr. Marshall again. After all, George Marshall had been fussy enough. No common little soubrettes for him. Mr. Leicester, who had that bitter contempt for all women which eventually poisons a man's soul into atrophy, proved himself a competent guide on this occasion. Only the previous evening he had run into an adventure, the sort of a thing a man like George Marshall would brag about, and exaggerate into something tremendous. Mr. Leicester disliked that habit. It was, he had discovered, one of the indelible marks of the skirthunters. He derived a grim pleasure from watching them in action. He took Mr. Marshall along with him and showed him the Rue d'Aventure.

"In all these houses," he had told Mr. Marshall, "you will find what you want."

Mr. Marshall had uttered a decided negative.

"Not what I want at all," he had announced, staring up at the high discreet doors and curtained windows. "What do you take me for?"

A fiacre came along and halted in front of one of the high doorways, which opened, and four officers, Chasseurs d'Afrique, crossed the sidewalk and surged expectantly into a world of rose lights and music. The door closed behind them.

"There you are," said Leslie Leicester sardonically. "Wine, women and song. All very classy. Officers only. What more do you want? Something in a villa in the country?"

"A decent girl . . . . " said Mr. Marshall, hesitating. He looked at his companion with a sort of alarm in his eyes.

"You're crazy," retorted Mr. Leicester.

"Maybe," assented the other man, a curious wistfulness refining his features and making Mr. Leicester believe him. "Maybe. But you know what I mean, and you can find it. I'll make it worth your while. I saw you with . . . the sort of thing I mean, last night."

"Did you, by God!" breathed Mr. Leicester. "You expect me to introduce you to her?"

"Hasn't she got a sister?" asked Mr. Marshall.

Leslie Leicester offered no information on this point. He didn't know. It had never occurred to him. To him an affair with a woman did not involve any curiosity about her family, especially when, as in this case, he had found her wandering about the city in a kind of trance.

"Come on then," he said, eyeing Mr. Marshall doubtfully. It had never occurred to him that his companion would be the man to take much interest in little Angevine. His vague yet grandiose illusions seemed to call for something much more seductive and glamorous. "If she's still there, mind you."

As they made their way uptown Mr. Leslie Leicester ran over in his mind the adventure of the previous evening. Down in the Port, the moon riding high over the harbor, he had been picking his way among the tracks, when in the shadow of a box-car, he had fallen over Angevine, who was sitting on a little basket valise, crying. "Sniveling" was his own word. The clash of couplings and the demoniac squeal of a French switching-engine had drowned her voice, and made her cringe in terror as he stood over her. He had pulled her up on her feet and shouted to her that she was insane to be there among the tracks, and might have caused his death when he fell over her. And in his hands Angevine, as she called herself, had looked at him in silent ecstasy of fright. He had looked down at the valise and back at her.

"What are you doing?" he had demanded, and knew in his heart that she was already

Continued on page 115

Four Miles of Gay Danger

An article of interest to horse-lovers, dealing with the past and future of the Maryland Hunt Cup

by ROGER WARNER

By the last Saturday in April grass on the long hillside above the Worthington Valley is green with the springtime, and violets are poking their faces towards the sun. On one afternoon, each year, this hill becomes a grandstand. Twenty-five thousand men and women crowd along its side. The names of many of them are familiar to readers of society notes, national or international. Many costumes worn here set what the editors of style magazines like to call "high fashions." But not all the masculine apparel has its inspiration in London's West End, nor do all feminine garments derive from the Rue de La Paix. There are plenty of country clothes and country faces. There are complexions ruddy with the out-of-doors as well as complexions guarded by ladies' maids and beauty specialists. Here are dirt farmers as well as diplomats and lawyers and bankers who prefer to be farmers. And there can be no doubt about why the thousands have gathered on the hillside. They have come to ride in the Maryland Hunt Cup!

These people, most of them, know the sure, lithe feel of a hunter horse when he is in right to a fence; have experienced, likewise, baffling, mid-air suspense when he is in wrong. They may be as hero-worshipping as school boys chasing tennis balls at the National Championships, or as hopeless of ever attaining the perfection of a Maryland race rider as sand lot players watching Babe Ruth at bat. Yet they are drawn irresistibly, year after year, to the great natural bowl of fair hunting country at the foot of the hill, with its fresh, untrodden turf and its stout, black, timber fences where flags are flying in the April breeze. They come to worship power and speed and courage in horse and man. They are lured by beauty and danger. Most of them would, if they could, ride forth on this famous course accepting values as they are, and asking no greater reward than this exciting struggle. Rather than a new account opened, a tough case won, a deal put through, each man would have it said, "Oh yes, So and So, he rode the winner in the Maryland Hunt Cup."

From Meadow Brook and Fairfield the exodus starts the day before the race. In Maryland, fox hunters from Radnor and Pickering meet riders from Middleburg and Warrenton. Horse people are there from Boston and Richmond, from Cleveland and Chicago and points west. Every state in the Union is represented.

By far the pleasantest way to reach the neighborhood of Baltimore and the Worthington Valley is by motor, if one can spare the time. The drive along back roads which divide green pastures or the rich brown of the plow is a fitting prelude to this country classic. Many devotees have formed the annual habit of picnicking beside the way. Others, driving from the North, lunch at Bel Air, where the jolly, round-faced host of the Country Club Inn calls attention to Billy Barton's picture hanging on the dining-room wall and recounts with pride how the grand old hunter horse sometime each winter steps out of a truck right in front of the inn door.

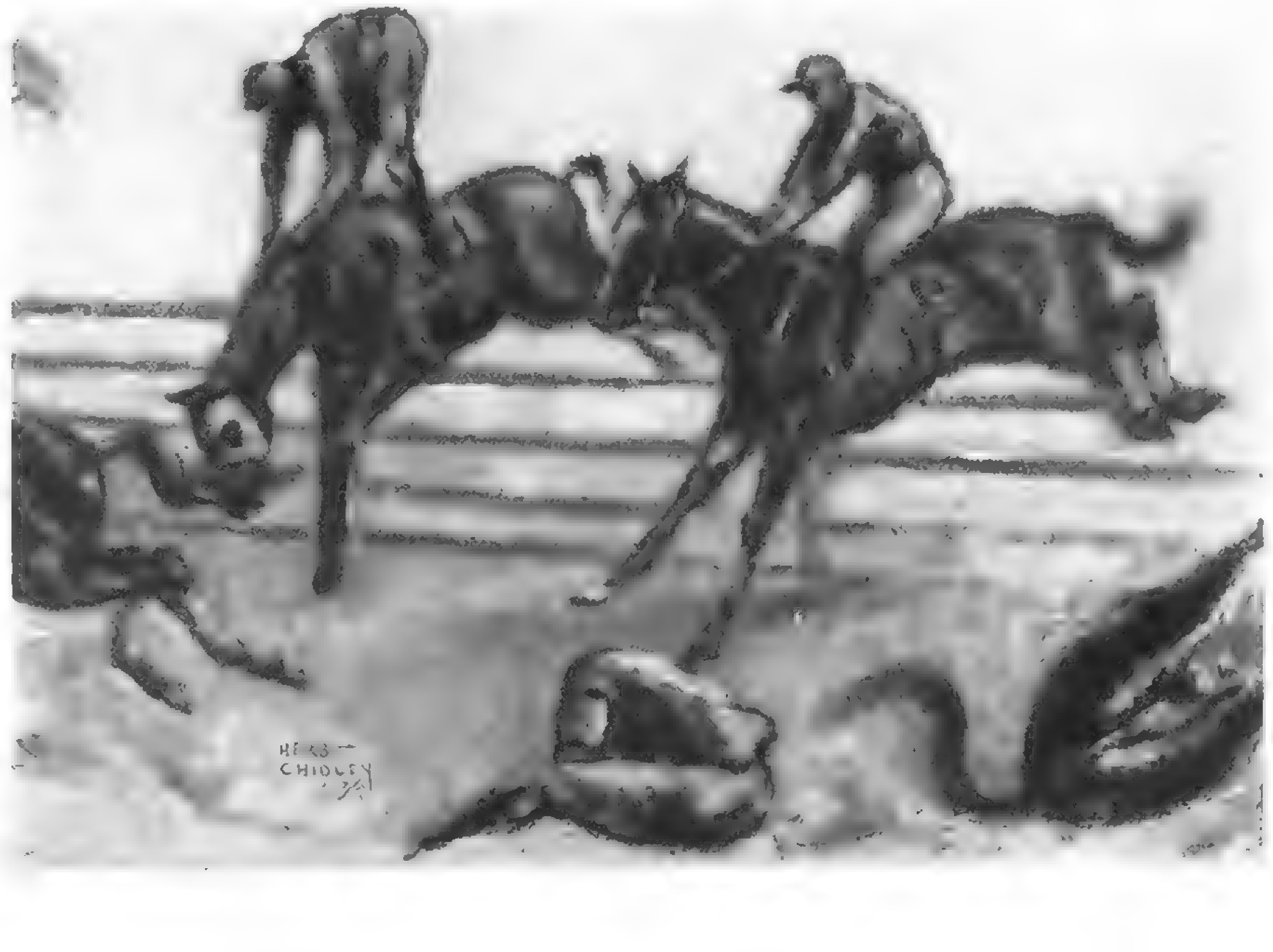
But on this day of all days it does not pay to dally too long over meat or drink. Automobiles from the four points of the compass are closing in, right now, on the course at the foot of the hill, and these back-country Maryland roads were planned to facilitate traffic jams. The last mile or two you're going to crawl, anyway, trailing, perhaps, a diplomatic sedan from Washington and followed by a station wagon from The Plains, Virginia, with license plates from many states ahead and behind in double rows. But don't worry, post time is not until four.

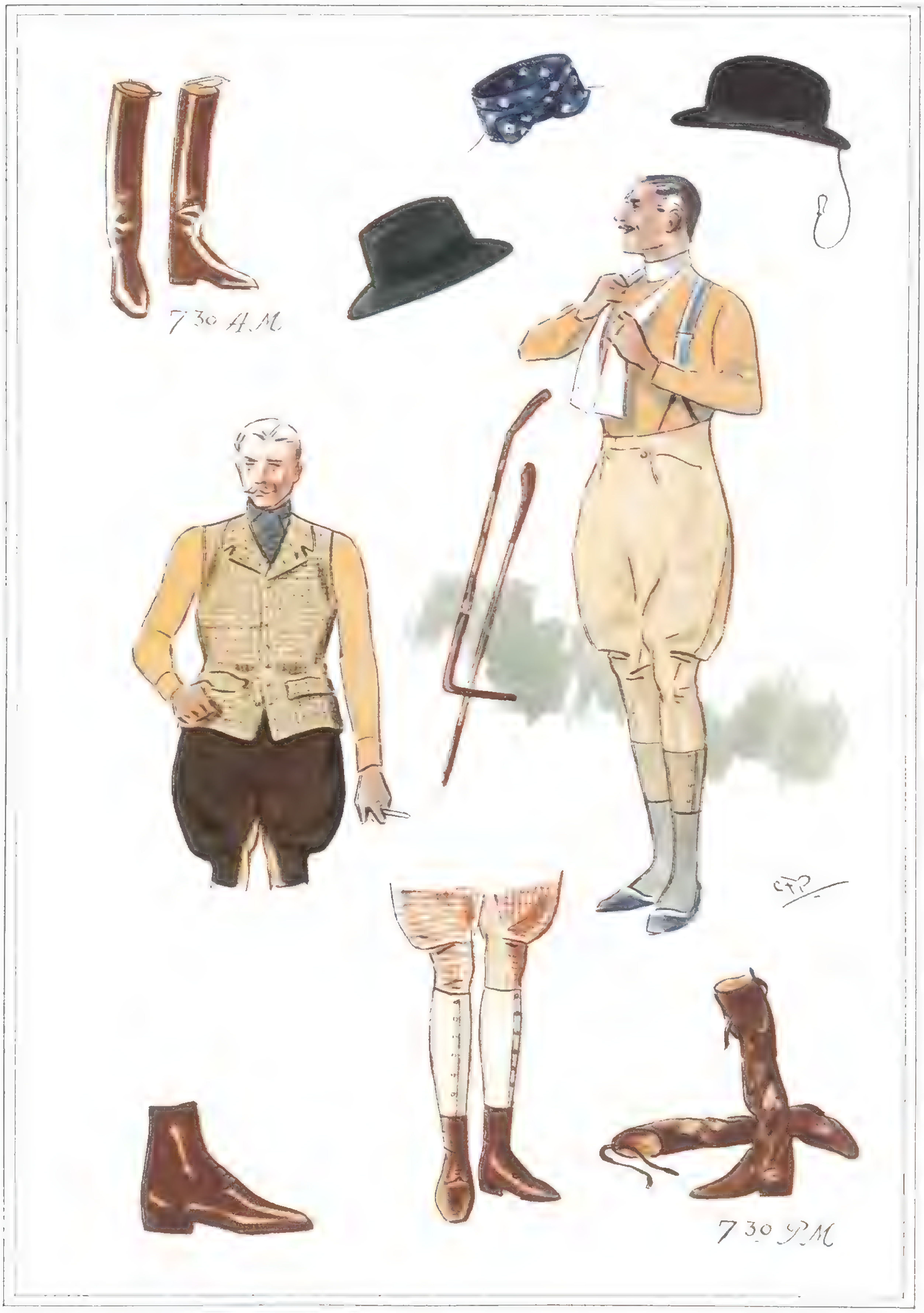
The distance of this greatest of all timber races is four miles. There are twenty-two fences, of post-and-rails, or of planks. The record is 8 min. 51.3 sec. made in 1932 by Troublemaker, Noel Laing up. The weight carried is 165 pounds. Any amateur acceptable to the committee may ride.

Often it has been stated in all seriousness by men who have walked the course that no fence is under five feet. This is not, literally, true. They merely look that way when you walk towards them. And they look even larger, I imagine, when you ride towards them at racing pace. The tallest is four feet, ten inches, measured three feet from the take-off side. Three more are four feet nine inches, and one is four feet eight. The other seventeen are around the normal four feet. But they are stout. There is no give in them. Almost yearly, new oak posts and fresh locust rails are inserted. A broken panel is considered a direct reflection on the thoughtfulness and thoroughness of the committee. It is a scandal that almost never happens. For horse and rider to turn upside down, pinwheel fashion, by hitting one of these fences hard in front is a frequent occurrence. In fact, it happens every year.

Like the legendary first steeplechase ridden by British officers in the moonlight, the Maryland Hunt Cup owed its beginnings, forty years ago, to an argument over the prowess of hunter horses. The gallery of winners for the first few years shows the big-boned, half-bred hunter, deep-chested, somewhat short in the neck and coarse about the head, good across-country then and still a usable type on which to follow hounds. But, after a few annual renewals, thoroughbreds took ascendency in the Maryland Hunt Cup, and they have held it ever since. This battle is to the strong—this race to the

Continued on page 122

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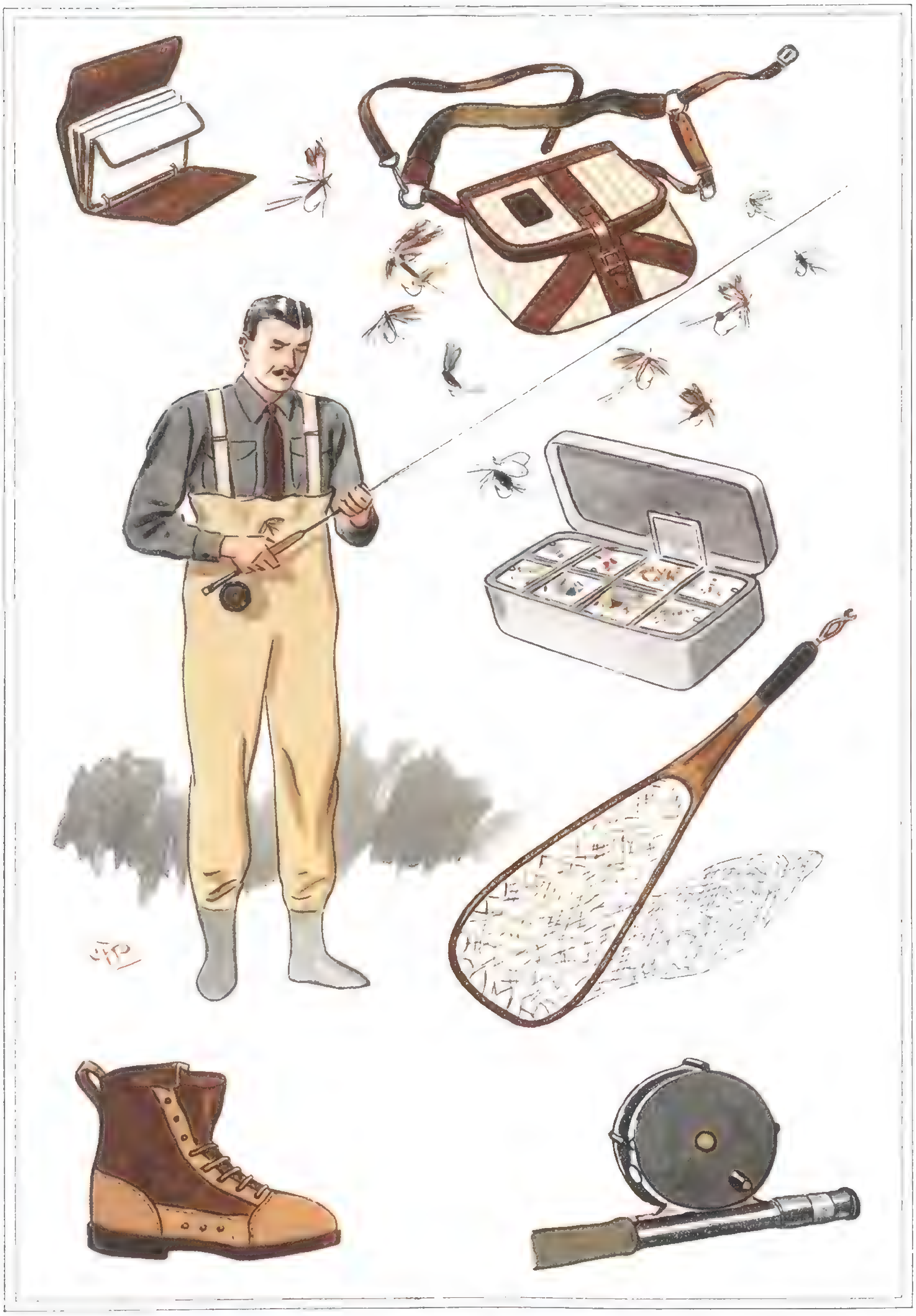
7 30 P.M.

A PAGE OF TURF AND FIELD ACCESSORIES

Upper left: The way your boots should look in the morning. *Top center:* Soft felt hat for general hacking and exercising. *Next above:* Ratcatcher stock which ties into a bow. *Upper right:* Hunting bowler with very stiff lining. *Figure at right:* Correct breeches with drop front eliminating fly, silk and wool hunting shirt. *Center:* English style of crop with knob at end, and another with pipestem handle and leather strap with place for thong—both made up in either whangee or rattan, with pigskin leather handles. *Figure at left:* Post-boy waistcoat of heavy flannel, with convertible collar, worn with stock of blue foulard. *Lower left:* English blucher front riding shoe. *Bottom center:* Canvas puttees with leather cuffs for general hacking and country riding, worn with checked tweed breeches. *Lower right:* The way your boots look by night, calling for scrubbing with saddle soap, brushing after twenty-four hours, and rubbing in of meltonian cream.



A PAGE OF TROUT FISHING ACCESSORIES

The proper fly book, or box, won't help if you pick the wrong flies, and the best of creels isn't half good enough if it stays empty, but both your comfort and your chances will be improved by having the right kit. Most important, as for the item of comfort, is a good pair of waders. The English waders shown here are a one-piece garment with the feet forming an integral part. Over these are worn a pair of heavy grey lumberman's socks, and English wading shoes of the type shown at the lower left. A grey flannel lumberman's shirt, brown wool tie either woven or crocheted, an odd country jacket, and a stitched tweed hat would complete the outfit nicely. The best types of fly carriers are shown here, metal box for the complete assortment, and the booklet type, in the upper left hand corner, for a selection to be used for the day. The other sketches on the page show the approved types of rod reel, net, and harness.

Little Angevine

Continued from page 111

acting like a fool of a woman and beginning to trust him. "What are you doing? *Que faites vous?*"

"Monsieur, I am running away. Oh monsieur!"

Oh monsieur indeed. He stared at her freckled nose and tear-rimmed grey eyes. He could see she wasn't one of the harbor-girls, those bold dirty minxes who served drinks in the cabarets or swung their haunches between the tables of the *Cafés chantants*, screeching French comic songs and making assignations on the run. Oh no. Then where did she come from! Running away from what? he asked her.

"Monsieur, I was brought from La Goulette in the *bateau*."

"What boat is that?"

"Of my—my fiancé, Monsieur."

Once again the cynical and depraved eyes of Mr. Leicester searched the girl's mournful and frightened face.

"And where do you go?" he asked, biting his mustache. She produced hurriedly a piece of paper.

"I wish to find this house, Monsieur, but I am afraid. The way is very difficult and—oh monsieur!"

Again! Sardonically Mr. Leicester thrust the obvious easy solution of this adventure from his mind. He looked at the address. It was a street of which he had never heard—Rue Espérandieu.

"And you don't know where it is?"

"Monsieur, my aunt lives there. I think it is near the Zoological Gardens."

"Why, that is a long way. Your aunt, eh?"

She trembled again, looking at him in alarm as she perceived that he understood the whole business.

"Oh monsieur."

They had gone up to the Rue Espérandieu and Mr. Leicester remembered the ride with distaste. There had been no other nieces after all, but the aunt, Madame Ernestine, revealed such a complete and confident knowledge of Mr. Leicester's place in the world that she assumed an air of injured dignity.

"Here is the flower of the flock, Madame," he had informed her, exhibiting Angevine on his arm. "I have brought her from La Goulette." And he smiled at Aunt Ernestine.

"Ah, the *pauvre!*" replied the woman austerely. "She is not for you, my friend." She extended her lean hand.

But Angevine turned suddenly to her and let out a flood of excited French. "Madame, he is an angel from heaven who found me when I was lost. Madame, he is good, he is kind, to poor Angevine!"

Mr. Leicester, sitting easily on a vast bed of pink satin, smiled at this testimonial. He lit a cigarette. Madame, regarding him doubtfully, took the girl away and put her to bed. On her return Mr. Leicester asked a question.

"What would you?" she snapped, sullenly. "The war has taken the men and the money. They starve in hundreds, these poor girls in Tunis and Algeria, and they hear of a good friend, *Tante Ernestine*, in Marseilles. So they come." She lifted her large lace covered shoulders.

"Well." He raised his glass. "To the good fortune of little Angevine. May she . . . "

"Listen, Monsieur," said the old woman. "I may keep this one."

"As I said, the flower of the flock," laughed Mr. Leicester. "Marry her to a gentleman."

"Perhaps. I have seen gentlemen marry . . . " She paused and her hard dark scrutiny swept over the shabby gentleman sitting before her.

"I'm not a marrying man," said Mr. Leicester hastily. "If I meet anybody who is, I'll bring him up. Ha-ha."

And then, after another day in his ship's pantry, he had found Mr. George Marshall on his hands desiring select diversion far from the Rue d'Aventure.

"If she's still there," he said warningly, and took Mr. Marshall to the Rue Espérandieu.

She had been there; and Mr. Leicester, after satirical but ceremonious introductions, had gone away, laughing. He recalled, now, as he watched Mr. Marshall's porthole in the side of the *Camotan*, the change in Angevine when she appeared that night. What had happened as the serious Mr. Marshall shook her small shy hand? Something unusual, Leicester reflected, on his way to the Cannebiere. Often since that time he had envisaged the affair which probably ensued. She had a freckled nose and saucy grey eyes; her hair, ash-blonde, in a neat bun on the nape of her neck. Nice little piece, he had commented to himself, but to Mr. Marshall he had made no remark at all. That person forgot him as though he had ceased to exist. All his regard had been for Angevine. Georgie the Skirthunter had been snared . . . ha-ha!

The gangways swung on board and Mr. Leicester, knowing the cargo-doors would take further time to open, stepped up the baggage run with that impudent assurance which always succeeded once, and sought the working-alley, where stewards, engineers, fruit men, roustabouts and plain sneak-thieves milled to and fro in the first rush of arrival. He pushed past all these, like one used to ships and familiar with this one, and reached the Chief Steward's door. It was open and he saw the sudden drop of George Marshall's jaw as that gentleman took in the state of his wardrobe. Once inside the door seemed to close of itself.

"You *are* down and out," said Mr. Marshall crisply. He himself was sleek, suave, oiled, shaven and sharply efficient. His papers lay on the bed place neat and complete. His shore clothes hung ready, sponged and pressed. He was one of those sea-going men who live on a ship with the implacable tidiness of an elderly New England spinster in her cottage. There was nothing out of place in George Marshall's cabin.

"We didn't all make money in the War," said Mr. Leicester slowly, as he settled himself on the cushions and reached for a cigarette.

Mr. Marshall made no reply to this. Instead he demanded some account of Mr. Leicester's recent career.

"Oh, don't run away with the idea I'm going to pull any sob business," said the other. "I've got a job. Fifty cents an hour, backing the bunches. Say two-fifty. I can call and see you, can't I?"

He looked over Mr. George Marshall as though he hated that neat dapper official's contrast with his own dreadful misery. He assumed a sullen defensive expression.

"I've often wanted to see you," said Marshall, taking a bottle of rum from the wardrobe and pouring out a good half-tumbler.

"Hey—whoa! I'm not a shock-absorber, Mister," protested his visitor. "And give me a little water. How could I carry bananas with a skin-full like that under my belt."

"You don't need to carry bananas," said George Marshall severely. "I can get you a billet on the *Camotan*."

Mr. Leicester allowed his eyes, while he swallowed the Bacardi, to inspect the steward. The latter stepped away from his desk to the wardrobe.

"Don't you want it?" asked Mr. Marshall still with that severity which often camouflages one man's desire to play the benefactor to another. He tucked something away among his clothes and closed the wardrobe door.

"I might possibly fail to give satisfaction," said Mr. Leicester, putting down his glass. "I worked on this hooker before, you know. May I inquire why you suggest such a thing?"

"Well," said the steward, "you can. You were pretty decent to me that time in Marseilles, you know. Pretty dam' decent. I admit I've never been able to understand your motives in taking me up there and introducing me to—to—"

"What was her name? I've been trying to think of it ever since I saw your face at this porthole."

"You mean Angevine?"

"That's the name. The flower of the flock, eh?"

"You evidently don't know a thing about it," said Mr. Marshall. "You—and a girl like that . . . !"

"You had a good time then? Well I knew you were a skirthunter, my boy."

"Not a thing about it," repeated the steward and he stared at his visitor as from out of a glowing haze of triumphant happiness. "Not a thing." He thrust a box of Havana cigars toward Mr. Leicester's clutching hand.

"Well," said Mr. Leicester, "a woman is only a woman, but—" He lit a perfecto.

The remark brought Mr. Marshall back to his usual presence of mind. He had been on the verge of discussing his own intimate affairs. Instead he listened to Mr. Leicester's troubles and refilled his glass.

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EDITOR'S NOTE: *The second part of this two-part story by William McFee will appear in the May issue of* ESQUIRE. *The use of two-part stories is frankly an experiment, adopted in response to requests from readers for stories of greater length than that normally permitted by the exigencies of* ESQUIRE'*s make-up. Comment is invited as to the desirability of continuing stories from one issue to the next, as is being done in this case. It is not* ESQUIRE'*s intention to run serials, but other two-part stories will follow if there is a demand for them.*

Stowaways

A sea captain tells a lot you never knew about all those who ride the high-seas free—or try

by CAPTAIN GEORGE H. GRANT

A few years ago my vessel loaded a cargo at Santa Marta in Colombia for England. Before sailing she was thoroughly searched for stowaways by the officers. None were found. But on the third day out the chief officer came to my cabin and reported that two men had been found in the after-peak.

"But the after-peak is full of water!" I asserted, walking out onto the lower bridge.

"Only half full, sir," the chief officer corrected me. "Someone has pumped the rest of it out with the hand pump. The same person is also responsible for concealing the men down there, for the man-hole door was bolted down above them. The boatswain heard a tapping when he was down after some rope in the upper-peak. He opened up the door to find the men clinging to the iron ladder."

"A wonder they weren't drowned," said I, and ordered them brought onto the bridge.

As I paced up and down it seemed incredible that two men could have survived even one day in that tank filled with rank air, knowing that to slip from the ladder would mean death in the water swishing about close beneath their feet. I was relieved to know that they had been discovered. Polluted water is not conducive to health on a long, hot voyage!

I was standing on the starboard wing of the bridge when the men came up.

"What's your name?" I asked the first one, who was a stockily built little chap with a broad Indian face.

"Me chief stowaway," he answered, grinning from ear to ear, "like you chief capitan!"

My heart warmed to him instantly. Here was a man, thought I, who deserves to be treated leniently.

"Your name?" I demanded in as severe a tone as was possible.

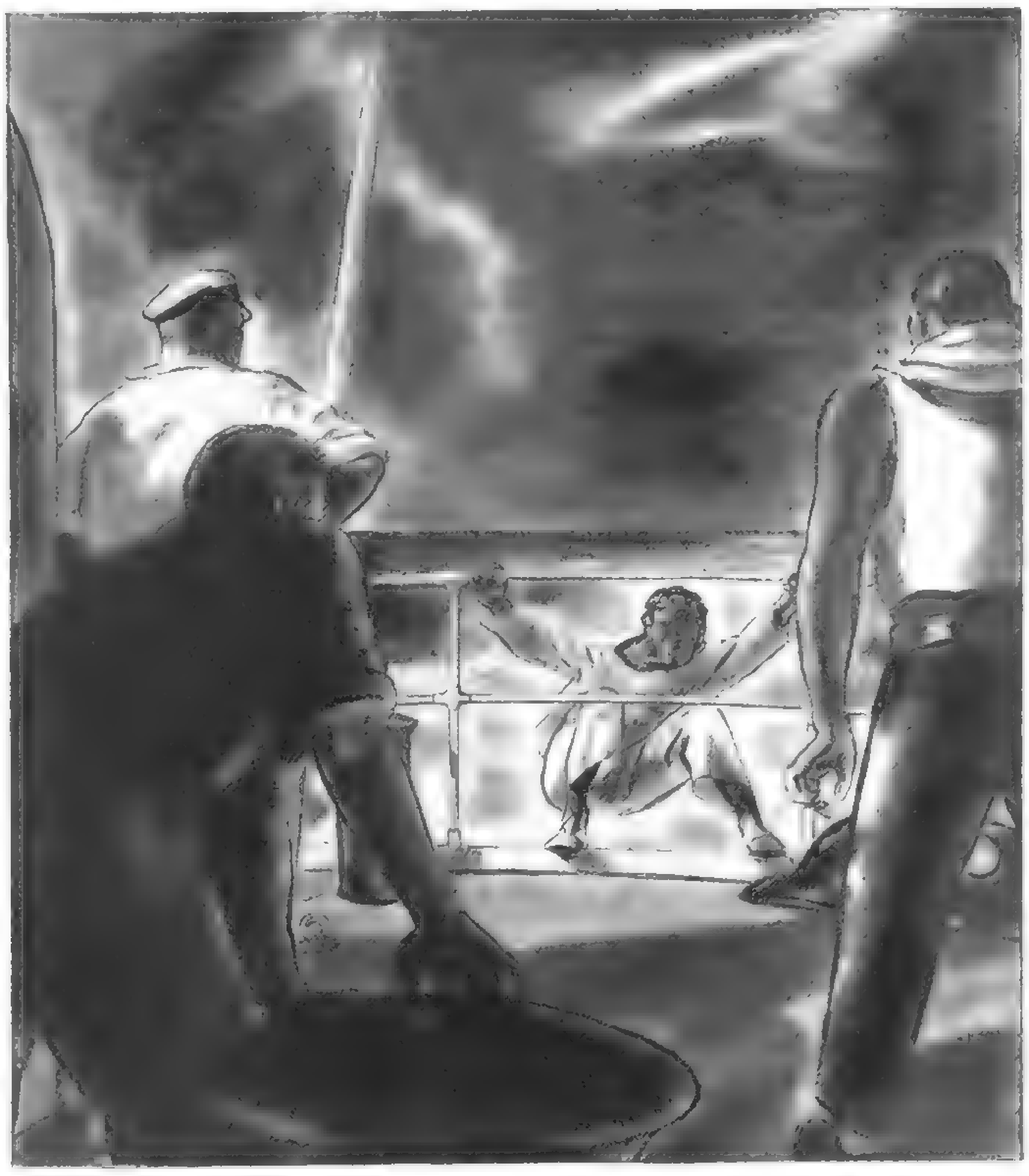
"Pablo, senor," he answered.

I turned to the other was was livid under his swarthiness. "And yours?" I asked in Spanish.

The man cringed away, refusing to answer. I did not persist for he seemed terribly afraid. Nor could I find from Pablo the name of the man who had smuggled them on board.

There was nothing more to be done. I assigned one to work in the deck department, the other in the engine-room. The chief officer led them from the bridge.

A few minutes passed. Suddenly I heard a scream of alarm and, looking aft, I saw the man who would not speak race along the after-well deck as though the devils were after him. Up the poop ladder he fled and, reaching the white-painted rail, he vaulted over it to stand on the edge of the gutter, suspended over the sea. When anyone approached him he threatened to drop into the water.



Here was a pickle! I walked aft, ordering Pablo brought to me. Through him I attempted to find out what was wrong with the man, whose name I learned was José. After much interrogation I concluded that José was under the impression that I ordered him down into the engine-room to be electrocuted. Someone had told him that that was the punishment meted out to stowaways!

With all the patience I could muster I endeavored to explain to him that that was not the case. But he refused to believe me, stating, with a great deal of heat, that he would let go of the rail if I attempted to have him apprehended.

I concluded that he was "sighted by the moon" which, by the way, was at the full, and decided to leave him where he was until he had recovered his sanity. Pablo was ordered into the engine-room for duty. I thought this action on my part would help José.

All night long José remained on the poop. In the morning we found him asleep behind a winch, and captured him. I explained again that we did not intend to hurt him in any way. He seemed to understand and he went to work on deck under the orders of the boatswain who was a Spaniard and spoke his language.

All went well on the voyage to England, where, on arrival, the two stowaways were taken to jail for safe-keeping until the vessel was again ready to sail. If I had detained them on board and they had escaped a heavy penalty would have been imposed upon my employers.

We took our departure from England under a growing moon with a cold, wet wind blowing from the northeast. About one hundred miles from the Azores Islands José went insane again, racing on to the poop and vaulting over the rail as before. I did not want to have him up there in the biting rain so I walked aft and talked to him. I believe through the murkiness on his brain he trusted me. Anyway he allowed me to lead him below. We locked him up for the night in the lazarette under the poop, and made him comfortable.

Next day I was so busy navigating through the waters adjacent to the Azores that I did not think of José until late in the afternoon. I sent for the chief officer and asked if he had fed and exercised him. He, too, had forgotten José. I ordered him to free José immediately and, when he left the bridge, I stood on the starboard wing which gave me an unobstructed view of the after-well deck.

I saw José come to the alleyway entrance and blink as the daylight struck his eyes, then he turned and walked back under the poop. I concluded that he was heading for the mess-room to get something to eat. Next I saw the boatswain appear in the alleyway entrance. He was in charge of José. I do not know why but I thought of the many portholes around the poop. I had a premonition of disaster. Picking up a megaphone I put my mouth to it and yelled:

"Keep your eye on that man there!"

The boatswain waved a hand and disappeared into the alleyway. Almost immediately he reappeared shouting, "He's gone! He's gone!" while he ran to the bulwarks and leaned over the rail. Sailormen gathered around him, all gazing in the direction of the white ribbon of wake. I ran into the starboard cab, threw open the window and craned over the side, looking aft.

A head appeared above the white water. A hand waved, then was lost in the churning foam. A life-buoy was thrown. The helm was put hard over. The vessel circled the spot where the hand had been seen. A life-boat was launched. But José was never found. At the full of the moon he had gone back to the land of his fathers.

I have always felt that the responsibility for José's death rested on my shoulders. I should not have incarcerated him in the lazarette with its creaking darkness, its phantom ghosts, and its rats. But he was a stowaway, liable to hallucinations. I had my crew to think about. What else could I have done?

I made a resolve then to treat stowaways with every consideration, feeling, deep down in my heart, a little of the urge which encouraged them to venture forth against almost insuperable odds.

Not always have I held to my resolve but Pablo, being on the spot, reaped the harvest of my commiseration. He was signed on as a mess-boy. I gave him clothing. I encouraged him to learn to read. He was an apt pupil, imitative as a monkey. He began to think something of himself. On the day he received his first salary he returned on board from the town bedecked in the finery dear to a poor Indian's heart.

In silk shirts of giddy colors he sought acquaintances in the many ports visited, and, like many of his kind, he soon attained the haughty arrogance of the true cosmopolite. After fourteen months prosperity went to his head. He became lazy and a little insolent. I fired him.

Soon he was back on board again, hungry and somewhat cowed by circumstances, but with the grin still upon his face and, I soon discovered, with an anchor to windward in the guise of an ambition to succeed.

He is now an official under the government of the country from whence he came, and fast mounting the ladder.

Pablo, however, is the exception. The spirit of adventure spurred him on. Usually the stowaways are men who seek to evade the immigration laws of the country to which they are bound. They will pay large sums of money to agents and to the crews of vessels to hide them from the prying eyes of the officers.

Seldom do they succeed, for a rigid search is made before a departure is taken from port and, if any are found, they are immediately landed, not always with polite ceremony.

Some months ago my vessel left a Central American port a few hours behind schedule, which meant that St. John could be made on time only with the best of luck and the most favorable weather. One hour out the boatswain dragged a man from beneath the forecastle-head. He had been found hiding in the center of a coil of rope. Anger surged within me. Leaning over the weather-cloth around the bridge, I shouted:

"Throw him overboard!"

Then I turned to reprimand the officer was was in charge of the search party, but the words froze on my lips. A terrified scream rent the air.

Glancing hastily forward and, I must admit, fearfully, I saw the stowaway fly through the air, turning over and over before he struck the water with a splash. The crew, eager to reach St. John, had taken my orders too literally!

The vessel was stopped and a life-boat launched to pick the unfortunate man up. He was very wet, very frightened, and very sorry that he had ever come on board. Thinking that I owed him some consideration, I decided to take him back, thinking also that he would tell everyone in the port what a hard case I was and, henceforth, I would have no stowaways. Three hours were lost on the homeward passage but they were hours well spent for now I count ten before I issue an order where human lives are concerned.

A somewhat similar incident occurred on a passenger vessel plying between New York and Havana. While in the channel of the latter port a stowaway was discovered in the engine-room and taken before the chief engineer, who had the reputation of a Nero. Grabbing the man by the ear he pulled him out on deck. Morro Castle loomed close on board.

"Can you swim?" demanded the chief engineer.

"Si . . . si, senor," stammered the man.

"Well . . . swim!" shouted the chief engineer. He grabbed the man by the seat of the pants and the scruff of the neck and heaved him over the rail. Almost instantly the man was picked up by a small boat, very frightened but none the worse for his adventure.

Now you must not conclude that the officers of the vessels are purposely cruel. They are only combating an evil that would swamp them if strict measures were not taken.

For every day a stowaway is on board the cost to the steamship company is from $2 to $3, and, should one escape in the United States or Canada, a fine of $1000 is imposed. And that is not all . . .

Some time ago a vessel arrived in Boston from Cuba with a cargo of sugar. While she lay at her wharf a Chinaman was discovered on her after-deck and, on being captured and interrogated by an interpreter from the Immigration Station, he admitted that he had come from Cuba on the vessel and that there were others on board.

A thorough search was made. None were found. The discharging of the sugar commenced while a strict watch was kept on the holds. After seven days, and when the entire cargo was about discharged, eleven Chinamen were found in a hut which had been constructed on the bottom of the hold and completely surrounded by sugar. The men had lived there for fourteen days without light, and subsisting on food and water which had been taken on board at the time of loading.

They were taken to the Immigration Station. The steamship company was ordered to take them back to the port from whence they had come. And here's the rub!

At that port in Cuba the local authorities would not allow them to land, stating that there were no entries, or records, of their landing in that country. The steamship company was up against it. On their hands they had twelve Chinamen without a country. They must either keep them forever on the vessel, running the risk of incurring fines at every port of call, or send them all back to China.

They followed the latter course, judging it better to spend a few thousand dollars than run the risk of incurring a heavy penalty if one, or all of them, escaped.

Not so fortunate was another steamship company. A negro stowaway was found in the bow locker of a life-boat after the vessel left Cuba. On returning to that country he was not allowed to land because he declared to the local authorities that his place of birth was Liverpool, England.

Being deported to Liverpool he declared on arrival that he hailed from Panama. Out to Panama he was taken.

Again on arrival he lied. Martinique, he asserted, was the land of his birth. His peregrinations were resumed and, for all I know, he has not yet reached his journey's end.

This incident may, to the reader, seem fantastic. Nevertheless it is true. The steamship company is burdened with him until he tires of a nautical life and decides to speak the truth. He is a sea lawyer and no more astute person worries the soul-ease of a shipmaster. The steamship company must consider itself lucky that there was only one negro . . .

Some years ago, bound south from Boston, I received the following message from the captain of a vessel bound north:

"I have a few stowaways on board. As you are bound for Havana will you land them there?"

I replied: "Yes."

A rendezvous was made off Cape Hatteras. On a beautiful moonlight night, with a sea smooth as glass, our vessels approached each other, the searchlights cleaving the darkness like beckoning arms. Within an hour we lay stopped, a quarter of a mile apart, rolling easily to the lift of the ocean. Down a lane of shimmering moonlight rowed a life-boat, laden with humanity.

I walked into the starboard cab and looked down as the life-boat drew alongside the pilot ladder suspended from the bulwark rail.

"How many stowaways have you got?" I asked the officer who stood by the tiller in the stern-sheet through a megaphone.

"A few, sir," he answered, "I have a letter for you about them from our captain."

"Right! Send it up!" I ordered.

"Right-o!"

But the letter was not sent up immediately. The stowaways were on the pilot ladder. They commenced to come over the bulwark-rail. I counted: "One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . . five . . . six" then, gazing towards the officer in the life-boat, I bawled: "How many did you say?"

"A few, sir," came the laconic reply.

I became rattled. I resumed the count. "Nine . . . ten . . . eleven . . . twelve . . ." Picking up my megaphone I shouted angrily: "Holy mackerel! What kind of a game is this?"

Continued on page 118

Stowaway

Continued from page 117

"It's all right, sir," came from the lifeboat. "That's the last one."

The thirteenth man was on the ladder. It was too much. I decided to send them all back. I looked over the side. The lifeboat was pushing off.

"Here!" I shouted.

A boisterous laugh came through the night. A voice shouted, "Many thanks, sir. Good-night and good luck!"

I swore. Loud and long. I had to do something to relieve the emotions that pent up within me. I had an urge to ring down to the engine-room for "full speed" and ram the other vessel, sending all hands to the bottom. It was a punishment they fully deserved. But I counted ten . . . and I was lost. Only for a minute. The chief officer was on the bridge beside me.

"They're all Spaniards, sir," he reported, "and they refuse to obey orders."

"Muster them all on the boat deck," I told him and, when they were there, I exhorted them to obey the orders of the chief officer. They refused again, stating that they had each paid one hundred dollars to a certain man for a passage to the United States. This money had also to get them past the vigilance of the immigration officials.

That was none of my business, I informed them, and they would have to obey and work or take the consequences. They decided to take the consequences. A little nautical treatment was meted out—persuasive treatment though not too drastic—and before many hours were over their heads they were quite willing to obey the orders of the chief officer.

Every stowaway must work in return for his passage and his food. Never are they given any dangerous work to do. In fact they are usually placed on the bridge, shining brass, under the eye of the officer-on-watch. If they are obstinate and obstreperous punitive measures must be taken. Handcuffing to a stanchion, with bread and water, is the usual punishment.

I have heard of stowaways being hung up by the thumbs and lashed with a rope's-end but I do not give much credence to such yarns, for even if a ship-master would be so brutal his employers would not countenance such action, knowing that they, and not the ship-master, would lose by the unfavorable publicity which might ensue.

A captain, not many months ago, was taken to task by his employers. Rumor had reached them that a stowaway had been ill-treated, although nothing very definite had been disclosed. A passenger or passengers had carried the rumor.

When the ship sailed out again the captain placed the stowaway in a first class stateroom concluding, I have no doubt, that it was much better to err on the side of leniency than to run the risk of losing his job over the misdirected sentimentality of his passengers.

Passengers do want to coddle stowaways. A certain glamor of romance seems to fall over them blunting, for a time, their perspicacity. Even hard-headed business men fall under the spell and they will champion a stowaway even although, deep down in their thoughts, they know that they would not tolerate any interference with the regulations which govern their businesses on shore.

On a crack Western Ocean liner last Winter a passenger noticed that a man was up the funnel ladder cleaning the siren incessantly until it shone like a beacon light.

"That man spends a great deal of time up there," the passenger remarked to the captain who was walking on the boat-deck.

The captain laughed and said: "He's a stowaway. He's an old hand at sea. We found him in the funnel casing this time, where it is hotter than Hades. He's up there to cool off. Do him a world of good."

The passenger nodded grimly and descended to the deck below. Within an hour a delegation waited on the captain. They all had the stern visages of martyrs.

"We demand that you release the stowaway from his duties," they stated, in tones that brooked no denial.

The captain was in a quandary. He did not want to offend those who patronized the vessels of his company, yet he knew that it was impossible to grant their wish. He said: "I'll have him put on more congenial work."

"We do not want him to work," the passengers stated, "we will pay his passage to New York."

The captain knew that it was useless to argue with them so he agreed, knowing that, on approaching New York, the passengers would forget all about the stowaway in their eagerness to leave the vessel to seek their homes. Such was the case. The immigration authorities stepped in and the law governing stowaways was enforced.

An incident which very clearly illustrates the astuteness of the Scotch occurred on a liner bound from St. John to Glasgow.

Three days out from Canada a man was discovered mingling with the passengers. He had not paid his fare. He was apprehended and taken before the captain. He admitted, very cheerfully, that he had stowed away. He was put to work.

On arrival at Glasgow he was handed over to the police because, being a Scot, he was permitted to land. In court he was fined three pounds, about $15. It later transpired that his wife and daughter had traveled as passengers on the same vessel, a second class fare having been paid for each of them. To save his fare the man had stowed away and, discounting his fine, he had obtained a very cheap passage across the 'Pond.'

However I would not advise the reader to undertake such a shift. Instead of a fine he might find himself in jail!

Let's Have a Lottery

Continued from page 58

How about ourselves, good Americans all, and the suggestion to use lotteries, either state or national, in the present emergency of unemployment, farm discontent, and other widespread economic ills?

Think it over. Ask yourself this: If an economic authority like Professor Seligman, of Columbia University, declares that the "vice" of drink in the United States when legalized will produce a billion dollars annually in excise revenue, and wipe out national deficits, how much would the "vice" of gambling yield if authorized and controlled?

State lotteries have already been interwoven into our history in times of stress and need. Under proper auspices the Fathers of our federal government encouraged them. Prior to 1820, seventy lotteries were authorized by Congress. Benjamin Franklin and John Adams obtained a "lottery loan" to meet government bills. John Hancock signed lottery tickets (as well as the Declaration of Independence!) to finance the rebuilding of Faneuil Hall, the "cradle of liberty," in Boston. In 1776, the Continental Congress authorized a state lottery to raise money for the army in the field, and 100,000 tickets were issued at five dollars each, the prizes ranging from lows of twenty dollars to a high of $50,000.

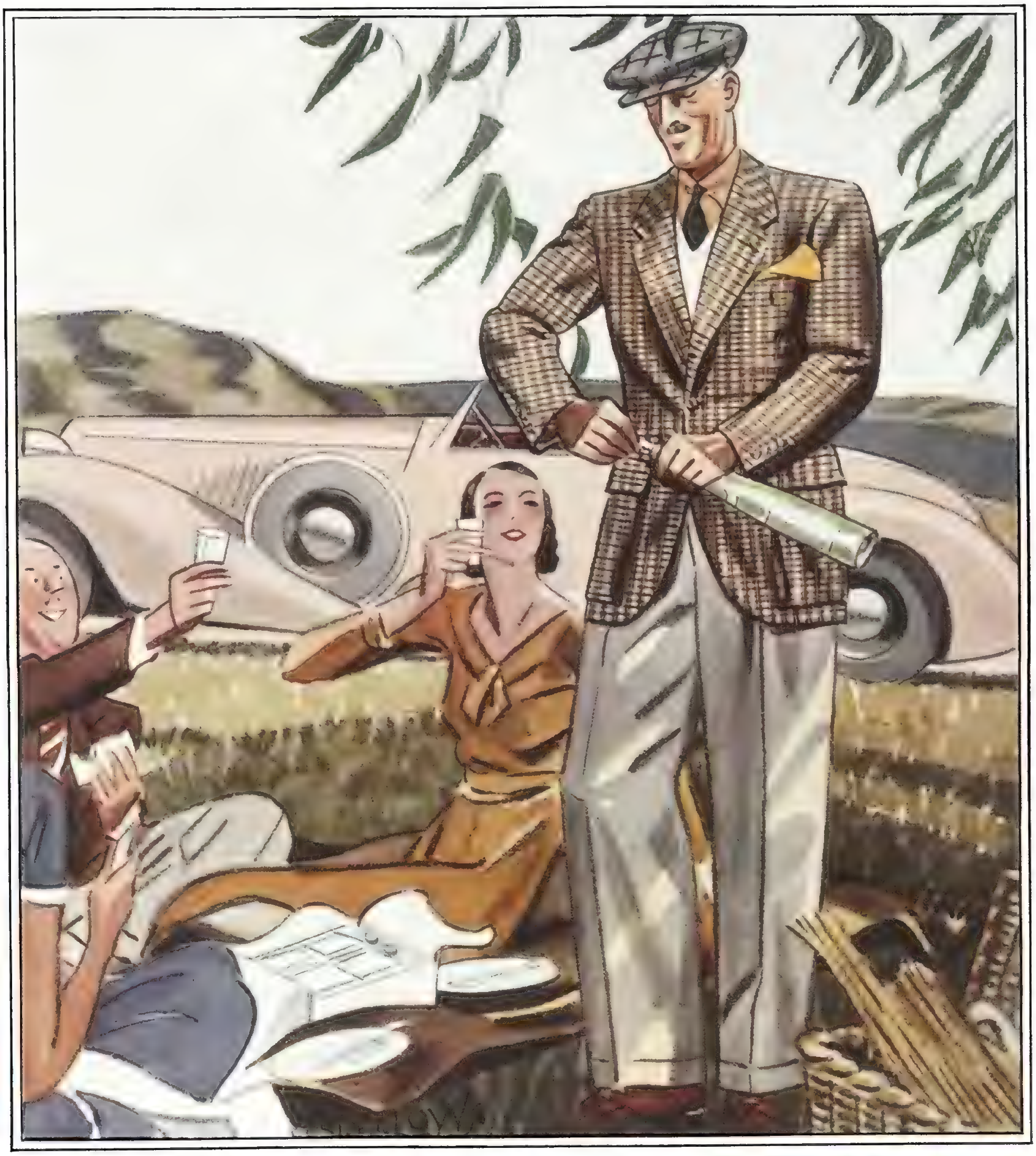
President Washington approved of a lottery proposed by the District of Columbia Commission for building a part of the capital city of the new republic. The work was estimated to cost $350,000, and the tickets for the lottery were $7.00 each. There were 10,727 prize tickets and 32,263 blanks. The first prize was "one superb hotel with baths, out-houses, etc., to cost $50,000."

Mixed with the evil effects, countless churches, orphan asylums and other charitable objectives were made possible through public lotteries that took place in the United States before the end of the third decade of the Nineteenth century. Institutions of learning such as Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth, Williams and Columbia universities espoused lotteries to help out in their finances and needed expansion.

There is no blinking the fact that we have lotteries today all over the country, in one form or another, operating for private profit and without legal sanction. A national lottery would run them out of business. And it would divert money from innumerable phony stock propositions.

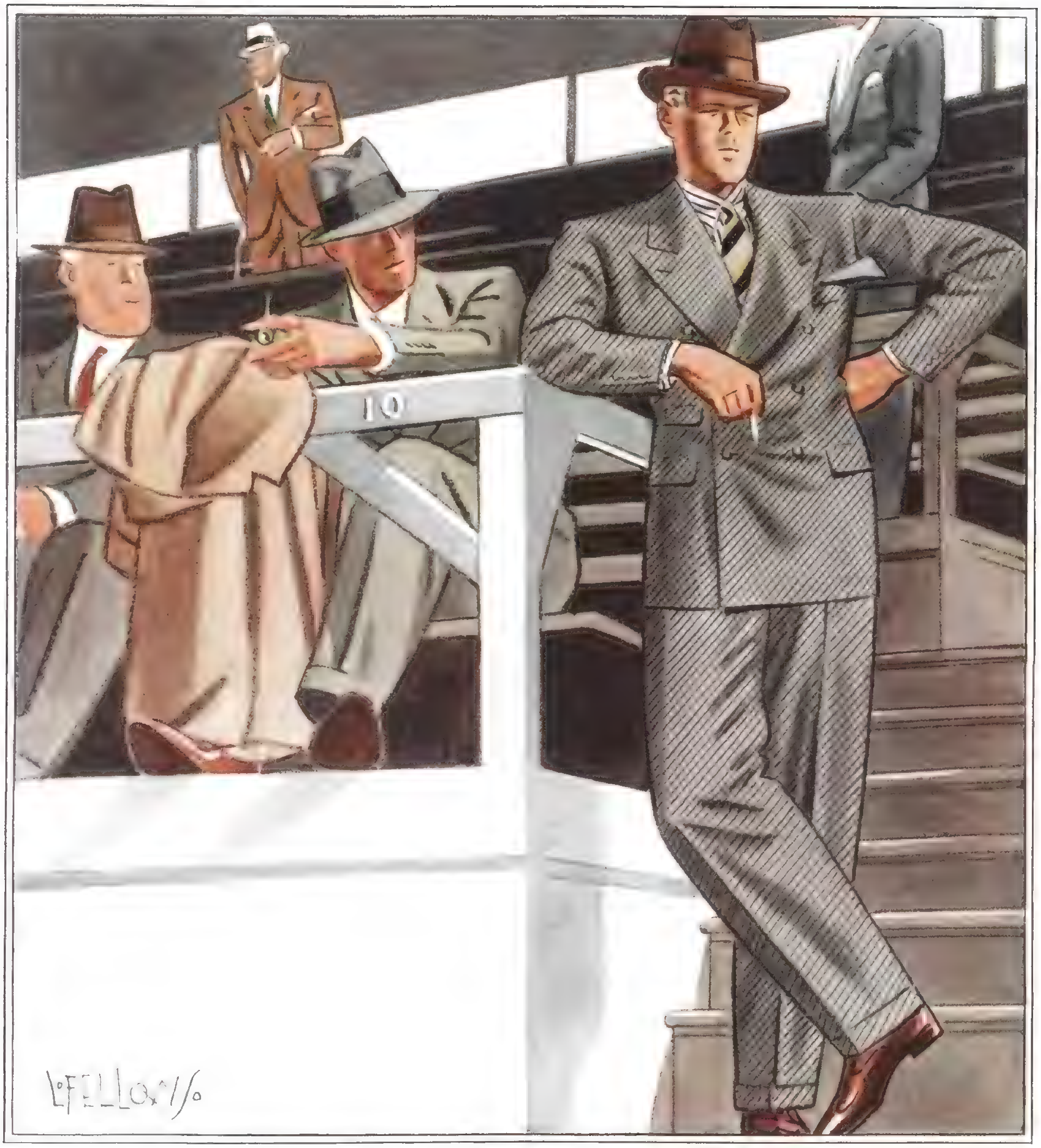
Personally, I'd rather take a five-dollar chance six times a year in a government gamble that would contain a couple of hundred thousand lucky tickets, as in the French lottery of 1933, than put my money in the mill of frenzied finance called Wall Street, especially as I'd be killing two birds with one stone: enjoying a hazard and reducing taxes.

How do you feel about it?



THE WIDE OPEN SPACES CAN TAKE A LOT OF COLOR

We can explain everything but the smile on his face. Maybe he just likes picnics. Or maybe, it's pleasant surprise at finding a bottle that he can open without breaking either its neck or his. Perhaps it is simply to typify him as The Model Young Man Who Didn't Forget The Corkscrew. Anyway, the smile is elective, not compulsory, with either the clothes or the occasion. You can even have the clothes without having to go on a picnic at all. The three-button notch lapel coat with soft front construction is of a very light weight tweed in an authentic Scotch district plaid. District plaids are especially suited for sports clothes because their colors are set off against a white background. Note the large patch pockets. The extra size of these, plus the coat's soft drape and its length, are the distinguishing factors in giving this garment the flair that it possesses. This coat carries a center vent, as its length and general lines make it unsuited to the side vents which are now featured in so many sports jackets. The trousers are the light grey flannel English slacks which have become a standard of the American wardrobe following their introduction from England a few years ago. The shoes are blucher front brown buckskin with black rubber soles and heels. The cap is of lovat tweed with an over plaid. A tan oxford shirt, green foulard tie, light weight white Alpaca sweater, V-neck and sleeveless, contribute to the effect as a whole, making a good outfit for general country wear. Custom has set almost no limits to the colorfulness of sports jackets, and while this is the first loud one that we have shown, it is by no means the loudest that will be worn by men who have the reputation of being well dressed.



YOUNG MAN ABOUT TOWN IN STORE-BOUGHT CLOTHES

We are accused, from time to time, of forgetting the young man on modest, not to say meagre, salary, whose budget cannot cope with some of our suggestions. Hence this down to earth reminder that you needn't belong to the clientele of the first ten tailors in New York to make yourself presentable. The "one-suit man" could do much worse than make this outfit his choice. Plain blue is to be avoided, as a too obvious admission that you have few clothes, but this black and grey diagonal suit, of a light weight Saxony, is a close second in all round practicability. The addition of an outside cash or ticket pocket gives it a look of custom casualness, and the selection of accessories further emphasizes this suggestion. The shirt is a white collar attached model, with short collar points (about two and three-quarter inches long), with dark blue stripings. This collar calls, as a matter of course, for a heavy gold collar pin. It is a model, by the way, which had its origin among the fashion setting younger members of the New York Stock Exchange, and it is catching on very fast with young men all over the country. A rep tie of navy blue, green and gold, solid colored medium blue pocket handkerchief, brown Homburg hat with welt edge and brown wing tip shoes round out the whole. As for topcoat choices, you could, with equal appropriateness, wear either a grey or a navy blue. A grey covert cloth coat would be an excellent choice with these clothes, in either single breasted (fly front) or double breasted model. This outfit may be duplicated with ease and without undue strain upon the purse at almost any clothing store, in all but possibly the most remote townships.

The Candid Cameraman

A stand-on-your-head rave for Durante, applause for Mr. March, a word about terrible movies

by MEYER LEVIN

"PALOOKA" is the funniest picture I ever saw. I laughed so much I had to sit in my seat several minutes after the final close-up, to get the overplus of laughter out of my insides. The whole audience laughed so uproariously that many of the thick-studded gags were lost under the howls. Jimmie Durante was a wow, Stuart Erwin was a wow, Lupe Velez was a wow, and everybody else in the cast was perfect. The story was a natural, preserving the flavor of the comic strip from which it was drawn. I felt like doing one straight rave, and here I've done it.

"Palooka" does not compare, for satiric humor, with "A Nous La Liberte." And Chaplin, to get classical, was of course a greater comedian than Jimmie Durante ever hopes to be. Or doesn't hope. I trust he doesn't hope. The early pictures of the Four Marx Brothers were crazier than "Palooka." This opus is just knock-em-down and drag-em-out funny.

A literary friend of mine who devoutly followed Durante in Jimmie's vaudeville days used to explain, in sociological-aesthetic terms, why Durante is the most representative American comedian. I finally get it. Durante is the man in the street. He is the small-town barber dreaming he's a big shot banker, and kidding himself at his own dreams. What makes Jimmie distinctly American, however, is his speed. He seems continually on the verge of bursting a blood-vessel. He's a super-charged salesman, the king of brag. And the joke is that he knows it's all hot air. And he knows the customer knows. He shoots out his ornate, blustering phrases, his misplaced four-syllable words, with the maniacal self-confidence of a Rotary club song-leader.

Jimmie's joke is the joke of exaggeration. Good-humored, lusty exaggeration. There is no Chaplin snap-back string of pathos in his joke. Take the moment in "Palooka," when, spurned by a hot dame, he detects a jar of reducing cream and commences to apply the salve to his schnozzle, in front of a mirror. Jimmie is no Cyrano. He simply cannot play that nose for pathos. He is completely adjusted to that nose, he glories in it, we almost envy him its possession!

The American laugh has been a derivative of the English humor of understatement. Dead-pan artists have prevailed in Hollywood. The owlish Harold Lloyd gave way to the funereal Buster Keaton. Even the slapstick team, Laurel and Hardy, get their laughs through the lack of expression on a fat man's face when a plate crashes on his head. But Jimmie reverses all that. He is in a continual stew, a ferment of emotion. In this quality, he somewhat resembles my other enthusiasm, Harpo Marx; but Harpo's character is primitive and universal, whereas Jimmie is a direct American caricature.

Stuart Erwin does almost as much as Durante to give the picture a nutsy quality. As the dazed, slow-thinking Palooka he contributes what might paradoxically be called a brilliant performance. His befuddled staggering around the ring, when he "knocks out" the drunken champion, is swell acting. Whereas a performer like Durante creates one part, and lives it, Stuart Erwin is the type of actor who adds his own droll comment to the personality he portrays.

Lupe Velez flings sex into the picture, in an openly ribald sketch of a gold-digging hot mama. She does one loping hip-swing number that all the girls ought to be imitating.

But wait'll you get that final shot of Jimmie, doubling as his own baby, in a lace cap and ribbons! What facial expression! What contortionism! Wow!

It's quite a leap from "Palooka" to "Death Takes a Holiday," the cinema's production of the macabre Italian play. Frederic March, as the tender-hearted Death who yearns for life, again proves himself one of the strongest personalities on the screen. While fittingly slow in tempo, the production sometimes seems a little awed by the gravity of its subject-matter. I respected the excellence of its craftsmanship, but did not like it, chiefly because I disagree with the mawkish idealization of death presented in this play. Like the works of Pirandello, it seems to stem from a decaying civilization. Some will surely find it beautiful and noble. I feel it as a wasteful toying with negative concepts.

The versatility of Frederic March is arresting when one considers his heavy performance as Death, compared to his jaunty sketch of a tough carnival cane-man in "Good Dame," a folksy picture which he shared with Sylvia Sidney. March is one of the very few film actors who can be trusted to give a fully rounded characterization in more than one type of part. He's so skillful that, after seeing him dozens of times, I still find it difficult to recognize him.

The high moments in "Good Dame" are the scenes in which the man's inarticulate resistance to marriage comes into conflict with the girl's simple love. The hesitancies, the bickerings and snarling with which the man tries to cut through the possessive tug of the woman's love, are completely realized by Frederic March and Sylvia Sidney. Unfortunately, the picture has some pretty terrible spots, too.

Of musicals there is no end. "Wonder Bar" has Al Jolson in a pleasantly eager-to-please mood; a splendid negro heaven sequence a la "Green Pastures" with thousands of black arms swaying against fleecy clouds in a hallelujah climax. The rest of the picture is routine. "The Cat and the Fiddle" is the type of sweet musical show that bores me, while I recognize that it is an excellent job and the sort of thing plenty of others enjoy. The Kern tunes are good. "Hips Hips Hooray" has the most suggestive of recent songs: "Keep On Doin' What You're Doin' Cause I Love What You're Doin' to Me!"

English-made films may yet give Hollywood producers a headache. "Henry the Eighth" was a box-office as well as "artistic" triumph. Now comes "Catherine the Great" by the same producers. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. portrays the ironically mad young Czar with a skill and winningness that is an odd combination of George Arliss and Fairbanks, Sr. He manages to get sympathy for a character with many cruel traits. His acting is a trifle too studied and exterior, too stunty to evoke full-hearted enthusiasm. One feels that he came by his career too regularly to have developed the depth that might otherwise have been within his power. Elizabeth H. Bergner—would any but an English movie firm permit the middle initial?—gives a disturbingly uneven performance as Catherine. This actress has an unusual face, at times very wise and beautiful; her full-open, dark eyes possess a startling intensity. She is decidedly an important new personality in the screen world; but like Anna Sten, she has moments of awkward artificiality that crack her performance.

The disturbing thing about "Catherine the Great," to Hollywood, is that the English have at last learned to make Hollywood movies. In fact, much of the time I felt that this *was* a Hollywood production. The gain in business will probably offset any loss in distinction, for the British producers.

A word about terrible movies. There are two kinds: those that make one writhe, and those that make one laugh. "Cross Country Cruise," the Grand Hotel theme on a bus, is so obvious it becomes hilarious. A man sitting behind me kept finishing the wise-cracks before they could be uttered on the screen. He made 100%. But a piece like "I Believed in You" merits punishment. Some sap writer or producer tries to take out a grudge on Greenwich Village "freaks." Goes to all sorts of lengths to prove that the artists, writers, dancers, and radicals are all hypocrites, four-flushers, snakes, and two-timers. It suggests that nickels and quarters collected from poor workers are expended in drinking sprees by "organizers" who wear Windsor ties! That's the kind of despicably cheap imputation that will probably be beneath the scorn of the radical press; I don't believe it was intended as "capitalist propaganda," but must say it's lousy stuff.

Four Miles of Gay Danger

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swift! The only usefulness of a half-bred on the course today would be to lead the race-horses to the post. After they started to run, he couldn't keep near enough to see which way they went.

In those discussions among horsey men and women, which are so fascinating to them and often so excruciatingly boring to the rest of the world, the relative difficulties of the Maryland course and other famous steeple chase courses have been thrashed out often. First of all, Maryland makes jumping demands upon a horse far and away in excess of those made by the usual steeplechase course of rather flimsy brush jumps on the "big tracks," where for two miles, a careless horse often skims through the brush and comes home a winner because of speed on the flat. Next, several of its fences are bigger, and all are stouter than those in any other hunt cup race. Its distance is one-half mile longer than the standard three and a half. And it is run faster.

At this point in the conversation, because other comparisons are lacking, the English Grand National always comes up, and, lately, its supposed replica, the race at Grasslands, Tennessee. Men who have ridden at Aintree and Maryland, and men who have observed both races many times, insist that timber fences can throw a horse harder when he makes a mistake than the stiffest brush jumps. And the records of injuries in the two races would seem to bear out their contention. Certainly in Maryland there are no guard rails to show a horse where to take off. He must settle that for himself. And as for the hazard of a six-foot brook on one side or the other of a hedge, a trained and fit chaser traveling a racing speed takes off and lands that far away from his fences normally.

It is interesting to remember that the American home-breds which have done best at both Aintree and Grasslands have been "timber" horses rather than "brush" horses; that in addition to being fast on the flat, they have been superb and honest jumpers. Billy Barton, winner in Maryland, finished second in the English Grand National on his first entry. Alligator, winner in Maryland, won the first International Steeplechase at Grasslands. Sea Soldier, by Man o'War, which has started in Maryland and, incidentally, fallen there, stood up quite neatly over the Aintree fences, yet failed to show enough of his sire's famous gallop to win. Troublemaker made a gallant attempt at the 1933 Grand National and finished the course in a record-breaking race.

But let's get to the paddock at the bottom of the hill and have a look at the horses. Everything at Maryland is intensified and selective. There's only one race on this card, but there's as much interest shown in the entries as could be devoted to all the entries in six races at Belmont, or Arlington or Saratoga. And there's more thrill in this one race than in any other six—that is, if you've ever ridden to hounds.

Round and round they walk inside an informal hurdle ring, swathed in blankets, almost dignified in manner, eyeing the crowd, listening to the bookies, and calm withal. There's no kicking, no snatching for bits, no pretty adolescent curveting. These horses are seven, eight, ten, or twelve years old. To their thoroughbred gameness they have added experience which age alone can bring. They have run in many a timber race, else they would not be asked to run in this one. Beside them are negro grooms, or Irish grooms, or farmer grooms; each, inside, more excited than the horse he is leading, and seeking to exhibit calm in ways peculiar to his kind. Watching the slow walking are little groups of owners and trainers and amateur riders; the bright silks of the latter hidden under topcoats, the leanness of their young faces intensified by the visors of their caps. All eyes are cool and critical. Conversation in snatches is likely to be about any insignificance, rather than the high glory of this moment. All that can be done has been done—early-morning schools over fences, long gallops to build endurance and wind, quick works to sharpen speed. Right now each group could explain to you, if they had to, their reasons for believing that they have saddled this year's winner of the Maryland Hunt Cup. But why bother to talk? All will be settled very shortly.

There is no moment in all sport more tense than the "Up, gentlemen, please," spoken in this paddock. Blankets are stripped from satin, muscled flanks. A last quick inspection is given girth and safety-girth. A man who rides for the love of the thing, slips off his coat, revealing glossy boots, spotless breeches, vivid silks. Solicitous hands give a leg up. He gathers his reins, tests once again, questioningly, the length of stirrup leathers his feet have felt many times before . . . settles resolutely into the familiar saddle. The pink-coated huntsman is waiting at the gate. The parade to the post is on!

On one sopping wet day, when an all-afternoon rain had made the course slippery and fetlock deep, and the saddling time had been delayed twice to see if the rain wouldn't stop, the field went to the post with only one late scratch—and that because the rider had been caught in a traffic jam. A professional steeplechase jockey, well known on the big tracks, was heard to mutter as he watched the twelve file bravely by, "You got to hand it to them gents, ridin' over these jumps on a day like this. You couldn't hire me to do it—not by a damn sight."

Points of vantage from which to see this race are easy to find. Every foot of the course in view from this natural grandstand, though glasses are desirable for use when the field swings along by the woods on the far side. They will make, roughly, two big loops, and finish in front of you, where the judges are standing on the farm wagon at the foot of the hill. You may, if you are thrilled by spills, hurry down to the third fence, which is next to the thirteenth, and hurry back in time to be close to the finish. You'll see more, however, if you stay where you are—and let the horses do the running.

Without a barrier, the field wheels quickly into lines as mannerly as you please, and, without delay or jockeying, the flag comes down. "They're off!" yelled with delight on so many race courses, or screamed with the gambler's glee, comes from the Maryland Hunt Cup thousands as a restrained murmur, a mingling of controlled excitement and respect.

They are running as though they had four furlongs to go instead of four miles. An unbroken wave of fleet strength and gay color, they ripple over the first fence and swing slightly left-handed for the second—and the third. "Wait until they get to the third fence. Just wait . . . the third fence," are the words of the crowd. And the same words must flash through the brain of every rider there as the rush carries him towards that timber, four feet nine.

One is over. . . . Another is over. . . . The third is down. . . . And another. Wow, didn't he stand on his head! . . . Another over, and another, and a whole bunch of others, sweeping away now to the left up the long hill.

Rap! Rap! Clack! Blows of iron-shod hoofs on locust rails come back to you faintly through the soft air, so quietly attentive is every one around you.

The first horse to fall, the favorite, has been remounted, and goes on. The second has not stirred. . . . But follow the race! That's what you came to see!

By the time they had run the first loop of the journey, they have split into two groups not so very far apart, the ones who hope to win by pace and the ones whose judgment says the pace is too fast. Some of the biggest fences remain to be jumped by tired horses in the last mile and a half. And the last two fairly small plank barriers have brought down racers who came unscathed over the other twenty.

It was at the next to the last fence that Billy Barton, Albert G. Ober up, fell during his second Maryland Hunt Cup race, after he and little Bon Master, Frank A. Bonsal, Jr. up, had looked each other in the eye, stride for stride and fence for fence for some three miles. It was here, in 1931, that Reel Foot, George Saportas up, and Sea Soldier, Bobby Davis up, both went down, so that the sure-fencing Soissons, ridden by Jack Skinner, ready to strike from just behind, came on to win in a canter.

One of the most satisfactory finishes in recent years, from a spectators' viewpoint was in 1930, when four tired game horses and riders jumped the last fence practically together and battled through the long homestretch nose for nose, as even at the end of four miles over stout fences as any handicapper could wish to have them at the end of six furlongs on the flat. In that race, Brose Hover, Mr. Crawford Burton up, set a record of 8 min. 53 4-5 sec.

But records, even startling ones like Brose Hover's, do not stand forever. In 1932 only eight horses went to the post, but those eight were the pick of the land. On a course so fast and dry that fleeting hoofs raised a thin dust cloud above the turf, Brose Hover, the favorite, set a killing pace. One by one, horses refused or fell behind him—Soissons, Comea, Sea Soldier, Primero. Reel Foot was still chasing him, and so was MacCarthy More and another which never had started on this course, appropriately named, Troublemaker. At the last fence Brose Hover jumped first, but he didn't land first. In the air Troublemaker came and caught him. A better finish has never been seen in Maryland, or elsewhere. Neither Bonsal on Brose Hover nor Laing on Troublemaker touched his whip. Hands said "Now" and riders' legs said "Now." Horses

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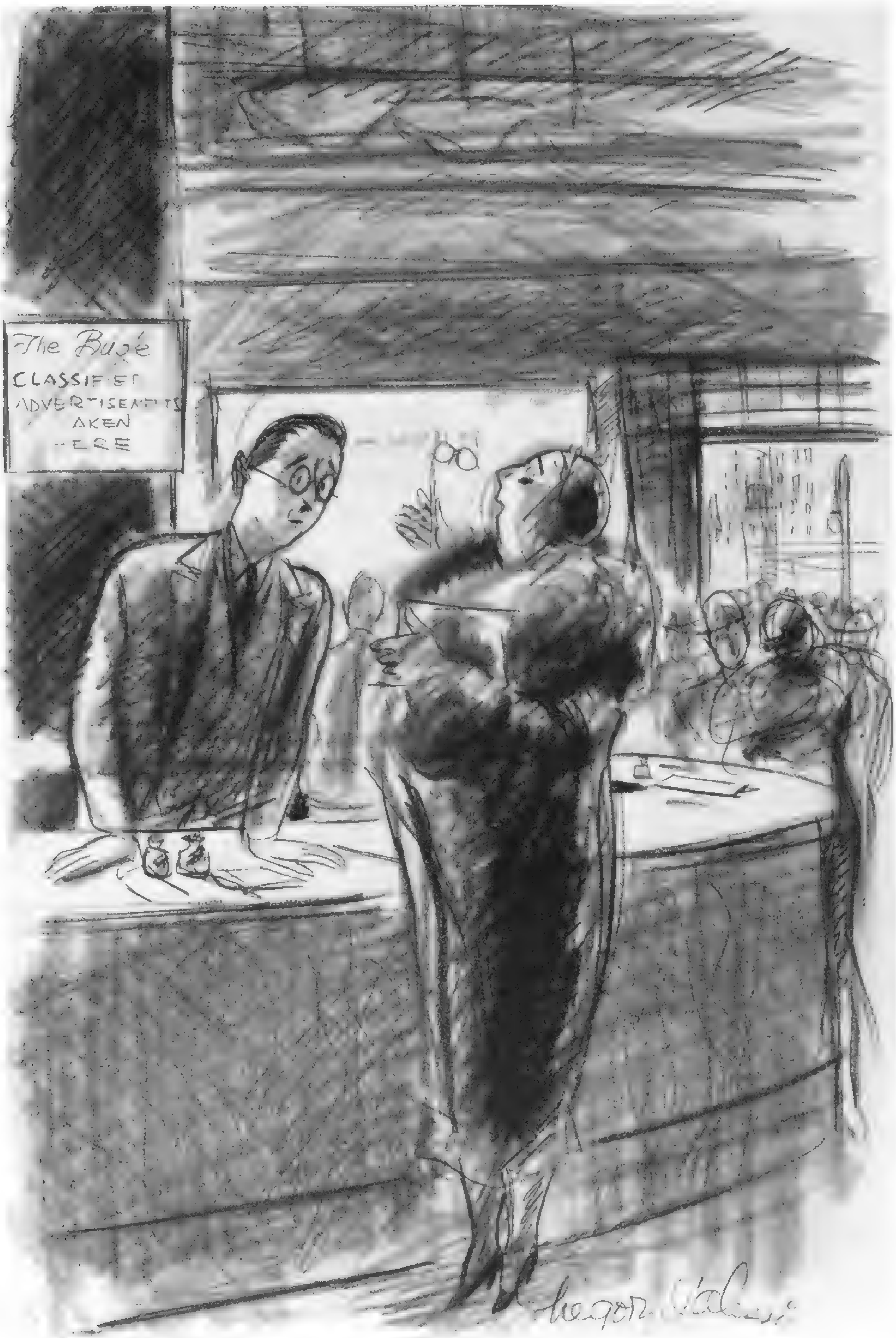

The Buzé
CLASSIFIED
ADVERTISEMENTS
AKEN
HERE

"Will you advertise the fact that my dog Hector is not responsible for the debts of Trixie? She left with a German police dog"

Bertha and the Bigamous Bey

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chaser. Once I'll swear he actually winked at me.

By the time the Big Day arrived for the showdown with the clients we had everything all set, the layouts done, the copy written, posters and the whole works. We dragged one of the desks to the center of the room and draped a black cloth over it, like a magician's table. On top of this we placed the box with Bertha and Oscar, and around it Kay wrapped a wide red ribbon. Then we set four chairs in front for our audience, pulled down the shades and lowered the big dome-light to a point directly above the box. The effect was great.

At eleven o'clock Beagle stuck his head in to see if we were ready. The scene must have startled him, for he stopped halfway through whatever he was going to say and the cigar fell out of his mouth.

"No peeping, Mr. Beagle!" Kay jumped to the door and stood between him and the table. "We've got a big surprise for you," she said, and then, "Are they here yet?"

Beagle nodded vigorously, trying to steal another look over her shoulder.

"Then you bring 'em along," Kay said, and closed the door on his cigar.

Dr. Hagenbeck Kluck looked to me as if his Kiddie Korrector had come too late, by about fifty-six years. He lumbered into the room ahead of Mrs. Chumley, a woolly Saint Bernard trailed by a nervous, switchy Pekinese. A wan shovel beard was buttoned into his Inverness cape, and the brick-red façade of his face, flanked by thick bifocal windows, was topped with a thatching of long, straw-colored hair. He sat down, flung open his cape and swung his twin beacons upon us in a slow, searching arc.

Following Dr. Kluck came an even greater surprise, for P. Osmund Starkie, ambassador of Vulvo the Vigor Vitamin (*Puts Hearts of Oak in Cedar Chests*), proved to be a wispish, pint-sized person with a perfectly lovely marcel, whose hips undulated rhythmically across the room. After the introductions he produced a handkerchief from his cuff, dusted off his chair with a series of deft flicks and sat down beside the bushy doctor, upon whom he bestowed a long sidewise look of intense distaste.

Beagle remained standing slightly to the rear of the seats, his stare fixed distrustfully upon the quiet box. When I moved to retrieve the layouts from my desk he followed and caught my arm.

"*What'll I say?*" he whispered breathlessly. "What's in the box? Where are the ads? Is everything scientifically O.K.?"

"Sure," I replied, picking up the portfolio. "You go ahead and give 'em the usual works, we'll handle the rest of it. And 'scientific'?" I glanced at the gallery of charts hanging in the dim outer circle of light. "Mr. Beagle, don't be surprised if we aren't two theories and a half ahead of Einstein!"

"That's great, boy, that's *great!*" I could see his color return and the old Beagle poise straighten his shoulders. He strode back to the table, smiled and clasped the lapels of his coat with both hands. The strong floodlight made a sort of halo around his hairless head, and the reverent, spiritual look that came into his eyes was done even better than the time we signed up the business for the Brothers of St. Boniface Building and Loan Society.

"Gentlemen," he began softly, "it isn't often that an opportunity to speed the March of Civilization is given to a plain advertising man. That rôle falls to you doctors and scientists, always the twin crutches of Progress."

Dr. Kluck nodded sagely and P. Osmund Starkie wriggled his appreciation of the compliment.

"*But—*" Beagle resumed with upraised finger, "ours too is an enlightened profession, and today the advertising specialist who proceeds scientifically can step in with his profound grasp of public psychology and work *his* minor miracles."

Bertha (or maybe it was Oscar) chose this moment to thump her applause on the inside of the box.

Beagle jumped as if he's been shot. The starch and assumed poise, still uncertain tenants of his spinal column, moved out in a body, and he slumped towards the vacant chair.

"Carry on from there," he directed weakly and turning to Kluck and Starkie he explained in a series of fading gulps: "The details—my staff—more familiar—oomp . . ."

Joel caught up the cue.

"Therefore, as Mr. Beagle says, we approached the Kiddie Korrector from the scientific angle. Before we began any tests we asked ourselves this: 'what,' we demanded, 'is the most fecund of all mater-familias?' And do you know what our answer was?"

Apparently no one had the vaguest idea.

"The rabbit!" Joel tapped the box. "The common or garden-variety rabbit. 'Here,' we said, 'is the vital test. Hold the rabbit and you've held everything.' Woman shakes off her chains, breaks out of her ancient vassalage into the cool air of the new, the Enlightened Age."

Dr. Hagenbeck Kluck blinked through his bifocals and for the first time he spoke: "You iss got ein fe-hemale rhabbit in ta *pox!*" he demanded incredulously.

"Absolutely," Joel replied proudly. "This box contains Bertha—and it's a name I daresay will one day stand, in the story of woman's emancipation, between that of Marie Stopes and Annie Besant."

We could have put both Bertha *and* Oscar without folding their ears, into Mrs. Chumley's mouth.

"Yes sir," Joel continued, "we've given Bertha in all eight bottles of Kiddie Korrector, keeping full record of her metabolism, her heart-rate, her duo—"

"*And the results?*" Beagle cried, jumping up. "She—they—?"

Joel smiled faintly. "You will soon see," he said and nodded to Kay, who began to untie the ribbon.

I stepped forward and grasped the lid in both hands.

"Wait!" I said, and boy, you could have sliced the silence into fifty-pound chunks.

"This is in a sense *my* presentation too," I explained, turning to P. Osmund Starkie. "My problem was Vulvo the Vigor Vitamin; and reduced to its simplest terms it came to this: how can we best make America run-down constitution conscious?

"I turned this proposition inside out and I finally decided that nothing we could do would be more convincing than a *living* test. 'Our ads must be authentic,' I said. 'They must be rooted in science.' And here"—I looked down at the box, "here is my answer! Here is the future of Vulvo!"

P. Osmund grasped his hip with one hand and arched his brows at me in a look which I chose to interpret as delighted surprise.

"In this box there is also a *male* rabbit," I said. "One, Oscar, by name. Six weeks ago his eyes were dull, his hair was falling out, his manner and appearance were altogether those of one who is through with life's ups and downs. So what did I do?"

They might have been a mixed quartette from a deaf-and-dumb school.

"I took this poor devil in hand. I fed him four Vulvo tablets a day. 'The results?' you ask. They are here in these ads, the whole amazing story. And I'll venture to say there isn't a single run-down, dejected man in America who can look this first picture of Oscar in the eye without recognizing himself . . . and when he comes to this *last* picture —when he sees the magical transformation into this fine, deep-chested, four-square specimen of manhood—" I shrugged and spread my hands.

"Tommy!" Kay exclaimed. "And you never told us!"

"You old son-of-a-gun!" Joel grinned and poked me in the ribs.

I had barely cracked open the lid of the box before Oscar hopped spryly out upon the table, his ears cocked at a rakish angle and his coat glistening like satin in the strong light.

"That's our Oscar," I said to P. Osmund

"Oooh, the handsome brute!" he cried.

"Vulvo," I explained. "All the work of Vulvo."

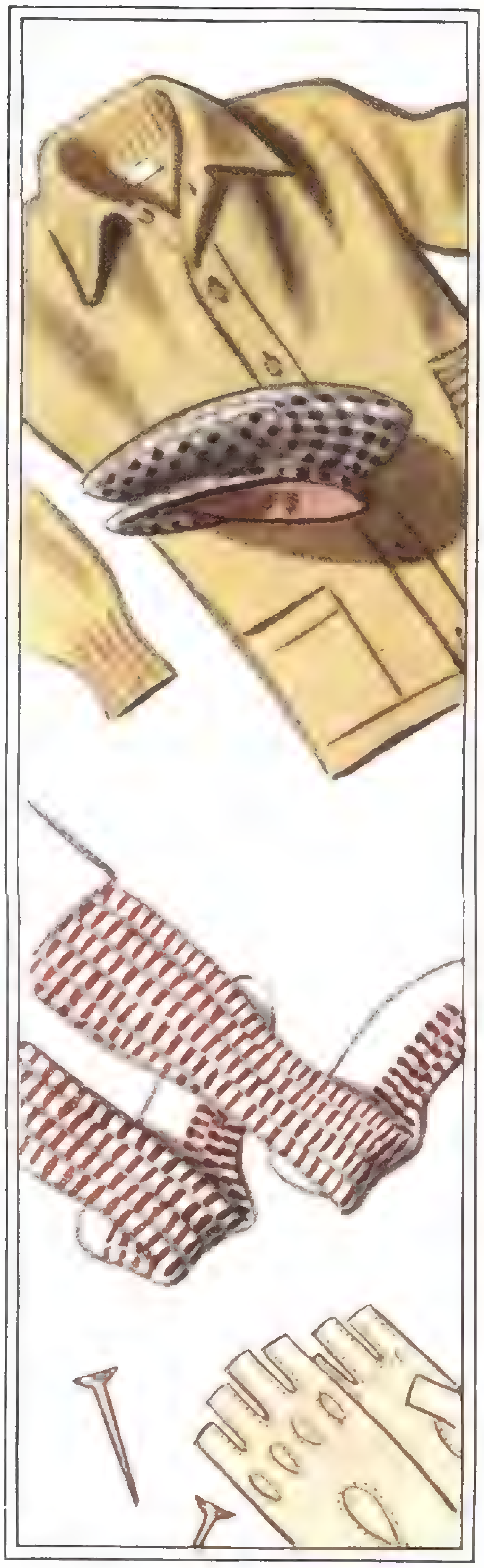
Suddenly Kay shrieked. I wheeled around and there was a scene I'll never forget—*never*, not if I live to be a hundred. Kay and Joel were standing there by the table with open mouths, looking down into the box and paralyzed at what they saw.

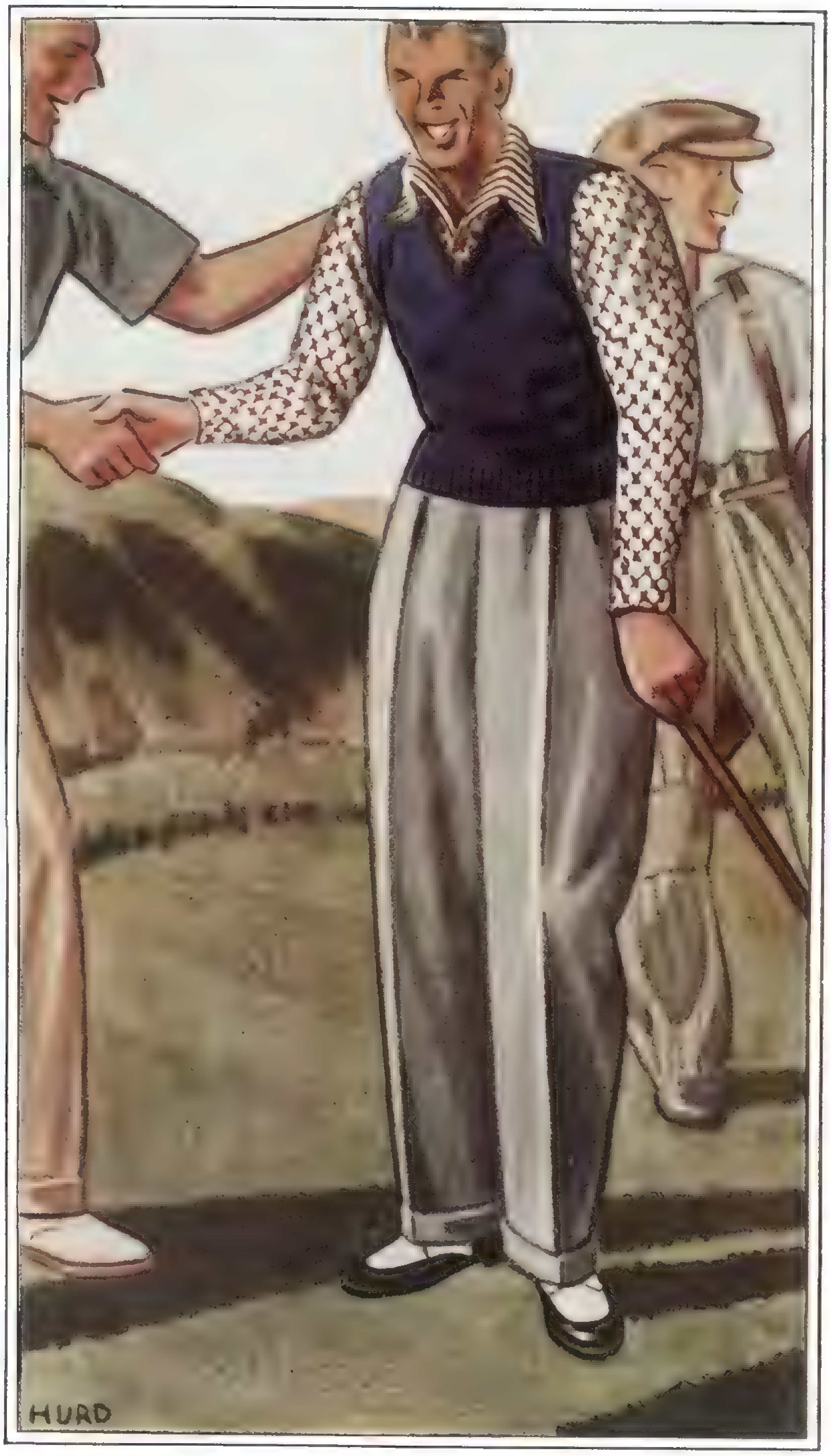
"What's happened?" Beagle cried out. "Is she missing?"

"Missing? *Missing?*" Bertha hadn't missed a thing. There she lay in the bottom of the box, one eye smiling up at us with that look of woman's pride in a job well-done; the eight fluffy bundles of her new family nestled about her like the border of pink icing on a birthday cake.

Our circle of frozen faces aroused no spark of resentment in Bertha's blissful breast. She raised her lip in a sweet maternal smile, and there, sparkling serenely upon the tip of one of her whiskers, we observed a single white speck of Kluck's Kiddie Korrector.

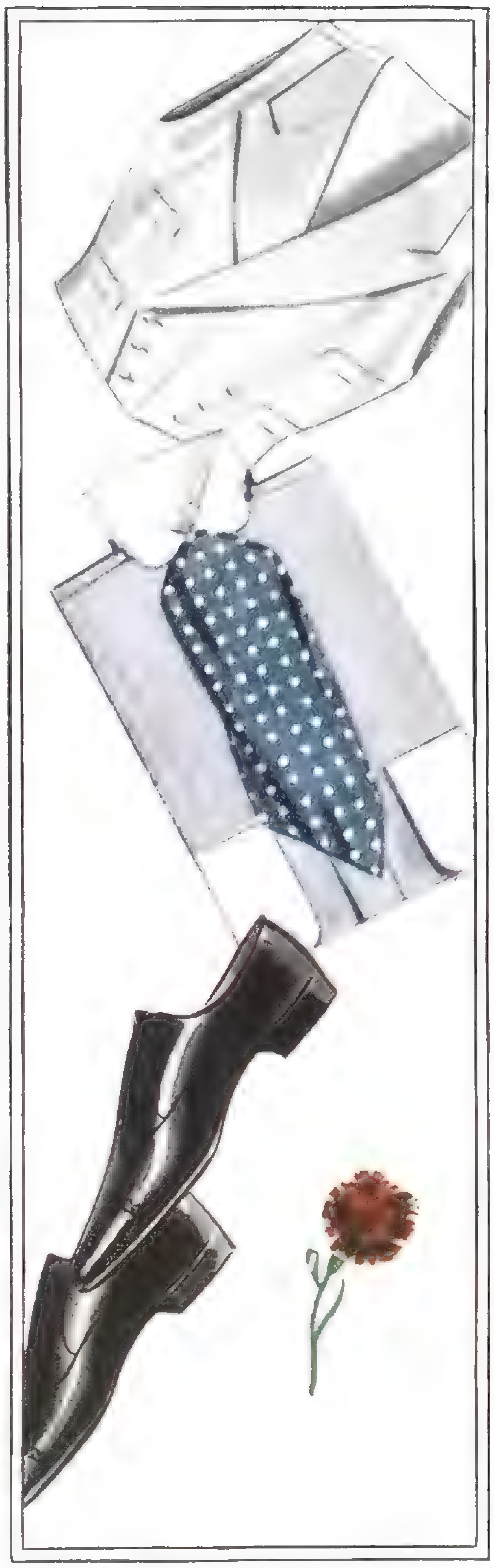
As I was saying, with three people's work to do you'd think I wouldn't notice the silence and the empty desks. Beagle's trying to get me two more Idea Men and every day I talk to the people he sends in, but I just can't decide. It'd seem strange now to have anybody else sitting in Kay's and Joel's places. I couldn't stand it. Not while there's still a faint whiff of Bertha and Oscar in the coat closet.

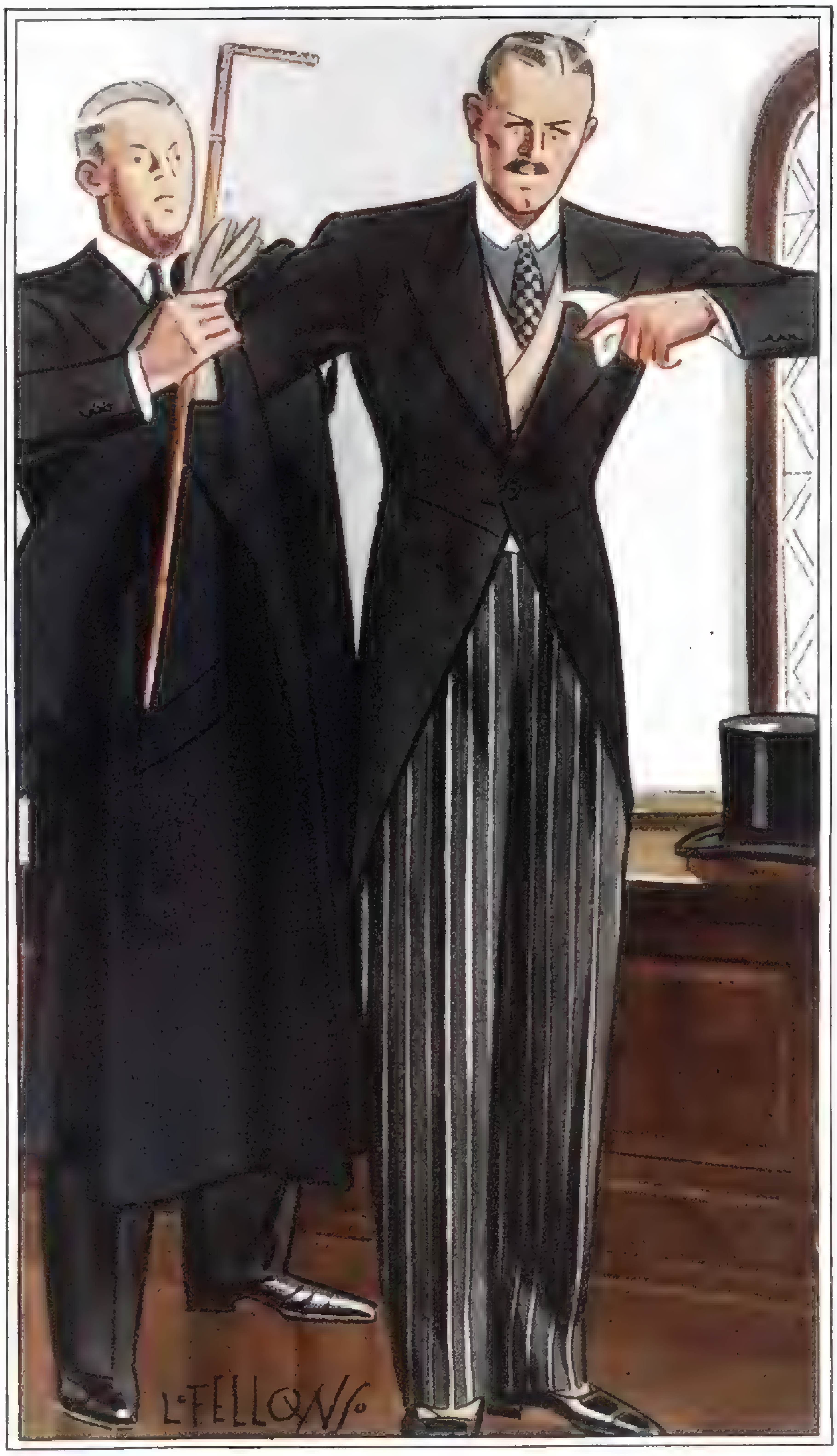




FOR GOLF BEFORE THE STING HAS LEFT THE WIND

Except for the addition of the sleeveless sweater, the outfit shown on the central figure in the sketch is that one which, on the impetus of the Prince of Wales' example, is by way of becoming something of a uniform for the golf course. The knitted polo shirt with long sleeves carries a hound's-tooth check pattern worked out in maroon and white, the golf shoes are of black and white leather in the moccasin type, and the slacks are of plain grey flannel. The V-neck pullover, without which you can hardly hope for comfort on courses north of the Mason-Dixon line for at least another month or so, is of soft cashmere. If you are one of those who prefer knickers (and there are a lot of smart men who do, now that slacks are as common as knickers once were), the maroon and white horizontal striped ribbed wool hose, sketched in the panel at the left, would go well with this outfit. It is better not to match up the golf hose and the polo shirt in both patterns and color—they may well match in one or the other, but not in both. Note that the hose carry plain white tops, another idea of English origin. The new Cardigan jacket with a polo collar, is a smart and useful item for early spring, and early morning, play. With it is shown a shepherd check cap with a flat one-piece top, which is good in either brown and white or black and white. You may not want to fool around with golf gloves when the season is at its height, but they are an important comfort factor in the early spring. For those who shy away from bright colors, the figure at the left may be a more acceptable exemplar. This consists of a lovat polo shirt with slacks of tan flannel, and white buckskin shoes with red rubber soles.





FOR EASTER OR WEDDING OR POLITE DRINKING

In the easy, informal decade following the war, morning clothes were so little worn, except by foreign diplomats and domestic floorwalkers, that the average man felt disinclined to invest in an outfit like this. With the increased emphasis upon formality that has marked the last few seasons, however, the chances of getting the money's worth out of an outfit like this are much better. It is, of course, the accepted turnout for the Easter parade (though a raincoat and Sou'wester would be a better bet, nine times out of ten) as well as for formal day weddings (meaning any time before six p. m.) and for such Sundays as you do not spend on the golf course or in the country. If this doesn't add up into a sufficiently impressive total of possible occasions, you can always fall back upon the thought that a lot of men are taking to formal day clothes for smart café and hotel wear, now that the drinks have come out of the low ceiling hideaways. The one button peaked lapel cutaway jacket is made of a fine cashmere or vicuna, minus the braid which it used to carry as standard trim. With it is worn a double breasted fawn colored waistcoat, a deep blue shirt with white starched cuffs and collar, black and white shepherd checked tie and—if you're not afraid of advance fashions—black calf shoes with fawn color buttoned tops. Note that the top coat needn't be black or oxford grey—a navy blue, as shown here, is equally correct. Alternative choices for waistcoat, collar and tie and shoes are sketched to the left. The waistcoat should be linen for a June wedding. The dark red carnation is not essential but it adds a very smart finishing touch.

Memoyers of a Hollywood Casanova

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In fewer woids, I'm scrammin'."

With a kindly nod to each and all, I bows out and heads back to the hotel to wait for things to quiet down.

On the way a guy keeps pluckin' at me coat tails. When I stops to slip him a dime, I sees it's Adolphe Menjou. It ain't coffee he wants—he's beggin' for fashion hints.

"Just because you ain't sartorial, Adolphe," I tells him, "don't come houndin' me for tips. They don't call me Jimmy the Well-Dressed Man for nothin', and if other guys starts copyin' me creations I soon loses me idemnity. Now straighten your tie and beat it."

When I gets to me hotel there's a note from Connie Bennett invitin' me to a party that night at her sumptual home in Beverly Hills. She adds that a few others will be there so it won't look too much like she is mad about me. Them Bennetts is all clever.

I pulls up to Connie's that night and sees she is right. A couple hundred have got there ahead of me, so when I comes in I slips Connie the wink just to show her I sees her ruse has woiked. She takes me into a palatial livin' room that's flagrant with screen names—the upper crust of Hollywood. They tells me there ain't no one there under three grand a week, except maybe the butler. What an assembliage!

The male stars is all wearin' toitle neck sweaters, a little sartorial effect I originated on Broadway. The fact that the fashion writers credits the idea to Gable don't consoin me. When I creates a mode me woik is finished. I'm attired in the garb meself, just to show them synthetical lovers how the garment *should* look, when I'm approached by Joan Crawford.

"Why, Clark!" she shouts, "you look more like a turtle than turtles do!"

"I ain't Clark, Joan," I says, "but I forgive you for the mistake. It's Jimmy, kid."

You could have knocked her over with a filly mig-non. She takes me in her arms and tells me that for years Durante has been nothin' but hearsay with her.

"It's me in the flesh, Baby," I assures her. "Take a look at the screen's greatest lover!"

"All right," says Joan, "where is he?"

What an actress! Boinin' up with love for me and she can make believe like that. What a Thespian!

The music starts as I'm about to reply and I leads Joan out to dance before she has a chance to ask me. We're trippin' the light fantastical and dreamin' our dreams when she toins them big eyes on me and says:

"We don't seem to be in step, Jimmy."

"Don't let it worry you, Joanie," I answers, "you're just flustered. Wait till the excitement of meetin' me dies down and we'll show 'em a few fancy ones."

Joan's luck don't hold out, though, for the dance is over and I ushers her over to a group of second-raters and lets her mingle while I looks around.

So this is a Hollywood party, I says to meself. Everything is topsy-toivy out here. Why, a guy can't get a date with his own wife without divorcin' her. And dancin' twice with the same guy constitutes a common law marriage. And the height of embarrassment is when a dame takes her sixth husband and finds out he's one she's had before. What a town!

Me meditatin' is distoibed when a good-lookin' guy ups to me and starts convoisin'.

"Cheemy," says the guy. "Vhy do you avoid me?"

I'm mortified! In fact I'm taken away back! It's Marlene—in pants!

"The millenium has arrived!" I exclaims. "It's sacreligion!"

"You don't giff me a smile even," she explains, "so I am vearing dees to keep de other men avay. I hate men!"

"I prefers dames meself," I assures her. "But to keep your emotions from gettin' the upperhand, Marlene, I'm leavin'. It's for the best."

I can't see dames suffer, so I rushes over to Connie and tells her I'm blowin' while things is still under control.

"What a coincidence!" says Connie. "I got your hat right here in my hand."

Thoughtful Connie. Carryin' the torch for me on the inside, and on the exterior the polite hostess. I slips her a consolin' glance and retires to me hotel.

Hollywood is clamorin' for me, so I throws resoive to the winds and plunges into the tempestilous whoil of night life. It's Jimmy the Boudoir Baedeker now. I knows every chaste-long from Santa Monica to Beverly Hills. What amours! What leeaysongs!

Not wantin' to seem ungrateful to them who has deluged me with favors, I got to name names, even at the risk of causin' chagrin and jealousy among the millions who wishes they too could hold me in their arms.

Take Polly Moran. It ain't easy, speakin' of what passed between her and me. It was too beautiful, too sacred. Polly is one of the South Bend Morans. She's in pictures just for a lark. She can step into her old man's meat market any time she wants to and lead a life of leisure. I got but to snap me fingers and she'll toss it all aside for me. But I won't hear of it. I got too fine a nature.

"It's folly!" I tells her. "The difference in our stations is too great. In spite of me grand manners and me fine clothes, I'm a plain man of the plain people."

"Okay, pal," she says, abandonin' her aristocratic pose in a final attempt to lure me. "But love in a hovel with Durante would mean more to me than lollin' in luxury in the Moran mansion with the swellest pappa that ever lived."

"That's the concensius of opinion," I admits, lookin' down me schnozzle at her, "but it ain't in the cards, Polly."

So I goes my way and she goes the way of all flesh.

Then there was Clara Bow. It was inevitable that my name should be linked with hers. Clara wanted me to meet her clandestine. That's on the sly, to youse. She kept beggin' me for rendy-voos. But I'm adamant. I says:

"It's useless, Clara. We couldn't get away with it. My life is an open book. Why, I couldn't even doff me chapeau to you on the street without it makin' headlines on the gossip pages. Let me be a brother to you," I says. She says: "I got a brother."

So I dropped her.

It was weeks before Mae West got to greet me. It wasn't my fault. I avoids favoritism, but a man with millions on his waitin' list has got to take 'em as they come.

I'm exercisin' me pedigreed beagle along the Boulevard when I encounters Mae.

"Whyn'cha come up 'n' see me sometime?" she inquiries.

I realizes she's feelin' hoit because I slighted her, so I gets out me date book, scratches an apperntment with visitin' royalty (Me, with royal blood in me own veins) and says off hand:

"Okay, Mae, I think I can give you a little time Wednesday."

I wonder how many of youse who sees only the flamin' sireen knows the real Mae West? The quiet homebody who loves her flowers and goldfish?

I comes on her in her garden, wearin' a sunbonnet and shorts, waterin' her hollyhocks. How characteristic!

"Jimmy," she says, "I know you belong to the woild. But what about posterity? After all, there's only one Durante, and what will the woild do after you're gone? Ain't you ever give a thought to perpetuatin' yourself? What I mean to say is, ain't you ever goin' to have no kiddies?"

I'm tempted. I pictures dozens of 'em, with Mae's gorgeous hair, and all with schnozzles just like mine. How gratifyin'!

Then I thinks, what if they don't have my talent? What if they grow up to look like Durante and can't emote like their old man? How ironical!

I shakes me head.

"Sorry, Mae," I says. "Marriage ain't for me. When the gods moulds perfection once they don't repeat."

That's why me and Mae West is nothin' more than friends today.

Next mornin' a call from the studio smacks me between the eyes. "Report at once," it says, "Garbo picture starts today."

It's me just dues. They got to recognize talent even in Hollywood. So I sits down and pens a coicular letter.

"Girls," it reads, "go back to your husbands—Durante is out of coiculation. Garbo demands me, and an artiste gives his all or nothin'. In other woids, I'm bidding you all a fond ajoo. It's fate!"

Brushin' a tear from me eye, I calls back me sangfrerd and reports to the studio. Goin' into the front office I encounters Barrymore.

"Tough luck, John," I tells him, "but we can't all be good-lookin'."

So I gets me scrip and what do I find? They're castin' me as a comic! Me, the greatest lover since Casanovia, a buffoon! It's laughable!

I sees what's happened. I been knifed by a pack of jealous hams. I'm fermentin'! But I takes it without a whimper. The show must go on! If it's a clown with a broken heart they wants, that's me. If it's Paglihacha, I'm it. But class will tell. Indignicant letters from women the woild over will put me back in me rightful place.

Like Byron himself once said: "Profiles may come and profiles may go, but a Schnozzola is somethin' else again!"

The Man Who Was Napoleon

Continued from page 80

holding the power of the Bonapartes, as inherited by the King of Rome, a small child, or by one of Napoleon's brothers, would simply lead to other wars against united Europe. Therefore, the Senate had decreed a new government, power vested in itself, and nominated him, Malet, as military commander.

"But—" Colonel Rabbe started to protest.

Malet then produced two other documents: One was a commission in Rabbe's name to Brigadier General, the other a grant of a large life pension to the colonel for services rendered the new authority. Rabbe, an excellent old soldier, forgotten in a minor rank, was pleased. He agreed to call out his regiment in support of the Senate. While the men were arming, Malet handed him a proclamation purporting to be that of the Senate, giving the same facts that he had listed, and properly signed.

Malet mounted again, and with the bayonets of the regiment behind him, approached the barracks of the 10th National Guard. There he found Major Soulier in command. Soulier, awakened, was greeted with the announcement: "Napoleon is dead!" handed a commission in his name for the rank of colonel, and a written promise of a life grant of four thousand francs per year. After scanning the "Senatorial Proclamation," Soulier agreed to follow Malet, and called out the 10th Regiment!

In a couple of hours, Malet had obtained the support of several thousand armed men!

"Where to?" Colonel Rabbe asked.

"To La Force Prison!" Malet ordered.

There, the warden protested, asked for orders. But Malet, with two regiments at his back, simply overruled him. He freed two of his comrades, Generals Guidal and Lahorie, whom he had known well during his long sojourn at La Force.

"Napoleon is dead," he told them. And without revealing his trick, he informed Guidal that the emergency Senatorial Government had made him Chief of the Local Police, Lahorie that he had been nominated as Chief of the National Police. And he instructed Major Soulier, of the 10th Regiment, to go to the City Hall, and there to inform Prefect Comte Frochot of what had happened, to ask his allegiance to the new power ruling France. Each one of the three was given one hundred soldiers to assure prompt obedience, to face any minor resistance.

Malet then marched with the rest of his forces to the residence of the real military governor of Paris, General Hullin, on the Place Vendome. He entered without difficulty, awoke the general, informed him that he had been replaced. Hullin's wife spoke from the next room as her husband was dressing, suggesting that the newcomer should show his orders. Malet was aware that Hullin, more important than the men he had encountered so far, might see that the signatures were false. So when Hullin, obeying his wife, pressed him for a written transfer of authority, Malet broke his jaw with a pistol shot, saying: "Those are your orders!"

He left a strong armed guard in the Hullin mansion, with orders to prevent any communication with the outside. And he crossed the Place Vendome, to the building housing the Paris General Staff. He was within a few moments of complete success.

Meanwhile, General Guidal has reached Police Headquarters with his hundred soldiers and his forged orders. He arrested the real chief of city police, Baron Pasquier, and sent him under guard to La Force Prison, there to occupy Guidal's old cell. Then he set to work with remarkable energy, summoned all district commissioners of Police. As they came to report, these officials saw troops moving in the streets, consequently knew that something important had occurred. They were surprised to hear that Napoleon was dead, but thought their clear duty was to continue serving the new government.

The Local Police was under Malet's control.

General Lahorie had reached National Police Headquarters. His men took over guard duty without trouble from the regular forces. The Chief of the Department, Savary Duke of Rovigo, was hauled out of bed, arrested and sent to La Force Prison, to be placed in Lahorie's cell. The usurper chose the finest uniform in his predecessor's wardrobe, installed himself comfortably, ordered breakfast brought to his office, and started to issue orders for police centers throughout the Empire.

And the National Police was serving Malet!

Major Soulier reached the City Hall, was told that Prefect Comte Frochot was at his country home. He sent for him immediately, and when Frochot arrived, showed him the Senatorial Proclamation. Frochot was startled, but after some hesitation, declared himself ready to obey orders.

Malet then held the civil authorities of Paris in the hollow of his hand.

But he did not learn of these partial successes until it was too late. When he entered the General Staff Building, he was faced by an officer whose name he had not known, Major Laborde. Consequently, he had no brevet of promotion to a higher ranking for him, no "promise" of a sizable grant of money to be paid yearly for life. Deprived of these, he found it difficult to convince Laborde, who was not immediately blinded by the prospect of personal profit. Too nervous to be convincing, in any case, he acted rashly for the first time; ordered his followers to arrest the major.

Then he entered the office of Major Doucet, whom he had expected to find first. For him, he had a commission to the rank of colonel, and the written promise of a large pension. Doucet, hesitating, was perhaps about to yield and obey him, when Laborde appeared in a doorway behind Malet and gestured negatively.

"Napoleon is dead," Malet insisted. "The new government shall not forget those who helped at this early time—"

Major Laborde crossed the room silently. The men who had arrested him had grown careless, he had escaped them, and had reached Doucet's office by a private passage. He knew, from Malet's rough behavior toward him, that all was not well. And he leaped upon the pseudo-governor, threw him to the floor. Doucet acted then, called in policemen, and officially arrested Malet.

That was the end.

The whole conspiracy, built on a lie, collapsed like a house of cards. Within a few hours, Malet, Guidal, Lahorie, and their more or less innocent accomplices, were locked in cells at La Force Prison. The members of the Government, frightened by their narrow escape from serious trouble, proved ruthless. A court-martial was called, and a total of twenty-four suspected men brought to trial.

Malet tried to clear those he had deceived. Pressed for the names of his accomplices, for no one would believe at first that he had acted alone, he replied: "My accomplices? The whole of France, yourselves included, had I succeeded."

Nevertheless, eleven men were sentenced to death with him, including Guidal and Lahorie, and the major of the 10th Regiment, Soulier. They were executed on the morning of October 29th, 1812, at Grenelle.

Malet's attitude before the firing-squad was superb. He showed no fear, no regret. He had risked all on one throw of the dice, he had lost, and he was ready to pay.

The first discharge wounded him, and he remained standing. A second volley dropped him, but he was still alive. And soldiers were ordered to finish him with bayonets.

Corporal Rateau was sentenced to life in prison. Prefect Frochot lost his position, was dismissed from service in disgrace. The Abbé Lafon, who had waited for news without participating actively, contrived to escape and was never caught.

The conspiracy having failed, it was forgotten in the tremendous events that followed, the disastrous retreat from Moscow, the Campaign of France, the first abdication, the Hundred Days, Waterloo. Malet had won nothing, not even fame.

Yet, had he succeeded in holding power even for a day, he would have changed history. With France stripped of its best forces by the Campaign in Russia and the guerrilla warfare in Spain, deprived of the guiding genius of Napoleon, it would have been easy for foreign forces to obtain a foothold. Returning from Russia, defeated and with prestige impaired, Napoleon would have been arrested at the frontier.

Malet would hold a similar place in French history as Monk holds in that of Great Britain. Prussia, deprived of the victories won during the German Campaign of 1813, deprived of the immense glory of Waterloo, would not have assumed equality with Austria in the middle of Europe. Captured soon after the piteous catastrophe of his Russian undertaking, without the glamor of the Campaign of France in 1814 to inspire his followers with hope, Napoleon would have known no Hundred Days. The combinations of nations arranged by the Treaty of Vienna would not have come into existence.

The entire face of the world would have been changed by a lone man of fifty-eight, emerged from prison!

Stage-Door Johnny, Esq.

Heavy, heavy, pounds on the pan for the box-office sermonizings of the Deacons O'Neill and Barry

by JOHN V. A. WEAVER

GLIMPSE LIST

DON'T MISS

"Ah, Wilderness!"—George M. Cohan hits greatness in O'Neill's comicalities about puppy love.

"As Thousands Cheer"—Marilynn Miller, Clifton Webb, Helen Broderick in the ace revue of the last five years.

"Casino De Paree Revue"—A marvelous, rowdy, decorative show, with beautiful girls. Dine, drink and dance.

"Her Master's Voice"—Roland Young, Elizabeth Patterson and Laura Hope Crews in a very funny trifle.

"Mary of Scotland"—Fine lyric romantic drama.

"Men in White"—A sincere, moving play about love in a big hospital, capitally staged and acted.

"Sailor Beware"—The Navy's Big Gun knocks over a hitherto impenetrable fortress. Howls of laughter.

"She Loves Me Not"—Young lady's honor safe at Princeton! The year's funniest show.

"The Green Bay Tree"—Did you, perhaps, think all choir boys grew up into crooners? Well, this one didn't.

"The Pursuit of Happiness"—Tonio Selwart and Peggy Conklin grand in a comedy of Revolutionary economy.

"Tobacco Road"—If this amazing picture of poor-white drama doesn't get the Pulitzer prize—

"Ziegfeld Follies"—Fannie Brice, Willie Howard, Jane Froman in a pretty, very funny revue.

DECIDEDLY WORTH WHILE

"By Your Leave"—Extra-marital adventure, humorous and pathetic, fine cast including Dorothy Gish, Howard Lindsay, Kenneth MacKenna and Elizabeth Love.

"No More Ladies"—Amusing high comedy, silkily played. Lucille Watson a scream as a profane granny.

"Richard of Bordeaux"—Dennis King presents an ancient king in rather a queer light.

"The Shining Hour"—Three of London's Favorites—Gladys Cooper, Raymond Massey, Adrienne Allen, in a somewhat doubtful success.

"The Wind and the Rain"—A stifled but engaging British romance, introducing Frank Lawton.

"Sunday Nights at Nine"—A pleasant Sabbath revue at the Barbizon-Plaza.

BEWARE!

"Days Without End"—O'Neill's pompous, slovenly sermon.

"Murder at the Vanities"—Pride of the cut-rates.

"Roberta"—Has the best song of the year, "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" and Tamara. Dull, otherwise.

Why is it that, while humans are able to preserve a certain amount of reticence and humility regarding practically any other subject of thought, they are swept away before the urge to express themselves upon religion? A noble minority may resist even the desire to lecture about their physical symptoms, but it seems that the man who, given the slightest opportunity, can refrain from spouting out the condition of his soul's health, and from endeavoring to cram his recipe for your salvation down your gullet, has not yet appeared.

Furthermore, if you disagree with his views, he is sure to dislike you, he will probably consider you a dangerous moron, and he may even slit your gizzard in his determination to convert you.

As I, myself (well, did I say I was different?) fumble along toward the back of the book where the answers may or may not be found, having indulged in, as well as heard

"...... great argument
About it and about, but evermore
Came out by the same door as in I went,"

I have arrived at suspecting that the religious problem is one's own blasted business; that one either believes or disbelieves without benefit of logic or controversy; and that practically all metaphysical enthusiasts, however high their motives, are crashing bores.

In the word-magic of a Bossuet's sermons, or in the gigantic mellowness of a "War and Peace" it is possible to find flashes of encouraging illumination for our dismal grope through chaos; but those are flames from genius. Mere talent can only set off fizzling squibs amid the encircling gloom; these lesser minds are adequate for interpreting surface phenomena, but when they face infinities and finalities, and their guesses are revealed as no whit more inspired than our own, we stand up suddenly with an acute pain.

Yet playwrights persist in writing religious dramas. At times, it is true, genius produces a "Candida," a "Green Pastures" or a "Saint Joan." But theatrical Bible-banging almost always produces such disingenuous tripe as—to name big money-makers—"The Servant in the House" or "Ben Hur" or "The Fool."

Just now, two of our premier dramaticians have button-holed us with plays whose main contention is that if we will all go back to Christianity, everything is going to be all right. This is an admirable thesis, but I fear that these pilgrims will make small progress—unless their purpose is to bore the Hell out of sinners.

I am sure that Eugene O'Neill and Philip Barry are wholly sincere in their proselyting; I cannot believe that they are rice-converts, endeavoring primarily to reach the box-office through the altar. Surely the coffers of both are sufficiently swollen with contributions from audiences who enjoyed their many excellent operas in other fields. However, just in case I'm wrong, and these fellows have donned the surplice, as it were, in order to coax goodly collections out of the congregations, I must state that I hardly think the basket will be passed very long. I cannot conceive of folk donating for such dull preachments.

Barry's "The Joyous Season" is too full of feeble incense redolent of synthetic lavender; O'Neill's "Days Without End" smells from harangue. I am sorry about Barry's failure: at his best—which is often—he has contributed helpful idealism along with delightful entertainment; this play is simply too thin. But O'Neill's ponderous windiness, sophomoric evangelism, and bogus eloquence are unworthy of the master of emotional projection. I beg him to give up trying to be the philosopher and the poetaster, and return to his inimitable assaults upon our feelings.

In case you disregard my warning, and rent a pew at either of these tabernacles, you will be rewarded, in the "Joyous Season" by some splendid performances, among them being those of Jane Wyatt, John Eldredge, Mary Kennedy and Alan Campbell. In "Days Without End," Earle Larrimore far transcends his material, Selena Royle is lovely and wholly satisfactory, and Ilka Chase is magnificently effective.

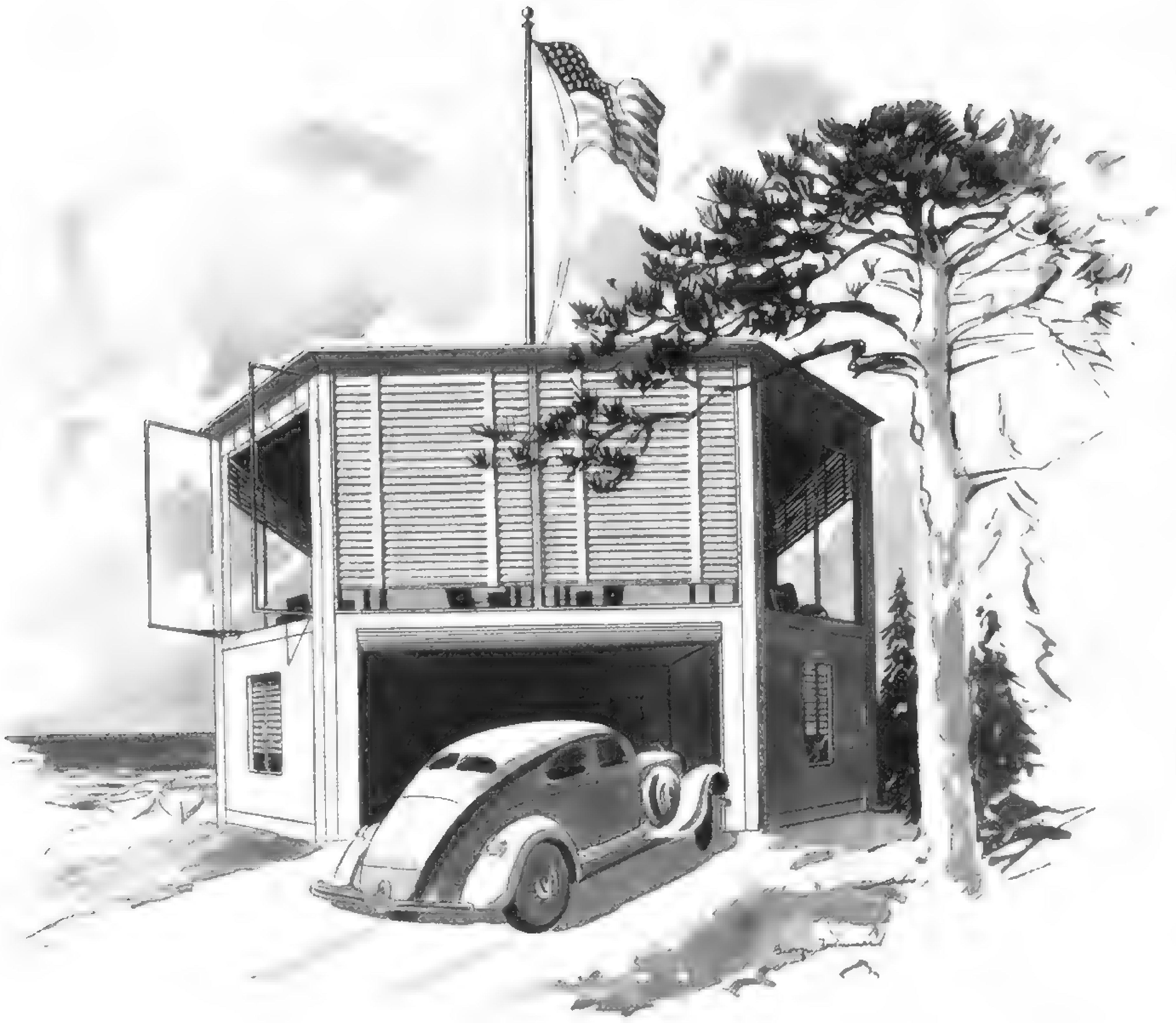
A noteworthy effort which does not make the grade is "Come of Age." This is "A Fool There Was," re-hashed about the reincarnation of the poet Chatterton. The novelty of the piece lies in its being written entirely in doggerel, with a large orchestra accompanying the conversation, the rhythms being those dear to crooners. Miss Clemence Dane claims that her doggerel is deliberate, reflecting this age. I can only say that both her rhymes and Mr. Addinsell's tunes seem wretched parodies of the Noel Coward "Dance, Little Lady" style. One act of doggerel-jazz would have been enough, anyhow, I'm sure. Third rate anything will not do. Mr. Delos Chappell is to be congratulated for the lavish beauty of his production, and for his courage in breaking new ground. I advise you to see the play out of curiosity, always remembering that here is a medium

Continued on page 151

A Sportsman's Lodge

The modern successor to the old fashioned log and plaster house as a woodland retreat for sports

by G. McSTAY JACKSON



THIS lodge, which is constructed of steel and glass, and laid on a concrete floor, is designed so that two ends of the roof may be made to roll back, and the windows, which form the walls of the upper story, may be opened out.

The lower section of the lodge contains a garage large enough for two cars, a kitchen, a mud room, an equipment room, a lavatory and shower, and a dressing room, as well as the passage and stairs.

A dumb waiter has been provided to carry to the second floor food that has been prepared downstairs. Spiral stairs of metal, which lead to the second floor, are of aluminum in the natural metal finish.

In the interior the trimming is all of metal, except for the four bunks. These are made of white oak, and are finished in a color to harmonize with the metal trim.

The mantel, with its flue carried up through the section of one of the enclosed spaces at one side, has a window above it, affording a very interesting effect. The division between the windows offers an excellent location for fishing rods and guns. And there is sufficient space below the bunks to pack away hunting or fishing equipment.

The octagonal, glass topped table occupies the center of the room, and is designed around a center stabilizer, which contains a lightning arrester.

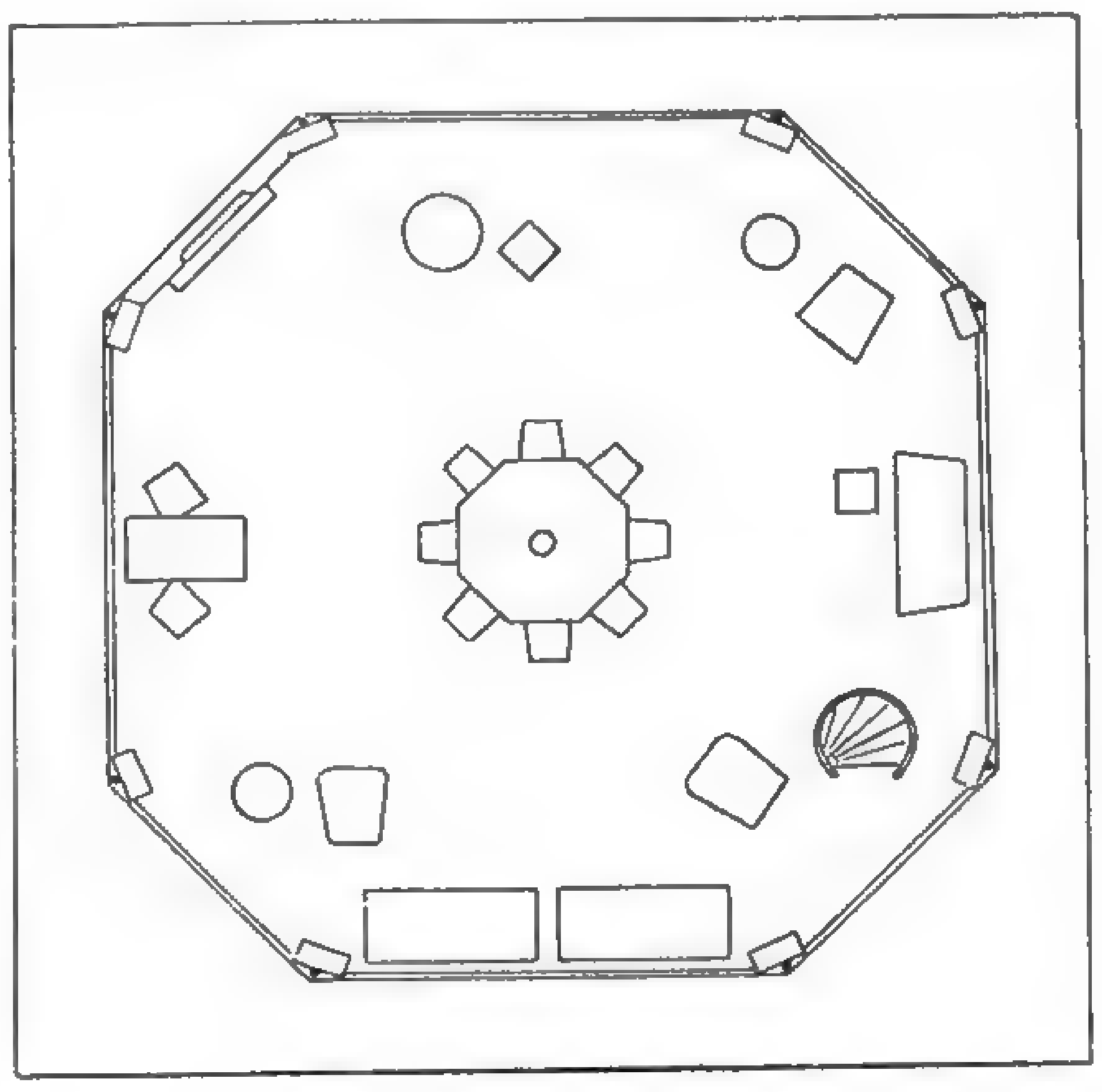
All of the furniture is constructed of metal, and covered by a Dubonnet colored fabricoid material. The design of the furniture, is, of course, essentially modern.

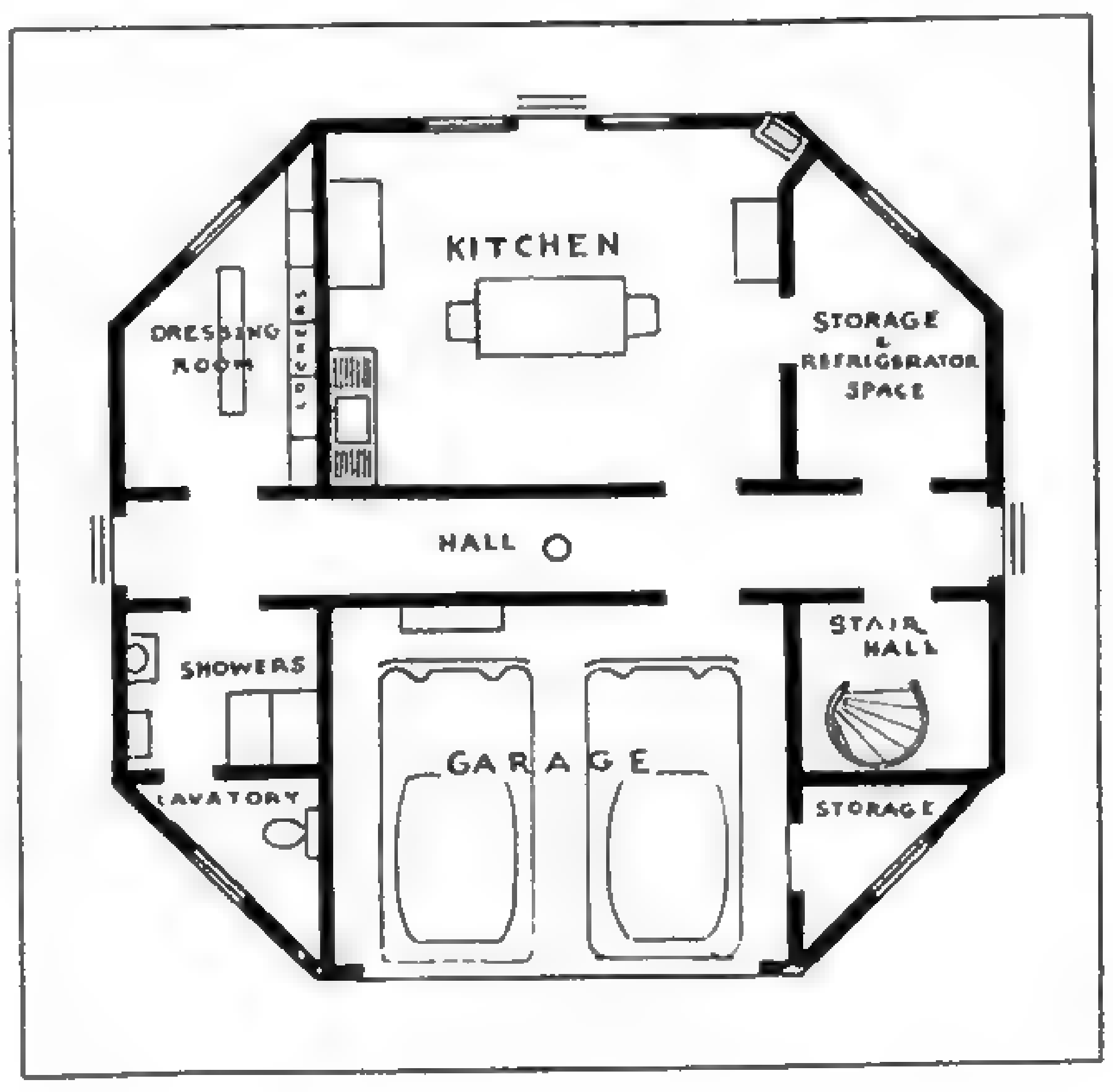
Venetian blinds are also made of metal—a wise precaution where the breezes are likely to be fairly strong—and cover all of the windows.

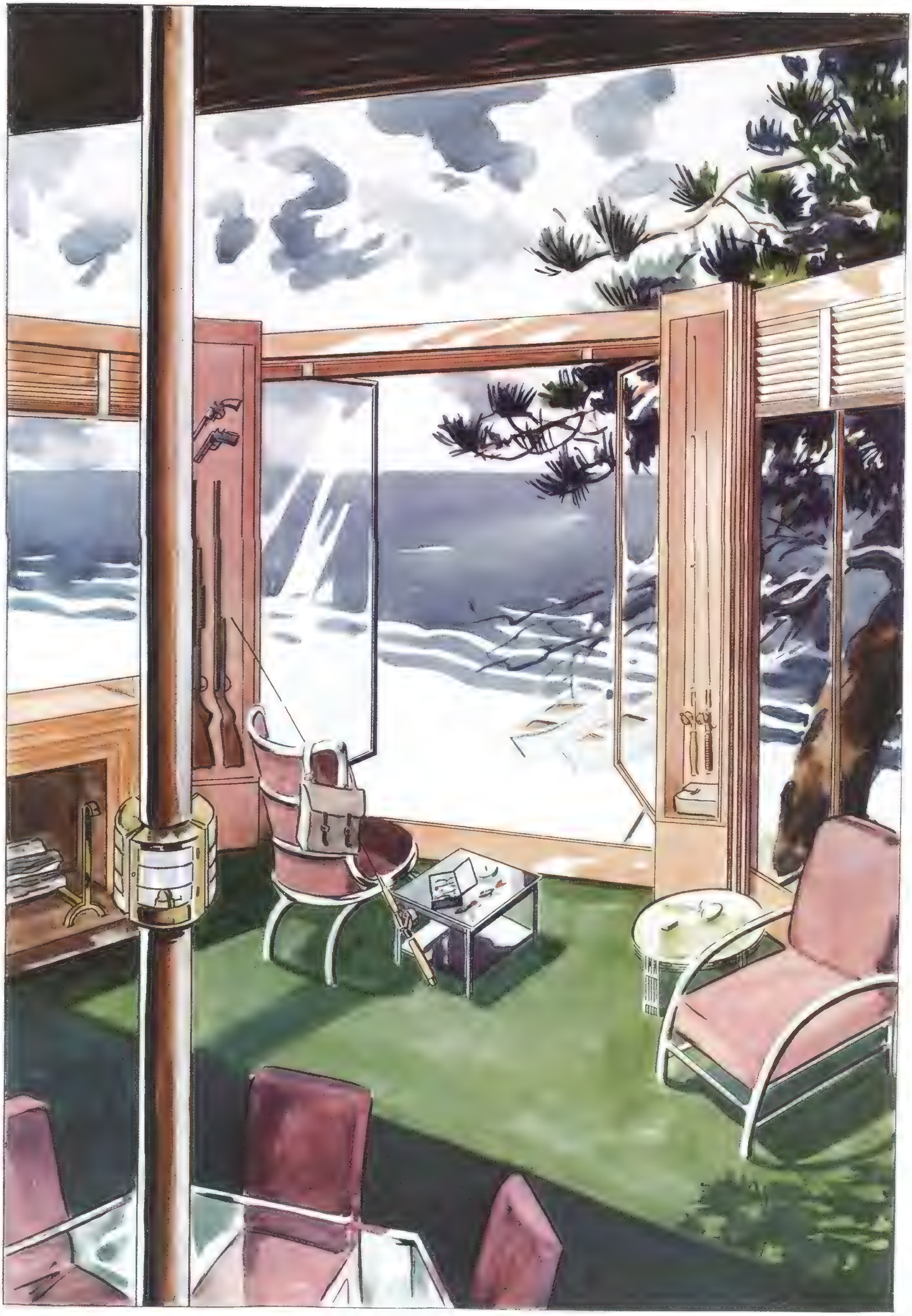
The lodge has all been so constructed, and is shipped in such form that it may be easily and quickly set up.

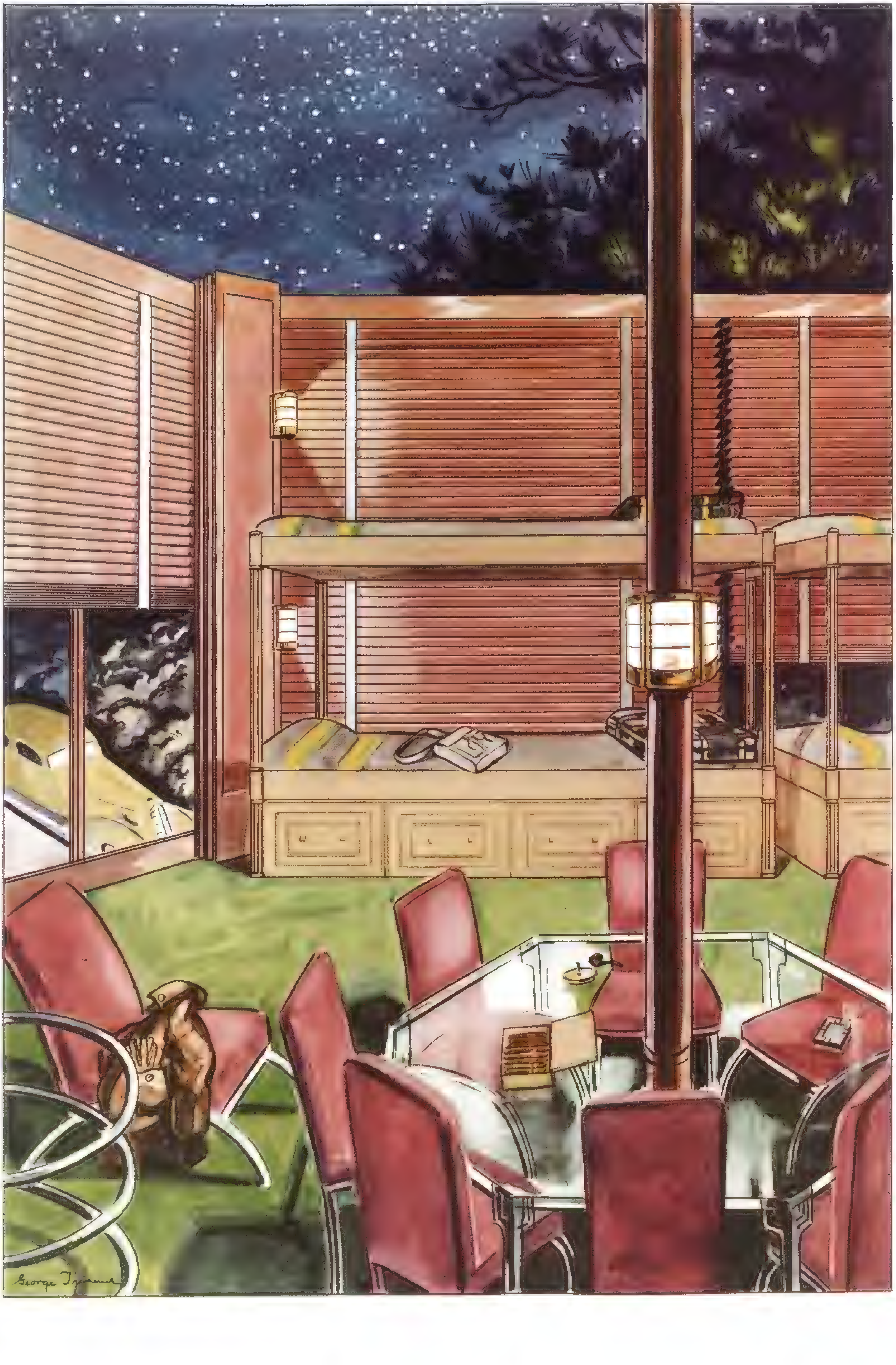
Everything about this lodge has been planned with rust resistance as a prime consideration. While, in the form as shown here, no provision has been made for central heating, the building is very sound and solid, and is adapted to year around occupancy. Its advantages, notably those of compactness and a maximum visibility of the surroundings, are obvious. Its only disadvantage lies in the matter of cost. The day may not be far distant when buildings of this type will be available, as a sports model in a general line of fabricated houses, as sports roadsters are today in the general lines of automobile models. At that time, such a building will probably be within the reach of those of moderate income. For the present, however, this lodge can hardly be made a reality for less than $2800, and we are afraid that this figure, if anything, is low rather than high. Fully equipped, as shown in the colored illustrations on the opposite page and the page following, its cost would range between a low of $2800 and a high of $4000. The spread between these two figures is ascribable, in part, to geographical variance in costs of both labor and materials, and in part to differences in quality, in finish, fittings and trim.

One important item, not mentioned above, but figured in, in these costs, is the matter of screening. Every man who has spent time in the woods knows how important this is. The entire lodge is screened with copper screening laid in sections, and netting covers the entire top, when desired, whenever the roof is rolled back.








George Trimmer

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Unreservedly recommending three new novels, while discussing the place of propaganda in the arts

by BURTON RASCOE

I HAVE said it before and I guess I'll keep on saying it until I die: James Branch Cabell (lately shortened to Branch Cabell) is the most gifted imaginative artist of our time. In his perfection and mastery of an unusual and individual style there is no use in comparing him with any other writer, because there is no one even remotely resembling him. Since the death of George Moore there has been no one writing English prose with anything like Cabell's regard for the sensibilities of the inner ear, no one with Cabell's genius in the orchestration of words. (No; not even Joyce.) And Moore was a divinely endowed dumb-cluck alongside of Cabell. The Virginian carries worlds in his head, like a great intuitive poet; but, unlike most poets, he has a critical and analytical faculty which makes his most grandiose conceptions acceptable to the logic of the most alert intelligences. He is a true wit whose subtleties are to a wisecrack as *Penguin Island* is to *On a Slow Train Through Arkansas*. His wit is nurtured in humor and humor is a humus enriched with gravity.

Few things, of late, afford me a more inexpensive form of amusement than the critical essays that bob up now and then under the signatures of the young (and not so young) Johnny Boston Beans' who have discarded the velvet suits and Little Lord Fauntleroy collars and are masquerading as proletarians. They want all literature to have a Purpose, a specific Purpose, which is like saying that every automobile should be a crankshaft and nothing more. A crankshaft has its definite, its quite indispensable, uses . . . but. . . . These amusing innocents, whose sincerity is as indubitable as their puerility, make a cliché of dismissing Cabell as a Virginia gentleman of the propertied classes (a great sin in their eyes, forgetting, as they do, that being a son of a partner in the House of Morgan does not prevent Corliss Lamont from being a Communist) given to a literary occupation somewhat equivalent to that of making wax flowers.

Truth is that out of Cabell's *Beyond Life* alone a good selector could extract a ten times more devastating assault upon capitalism and bourgeois ideology than the whole kit and caboodle of the Marxists critics could concoct together. It is true, also, that out of the same source one can also extract a rather ruthless reductio ad absurdum of the Marxist dogma of the perfectability of human nature by economic readjustment. Nowhere, however, does Cabell disparage idealism or any earnest striving to a better condition of affairs than human beings have been accustomed to. In fact, it is an essential component of his philosophy that this ceaseless striving after a better world is innate in human beings, the most dynamic of our illusions.

It would appear that when Cabell reached the age of fifty and bade farewell to his first name, to the biography of Manuel and (as many thought he meant) to the profession of literature, he himself was at least momentarily convinced that at his age a writer ceased to create and continued as a writer only as a repetition of himself. This conviction he has most thoroughly invalidated by writing *Smirt* (McBride $2.50), a novel as sensationally unique in the world of fiction as *Jurgen* was when that masterpiece was offered to the public. *Smirt* is related to *Jurgen* only in that incredible way in which two persons sometimes have nothing in common except that they were begotten by the same parent. *Jurgen* was, in a way, an elaborate day-dream; *Smirt* is a nocturnal dream, wherein everything obeys that logic which is peculiar to dreams. As Cabell himself says, there have existed hitherto in English only two books (the two Alice fantasies by Lewis Carroll) which undertake to record dreams and which succeed in being dream-like by reason of the fact that everything in them follows the logic of dreams—which is quite a different thing from the logic of consciousness but which is, at the same time, in dreams, a natural logic. Nothing, however preposterous it might be in conscious reflection, is surprising or illogical in a dream. When one wakes up one may be ready to say, "I had the craziest dream last night. It doesn't make sense." But when one is having the dream the lack of sense in it never occurs to the subconscious.

Alice in Wonderland and *Through the Looking Glass* had to do with the dreams of a young girl; and remarkably realistic, in the dream sense, they were. Cabell has introduced us to an adult dream world and it is, actually, a most startling delineation of that world we escape to when we rest for the night from the inconveniences, annoyances and restraints of daily living. No adult has had all these dreams Cabell unfolds, just as no child has had precisely the dreams experienced by Alice, but the truth of Alice's experience is attested by the young and the adult alike; and in *Smirt* we find that truth which we reluctantly concede is not applicable to life and which would be (possibly) quite unbearable if it were.

Smirt is a revolutionary work of art. I find this more definitely to be so than any one of the exhibits of literature as it is being produced under the U. S. S. R. There are many snatches and examples of this literature—fiction, poetry and criticism—in *Soviet Literature* (Covici-Friede $2.50) edited and translated by George Reavey and Marc Slonim. This is an interesting anthology and the compilers of it have written an instructive essay on the development of literature under the Communist dictatorship; but I search the book from end to end for anything distinctively proletarian in origin, manner, method, ideology or purpose. Fiction more recognizably "proletarian" in sympathy and point of view is currently available by American writers under capitalism—by Dreiser, Dahlberg, Farrell, Cantwell, Dos Passos, Halper and Caldwell (although I do not think that Caldwell, a mordant humorist, aims at anything except to portray Georgia crackers and New England farmers as he sees them). Andrei Biely, the most "modernistic" of the Soviet litterateurs seems to derive from Apollinaire and the Dadaists of Paris; Pilnyak is facile and clever but seems to take a pornographic delight in portraying the crude sexual animality of his proletarians: the poets, particularly Senyonov and Essenin (who married Isadora Duncan) were defeatists, full of the languors and despairs of the English poets of the Yellow Book period; only Valentin Kataev, author of that hilarious masterpiece, *The Embezzlers*, gives any considerable evidence of power and originality. The critical essays sound like the sort of sophomoric tripe dished up long years ago by the Futurists and by the practical jokers in "Blast."

As a matter of fact there is nothing in any one or all of these pieces by Soviet writers that is as effective in propaganda against unearned wealth, conspicuous leisure and human waste as F. Scott Fitzgerald's superb new novel, *Tender Is the Night* (Scribner, $2.50). Of course it was not Fitzgerald's intention to write propaganda or to espouse, even indirectly, the tenets of Stalinism. His aim, I take it, was to write a story wherein all of the superfices are, to outside appearances, as pretty, well-ordered, happy and as nearly perfect as can be imagined, but beneath which there is decay, corruption, unhappiness and despair. The rich, Celtic, romantic imagination of F. Scott Fitzgerald which has flowered so tropically in the short story and novel since the day when he took the spotlight like a dazzling and self-confident musical comedy star with *This Side of Paradise*, has in this, the maturest novel he has written, been subjected to the discipline of reflection and selection. It is the story of a young neurologist whose promising career of service to humanity, in the advancement of knowledge and of satisfaction and fame for himself, is wrecked by his marriage to a wealthy girl

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The Young Coachman and the Lady

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to their wives, and looked away again with distaste. "How is it possible," they asked themselves, "for that old curmudgeon to leave her? How can he bring himself to it?"

She went before the others. They must excuse her, she said. She had ten long miles before her. The road was frosty and would be difficult going. There was no moon. "Another dance, dear lady!" they implored her, "just one more!" She would not yield. She was aching to be gone, into the dark night, the frosty starlight, the adventure that awaited her.

It had not gone unnoticed that the man who drove her was not her pot-bellied, red-nosed coachman. It was another and a comelier one. The women whispered to each other behind their fans. The men nudged each other with their elbows.

"Truly, madame!" they insisted. "We cannot allow you to go off unattended! The road to Sledmere is dark and dangerous. There are highwaymen about! They are well acquainted with the news of tonight's ball! May we attend you?" "May I?" "May I?" "May I?" the voices came.

"Thank you, indeed!" she said. She lifted her head into the air. "I am well enough attended!" She would have liked, a moment later, to bite off the tip of her tongue for her indiscretion. But it was said now. She sailed through the room magnificently, like an Empress Maria Theresa.

So forth they fared through the crisp night, the lady in her coach, the young coachman on his box-seat. The hoofs made music on the hard road. The bells on the bridles jingled. The sky was powdered like a great dark peach with a bloom of stars. The young man had never been so proud in all his life before. The lady had never been so happy—and so unhappy. They were alone together, at last, in the night, in the starlight. A distance greater than all China separated them.

"Clop! Clop! Clop!" went the horses' hoofs. "I love him! I love him! I love him!" went a voice in her heart. "Clop! Clop!" the hoofs went again. "The foinest lady in all the land, by God she be!" vowed the young coachman, brandishing his whip at the constellation of Orion.

Past coppice and spinney the coach rattled past wood and hedge, past lonely tree. Then of a sudden a strangeness struck him. That was a queer lump of blackness there. Was it a tree? A stack? What? Trees do not move! And that thing did! It was a horse! There was a man on it! There was another! And a third! Yes, by God! Highwaymen!

The first lump of blackness approached. But the lad was too quick for him. He whipped a pistol from his holster, quick as a snake striking. Once! Twice! The highwayman toppled over. The two others pressed forward. There was a ping of bullets beside his ear. The blood roared with fury and glory in George Stevenson's veins. "Take that!" he thundered, lashing out with his whip. "And that!" The horses reared. Across the faces of the horsemen, across the foaming flanks of the horses, the whip curled. The beasts reared and threw their riders.

"Mother of God!" moaned Madame Sykes. "Save me, mother of God!"

Then suddenly the terror was too much for her. Once and again she shrieked, then fell into a bundle of dim whiteness in the corner of the carriage. Her cries were a lash on Stevenson's eardrums. Flinging himself from the box-seat, he threw himself like a tiger upon the second highwayman. "Thou black toad!" said he, and smashed his face with the butt-end of his pistol. Then he whipped round. The third had his finger on the trigger. But George's straight left was quicker. It had brought down many a Yorkshire bully before now. That night it smashed the jaw clean in two of a Yorkshire highwayman.

Then he turned to his lady. "Madame!" he called. "All is well now! The affair is despatched!" But she made no answer. "Madame!" he called again. She moaned feebly. What must an under-coachman do when his lady is all of a faint in her carriage? And that noise there? Was it but a bough creaking? Were there more highwaymen?

And then a voice sweet and faint as a bird's in the early morning spoke out of the darkness. "Come within!" said the voice. "Comfort me! I am afraid!"

So the under-coachman went within and comforted the high lady. And soon they drove home again. There were no more highwaymen.

A week from that time the head coachman was pensioned off. His gout had become too severe to permit him to continue in his service. George Stevenson, the fighting coachman, stepped into his shoes.

He stepped into the shoes of another member of the Sykes household—its master, in fact. He wore them for nearly two years. Mr. Sykes refused to believe it. He could not believe that his coachman could be so monstrous impertinent or his wife so faithless. The fact that her husband had been faithless almost from the marriage-day did not make it any easier for him to believe. He went on drinking his three bottles of port a day. He went on keeping his mysterious assignations in London.

Then one day, having said he was going to London, he did no more than go to the next parish. Then he returned. The coachman was not with the stable-lad in the coach-house. His wife was not in the kitchen with the housekeeper. They were together in her bedroom. Mr. Sykes could not knock George down. George was champion of Yorkshire. Mr. Sykes' face grew purple. His paunch quivered. "Get you gone!" he roared. "You lump of muck!"

So George Stevenson got him gone to London, with a fat purse which his lady stuffed into his hands before he left. "I'll write, my love," she whispered, "the moment I am informed whither to write! My sweet love, goodbye!"

The fame of the coachman-pugilist-lover had gone before him. Not only the fighting men of the great city were anxious to make his acquaintance. Lords wooed him and ladies wooed him. He became the protégé of a prince. But all their blandishments were like soot on his tongue. Month upon month went by, and he heard no word from his fair lady in Yorkshire. What could it be? Was it that her pouchy dragon of a husband kept her under lock and key? Was it that she had found some other young man to comfort her, taller and stronger than George Stevenson? He clenched his fists at the thought and ground his teeth together. By Hell, if he should ever see him, the upstart, the thief, that had stolen his lady from him—he'd mash his face into a pulp, by Hell he would!

But the months went by and still no letter came from her. He tried to forget her in the arms of women high-born and low-born, but these made his heart ache the more unbearably. It was a little easier when he stood heel to heel against his antagonist in the roped ring, and feinted with the right and let fly with the left and involved himself in the subtlety and fury of battle. He almost felt, each time he struck a blow, to the chin, to the heart, it was for her he struck it. But still she did not write.

He knew he could not write to her in Sledmere. No letter would be allowed to reach her, of course. If he returned to Yorkshire, Mr. Sykes would have him clapped into gaol as a disturber of the peace and a rogue. What to do then? How could he commend himself to her again, how could he come up into her notice? What thing could he do to make her realize how he adored her, now and still and forever?

If he could save his patron, Frederick the Prince of Wales, from drowning, or from a burning house, she would get to hear of it; if a bear ran amok in the streets and he caught it and strangled it . . . But no bear ran amok. Prince Frederick resolutely refused to venture into deep water or burning houses.

And then it was that Jack Broughton, the greatest pugilist of his time, gave him the chance he was waiting for—the chance to show his mettle and put himself in the forefront of the world's notice. On January 1st, 1741, in a paper called *The Flying Post*, Broughton issued a challenge to fight any man living within three months for the championship of England.

Jack Broughton was not only the greatest pugilist of his time, but one of the greatest of all time. It was he who issued the first Rules of the Prize-Ring, which lifted it from the pit of savagery in which it wallowed and elevated it into the clean airs of art and science. He had lately set up a gymnasium in the Tottenham Court Road with the enthusiastic co-operation of half the peerage. It is indeed likely that the art of self-defence and its exponents reached a pinnacle of popularity and fashion at this moment which they never again attained.

For a month, for two months, it seemed that there was not a man in England who dared step into the same ring with the cunning eye and sledgehammer fist of Jack Broughton. But over in Clerkenwell the Yorkshire coachman was biding his time. He skipped and ran and jumped and fed on raw eggs and raw beef. He waited till the three months were almost run before taking up the challenge, for he knew that a last-minute acceptance would be extremely dramatic. For the same reason he made his acceptance as provocative as possible. He wanted people to talk, in Westminster, in Ranelagh. He wanted the echoes of it to penetrate so far north as a sleepy village in Yorkshire. So he indited the following message to the champion:

"Mr. Broughton: You think yourself a great fighter. Perhaps you are; but there's people here living in Clerkenwell say your fighting days are over, and are good for nothing but to show off at them fights. I will meet you a month from today. If you don't come up you are a coward. If you don't dust me, you are a humbug. If I beat you, you are a dead man."

George Stevenson was right. In a few days the impending fight between the champion and coachman was the talk of the whole town. Lords and ladies, bargees and trollops, talked of nothing else. The men for the most part were for Broughton; the ladies did not see how the coachman, who was so gallant a lover, could fail as a fighting-man. The Duke of Cumberland supported Broughton, the Prince of Wales, Stevenson. Statesmen, bankers, washerwomen, errand boys, ranged themselves on one or the other. But it was not these whom George Stevenson was interested in. It was a lady far away in Yorkshire. If only he knew she was on his side, there'd be no human born could stand up against him.

The great fight was held in the gymnasium of George Taylor, another of the fistic heroes of the time. It was a warm damp day in February and the roads were churned into paste by the press of people that trod them from before dawn. The scene within was extraordinary. In the popular places the people stood on each other's heads. In the gallery two royal princes sat, each surrounded by his meyme of favorite ladies. The women ogled, simpered, flirted their fans. The princes joked with them and slapped them on the back. The two fighting-men, like wary animals, bided their time.

There was an exhibition of sword-play, wrestling and cudgeling to start off the proceedings. But the people fidgeted and cat-called. They wanted their champions. At length, sweet and piercing, a silver trumpet called. There was a silence. Then the two umpires and the Captain of the Fight climbed up on to the stage. The silence was unbroken. Then George Stevenson entered the anteroom. He jumped like a strong-thewed deer upon the stage. A great shout from the people welcomed him. But he was not aware of them. He turned to the gallery where the princes and the nobles and the ladies sat. Perhaps, by some marvellous chance, she had heard. She had got away, she had come.

No, alas, she was not there. . . .

Jack Broughton was on the stage now. The roof rattled with the roars of welcome. The two men turned and eyed each other watchfully while the officials went through the preliminaries. Then they were left to it.

It was a noble fight. Broughton had the advantage in height and reach, but Stevenson, though he was more sturdily built, was quicker. It was not for nothing he had laid all the Yorkshire bullies flat, one after another. Standing square towards each other, knees slightly bent, they waited, balancing on their heels. Then Broughton broke forward. He feinted with the left and shot out the terrific menace of his right. Stevenson leapt aside. Then he leapt forward again and landed magnificently on the chin. He tried to follow up the advantage. He thrust all that he was worth into a blow at the head, but missed. He was about to fall forward, when Broughton's fist, straight to the throat, hurled him backward again. A mist wavered before his eyes. He charged. Now a right, now a left to the champion's body. Both landed. The champion returned them with interest. Stevenson, shaking off the fists like a swarm of wasps, seizes Broughton by the waist, hugs him as in a vice, seeks to throw him. But Broughton knows more of wrestling than he. He tears a muscle, it seems, out of its usual place, to get out of the lock, Stevenson is at his mercy. He sweeps his feet from the ground, and hurls him to the ground, as if he would smash all his bones.

The first round is over. Such fierce fighting has not been seen in London for many a long day. The crowd is taut with excitement like a bowstring. Stevenson is by no means disheartened. Thrust and crash and heave, the second round is as desperate as the first. Stevenson lands his left so formidably on the champion's nose that the blood breaks in torrents. The prince titters with pleasure in the gallery. "Tee-hee! Tee-hee!" he goes. His ladies sweat and titter. It is Broughton falling who brings the second round to an end. He has that inescapable lock on his rival's waist again. Again he is about to throw him. Then he catches his foot in one of the stakes. He falls, Stevenson falling cunningly and heavily upon him.

The third round . . .

Thrust and crash and heave, the epic battle surges like a sea. Stevenson lands more frequently, but Broughton does more damage with each blow. Broughton's eye takes it. Stevenson's ribs take it. Broughton's eye takes it again. Then once more, this time successfully, Stevenson rushes in for the throw. Broughton lies prone. Broughton rises again.

But why is Stevenson standing there in the centre of the ring, with his guard dropped? Why? His eyes are lifted to the gallery. Whom has he seen there among the fine ladies and the fine gentlemen?

"Cover yourself, man!" cries his patron, the prince, "cover yourself, or by God—!"

But the warning is too late. Broughton drives home with a straight left fierce enough to dislodge all the teeth. Stevenson shakes his head. He remembers. He is in the boxing-ring now. He is fighting against the terrible Jack Broughton, the master-fighter of the century. A prince is backing him. A great crowd has come to acclaim him. He has a duty by them all. He lifts his arm on guard again. He thrusts forward with his left again.

But the heart has gone out of him. A glaze is upon his eyes.

There is a lady up in the gallery now, who was not there when the fight started. She has a cavalier with her, who is not her husband. Her husband is a pot-bellied, purple-nosed merchant from Yorkshire. Sykes is his name. This man who is with Madame Sykes is not he. He is her lover. It cannot be doubted that he is her lover. She smooths her small chin against his shoulder. They whisper to each other and look into each other's eyes . . . as if this were a lovers' bower in Yorkshire, and not a howling prize-ring.

The poor fighting-man in one sick moment has seen it all. He knows why he has heard no word from her. He knows what a fool he has been, what a fool he is now, matched up in the prize-ring against his master. Win or lose, the fight means nothing to him now. The sweetness is gone out of the air.

The crowd roars like a storm in the tops of the trees. But it is all a feeble murmur to him now. He staggers about the stage, not knowing what he does. A blow like the kick of a wild horse lands under his heart. His feet fall from under him. He lies crumpled like a last year's leaf.

He does not see Jack Broughton kneel down beside him, nor feel his hand over his heart. He does not hear Jack Broughton vow never to fight again.

But Jack Broughton did fight again, and more than once. It was he, George Stevenson, whom a lady had loved and cast aside like her old shoe, it was he who never fought again. He died less than a month later. But it was a smaller, whiter hand than Jack Broughton's that had laid him low.

Four Miles of Gay Danger

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like these needed no more. Locked like a pair, nose for nose they fought towards the goal. The judges saw Troublemaker's nose in front, and the timers announced a new course record of 8 min. 51.3.

The 1933 race was a lark for the rapid-going Fugitive until he fell at the thirteenth fence, when he was many lengths in front. Randolph Duffy remounted and finished—almost landing third. But from the time of Fugitive's fall the race belonged to Captain Kettle, ridden by Charles White. They crossed the finish a good city block in front of the procession.

As the horses swing towards home, a torrent of pent-up emotion breaks across the long hillside and rushes towards the line of finish. Dignified matrons in the smartest of tweeds run as they have not since sub-deb days. Sportsmen, staid and middle-aged, who no longer are supposed to yell about anything, cheer lustily. Negro grooms, waiting with blankets for their favorites, squeal endearments up the stretch, hurl entreaties, promises and prayers. Horses that finish are engulfed in a tide of admiring humanity. Yet a way is made quickly for weary mounts to come back to the farm-wagon and salute the judges.

All your conceptions of what a fit horse and a fit man can do have been revised on this day. In the last ten minutes, these blowing, steaming thoroughbreds have given more than your fittest hunter gives on the longest, hardest run of the season, infinitely more. These men have thought more, dared more, lived more, than an ordinary human in a year of time.

This April the race will be on again. Once more the best of horses and men will battle for "a tankard of English design valued at $100," which is the Maryland Hunt Cup, and a chance at the Whistler Challenge Cup, which no sportsman owns because none has won it three times.

When everything is ready, owners and trainers again will turn to gentlemen riders and give them the leg up. Words, if spoken, will be something like these: "Well, good-bye and good luck. Anything you do is all right with us."

Continental Nights

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tured with the death struggles of a two hundred pound soprano who refuses to die until she has had her say, or rather sung her song, uniformed attendants pass among the audience, spraying its members with insecticide! A bald-headed American in an aisle seat, as I can amply testify, is likely to jump to his feet with a start, under the impression that the roof has sprung a sudden leak, when the fine spray from the insect-guns begins to settle upon his bare dome.

On the way from Vienna to Budapest, let's stop at the first opportunity, say at the Hungarian provincial town of Gyor, for a taste of gypsy entertainment. A good Hungarian gypsy orchestra can, and does, turn the thoughts of the coldest of ladies towards romance better than any amount of champagne could do. The cover charge evil has not penetrated this far inland, and we are treated to the spectacle of one of the gypsies going from customer to customer for tips after every third dance, holding what seems to be a collection plate in one hand, and with the other tightly clenched. Of this phenomenon, investigation proved more fruitful. The explanation of the one clenched hand is quite simple. It is a guarantee of honesty. It contains a live fly which the collector must bring back alive to his fellow musicians, to show that his hand has not accidentally abstracted a handful of coins from the collection plate for his own pocket, while he was in a far corner of the cafe. The collector might, of course, catch him a new fly after a lapse from grace, and I suggested that the flies be branded. This novel idea was given due consideration by the orchestra, but then rejected, on the grounds that any motion so conspicuous as catching a new fly could not be concealed from the watchful eyes of the hardly-to-be-called-trusting colleagues.

Hungary was hard enough hit by the war, too, Heaven knows, but, somehow, there is less of a damper on gaiety here. Music is the alpha and omega of the Budapest night life, and a lush summer's night spent among the resorts on the Margaret Island in the middle of the Danube is something worth remembering. The military set used to frequent a café in town, where, what with brilliant music, splendid gypsy dancers, and the colorful uniforms, the hours fled like minutes, but it, alas, was discovered by tourists, and its charm is no more. Still, there is no lack of other places, where the spontaneous joy in music and dancing that is the very heart of every Magyar makes itself felt.

Dipping down into Jugo-Slavia, we find a wide variety of entertainment, ranging from a café on the roof of a fifteen-story skyscraper at Ljubljana—one of the few skyscrapers in Europe, to a cabaret with the whining music of the native svirila, and with the dissonant oriental singing of innumerable piano-legged females at the tiny town of Erzegnovi in far southern Dalmatia. Even the brilliantly lovely tourist town of Dubrovnik has its night clubs, but they are strictly for local consumption, tucked away in side streets that the tourists never see. Nonetheless, one may find there, occasionally, a ravishingly beautiful gypsy with a dance that would stop any floor show in the most expensive night club in New York. Or at Sarajevo, where the young blood of the Moslem community carefully pockets its fezzes in order to evade the non-drinking order of the Koran, and where they specialize in artistes of the tambourine. What those girls can do with a tambourine would make a Salvation Army lassie die of sheer astonishment. Their hips are expressive enough, in all truth, but, when they pick up the tambourine any mere danse du ventre fades into complete insignificance for sheer suggestiveness.

In Belgrade, there is the Kafana Moskva, where Serbian talent holds forth, and where the tired business man may become considerably less tired, indeed.

At the moment, all Europe is dancing to what they call "rumba" tunes, but Cuba would never recognize the resultant dances as having any kinship with their own languorous product. Nor is this the only American importation. Jazz, of course, has pervaded everywhere, but the wandering American need not worry over language difficulties, for one good English word has penetrated everywhere, even down into the Balkans.

Puzzling out a sign on a Serbian night club, written in the Cyrillic alphabet, I discovered to my amazement, that it said: GIRLS. That made it complete, for the word has penetrated into every other European language long since, and its addition to the Serbian makes it unanimous.

My Actor Friend

Continued from page 30

"You have to pay me back my fifty dollars," I reminded him. "How will you if you won't work, eh?"

While they rehearsed that play I saw a good deal of Murati and introduced him to my friends as Count Murati. And was he a count! To his fingertips. Elevator boys, doormen, waiters, who had known him for years, stepped aside and treated him with great deference. He forgot all about his gold toothpick with which he had bored into his molars after every meal. He was Count Murati. A nobleman. He tipped the waiter a whole dollar, one day; though I knew he had only one other dollar to see him through two days. It was quite exhilarating to have such a man owe you money.

And the play? A failure. An abyssmal failure. It folded up after two nights. Of course, Murati was marvelous in his part. Had the lady star been as good, I would now be telling another story. Thalia Theater looked horribly ugly and smelled worse during those performances. When the play is a success the meanest theater looks wonderful. When the play is a failure every crack in the wall, every frayed seat crows the failure. I vowed to let my memories sleep in their graveyard and never to set foot again in the dusty old barn.

When I saw Murati again he handed me over three crumpled five dollar bills and squeezed my fingers. He had sold the military costume and the cutaway. I pocketed the money. We sat down opposite each other. He ate perfunctorily. Without enthusiasm. He looked worn and aged. And was apologetic to the waiter. Between dessert and coffee he brought out his golden toothpick from the vest pocket and began to bore into his molars. He was no longer a nobleman. He was an actor out of work.

He wasn't complaining. He didn't even mention his two recent failures, or the sluggishness of the star who had ruined a bad play by her worse acting.

When I mentioned that there were plenty of people in boots like his own he looked at me and said, squeezing my arm:

"People who haven't such a good amico as you are, eh?"

"You can always count on me, Murati."

Then he disappeared. Two weeks I ate alone at our table and watched the door. I realized only then how secretive he had been about his lodgings. I didn't know where he lived.

One day, Pascale the waiter told me that Signor Murati was rehearsing somewhere in Brooklyn. I was mystified. Why hadn't he told me? Why hadn't he let me know? Was it because he didn't want me to witness another failure?

I went to Brooklyn and walked up and down in front of the miserable and decrepit Teatro Italiano. A hair-raising colored poster on the brick wall announced the opening night of a new play called the "Mystery of the Silver Coffin."

Suddenly I saw Murati coming up the street in the company of several men and women—all poverty stricken. Murati, my Murati! He was as thin as a skeleton. His face was white. He was stooping. His trousers flapped about his thin legs.

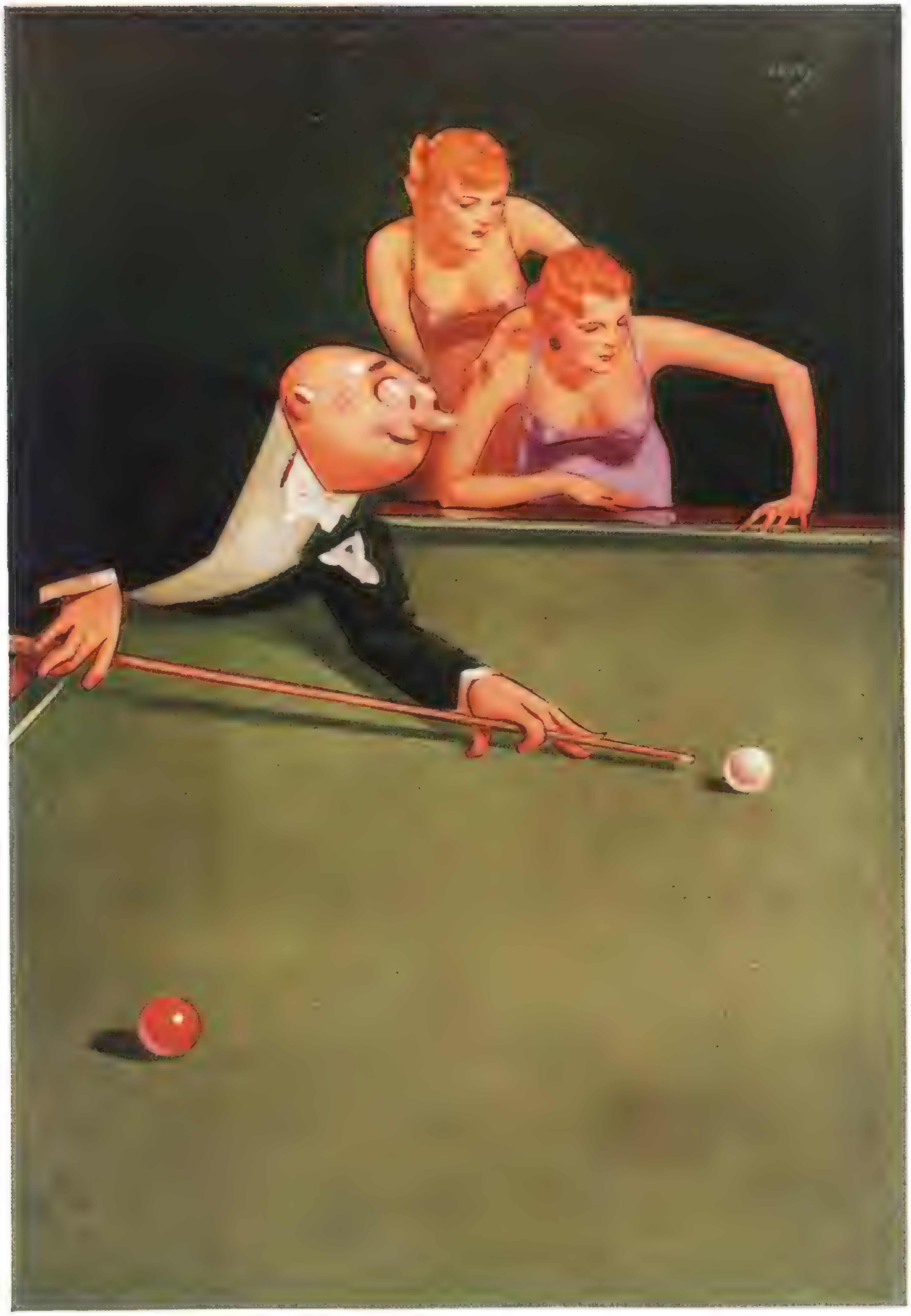
I sauntered away to the other sidewalk; that he shouldn't see me. I knew how proud he was.

I came to the opening. The audience was ten degrees below the audiences of the Thalia Theater. What a come-down for the great Murati! The "Mystery of the Silver Coffin" was a gruesome concoction, of supernatural paraphernalia and electric machines supposed to restore life to the dead. It was so gruesome it was ridiculous. The silver coffin stood on a table. Murati was in it. Finally the machines stopped whirling. The miracle worker, in red tights, and black cape, rose on his toes, made mystic passes with his hands, and cried out in a sepulchral voice:

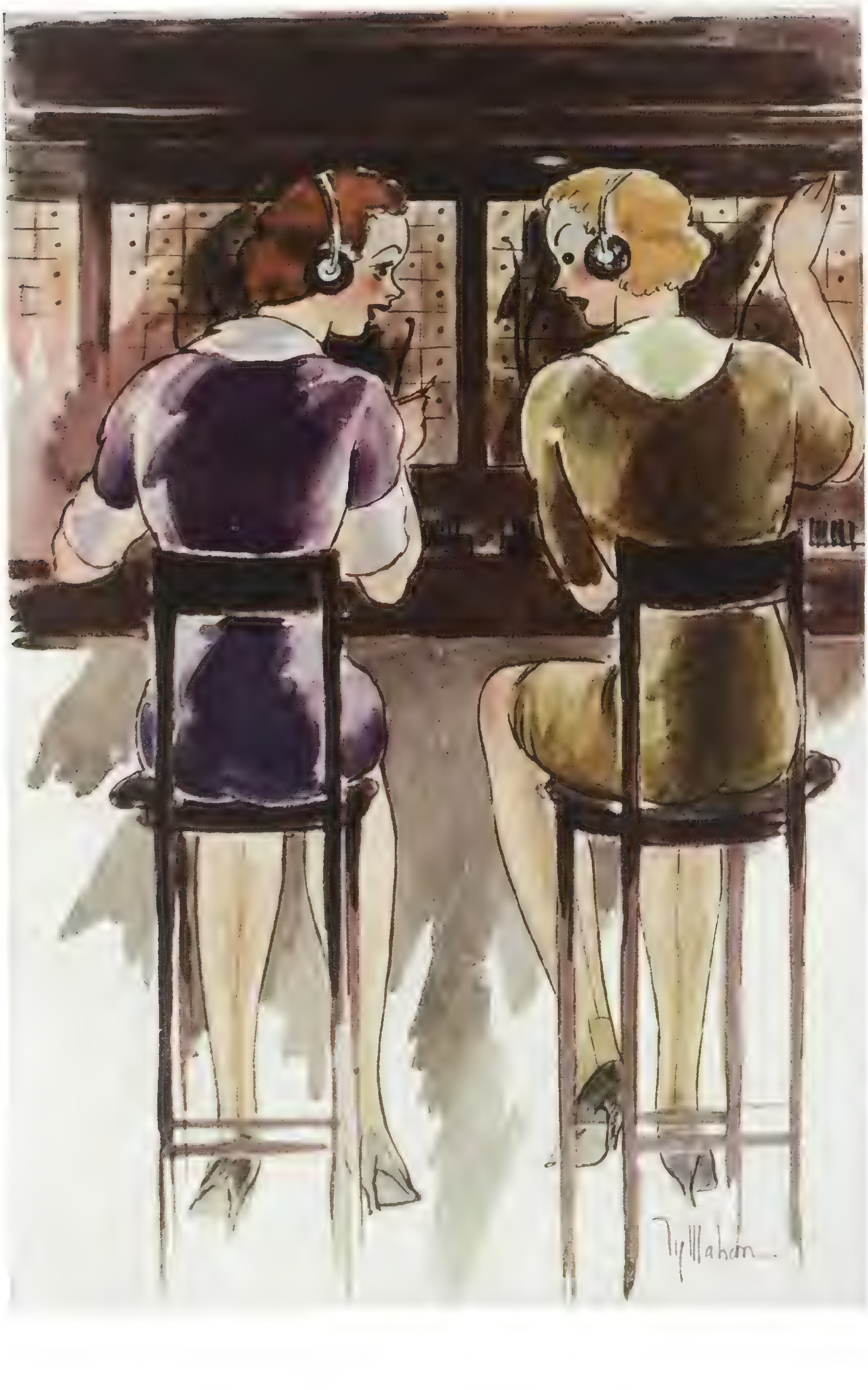
"Arise, Conte Macino. Arise to tell who killed you."

And . . . well, Murati didn't rise. Never rose again. It took long minutes before the crowd realized what had happened and began to rush to the doors in a panic, screaming, yelling.

They buried poor Murati in that very same coffin. But only I know the cause of his death. It wasn't hunger. He had played the dead Conte Macino too well . . . who knows but he had even expected the miracle man to act as well as he, Murati, had always acted.



"He's supposed to be an expert, but he's missing every shot tonight"



"Just heard a swell idea for a novel"

The Best Men Are Cooks

Continued from page 24

at the same time. Serve all three parts on the same plate with a slice of lemon. Your breakfast menu should read like this:

Ice cold clam juice
Clam Cakes with Kidneys and Bacon
Coffee

You are already building a reputation as a cook.

BUTTERED TOAST SUPREME

If you want this you will find that you have to prepare it for yourself; it's a bit fattening but use your own judgment. Cut the slices as thick as the toaster will take them. Score the bread across and up and down on one side and toast on both sides as you like it and on the scored side place generous gobs of butter. Place toast in the oven until the butter has melted and *penetrated*. One slice is usually enough but you'd better make an extra one for the lady.

NO MOCKERY

There is among the writer's acquaintances one man who is a wizard with hams. Before he took his financial nosedive he would spend the better part of Saturday afternoon shopping for the perfect ham. Today a full-blown ham is a rare occurrence in that household but the old ham appetite has suffered no deflation.

He still shops but now it is for a smoked shoulder and he treats it as though it were the finest Smithfield product. The shoulder is allowed to soak in water overnight and while he prepares breakfast he boils it, twenty minutes for each pound, placing a bruised clove of garlic in the water. The shoulder is removed and allowed to cool until about an hour before it is to be baked or roasted. Then he strips the hide and covers the fat thickly with a paste made of prepared mustard, ground cloves and brown sugar and the whole is thickly studded with whole cloves. The creation is then placed in the center of a large pan and circled with apples, cored but not peeled, the center of each filled with currants.

When he has funds a bottle of Chianti is brought in and he still observes the old formality of slicing the ham very thin.

PLANKING

The planking of fish and meats was invented by men and banished by women. The guides of the North Country discovered the method to cook before campfires and hunters and fishermen who ate the food thus prepared agreed nothing had ever tasted so fine. Their combined efforts to give the home a new method of cooking went for nothing when the first plank began smoking up the house and when the charred, greasy plank had to be washed the movement died.

Take a large plank, as large as will fit comfortably in your oven. It should be of non-resinous and well-dried wood, birch and maple are the best, and the top side scooped out to the depth of half an inch. If this is too much trouble you may be able to purchase an already prepared plank at the hardware store. Place the plank in the oven and let it get hot enough for butter to melt immediately. Arrange your fish, skin side down and fully spread, or your meat with the best side up, in the center. About it lay the vegetables that are to accompany the main piece and replace them all in the oven. Do not worry about the smoke, it's all a part of the flavor and if the wood chars that is to be expected. Planking is a fine art and it is advisable to try it on the family before inviting the neighbors in.

Before serving, make a collar of pasteboard, decorate it with leaves and pine cones for meat, and with ferns and sea shells for fish and fasten it about the plank with thumbtacks. A properly cleaned plank should be good for five or six plankings.

Serve a white wine with the fish and a red with the meats.

BOUILLABAISSE

While there are many women cooks who can prepare a fairly presentable bouillabaisse the dish reaches the heights only in the hands of a man. And for every lover of the dish there is another recipe, in fact there are as many bouillabaisse schools as there are for juleps. This recipe permits variation and exceptions.

Begin with a white fish, haddock preferred, allowing one pound for each guest. Remove the head, tail, fins and backbone and place them in a quart of water and boil until the eyes fall out of the head. Strain the juice and you have a soup stock. Replace the stock in the kettle and add:

One clove of crushed garlic
Two sliced onions
One cup of olive oil
One cup of white wine (Chablis, Rhine or Moselle)
One green pepper chopped
One teaspoon saffron
Salt and pepper to taste.

If you have any or all of the following they may be added.

One dozen oysters with liquid
One dozen clams with liquid
One cup of lobster, crab meat or shrimps (fresh only)

Start your liquid cooking and add the vegetables and the fish and later the shellfish. Let it simmer twenty minutes, stirring slowly so that the fish does not break up, and serve on top of coarse toast.

VINHADALHOS

From the Portuguese in our midst, mainly those known as "the Islanders," comes a dish that is quite unknown to most of us but which deserves wider circulation. The name, even on Portuguese tongues, sounds as though it were pronounced *vinya die*, and though these people use it in many forms I have met it only in fish and pork chops.

Take a spoonful of pepper and another of allspice and dissolve it, rather mix it, in as small amount of water as you can. Add several cloves of crushed garlic, a few cloves and a bay leaf. Add enough white wine to cover the fish or chops to be treated and set it in the icebox for at least twenty-four hours; three days would be better.

Bring the dish close to the stove and as soon as you lift the fish or chops from the liquid throw them at once into an already heated skillet and fry as usual.

The man who can ask his friends in after the theatre or other late function, not to raid the icebox or have just a bottle of beer, is a man who is going somewhere. Now that beer is back we can have a real Welsh rabbit and here's the simplest and quickest of all recipes.

AFTER THEATRE SNACKS

Cut one half pound of store cheese into small pieces and place them in the top of a double boiler. Pour over the cheese a half cup of beer, a pinch of cayenne and three pinches of salt. Stir constantly with a stick or wooden spoon and serve on pieces of toast. Now, bring out your bottled beer.

Another late dish that requires a little forethought, but not too much comfort, is the following. Stop at an oyster bar on the way home and secure one half dozen oysters for each guest. At home saute finely chopped celery in a little butter and when it is tender add one wineglass of sherry (for each dozen oysters) and stir until very hot. Into this drop your oysters and let them cook until their little edges start curling. Then arrange six on a piece of toast and pour the liquid over them and serve. Naturally a glass of sherry is the only thing to serve with such a dish.

See how easy it is to get a reputation as a cook?

CHOSEN . .

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ROLLS RAZOR

WITH A LIFE-TIME BLADE

The King of Party Throwers

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of curly hair gave his face a fleeting reminder of a laughing mask of Beethoven (whom Chanler reverenced as a god). Indeed, his panels and murals are Beethovenesque in their consummate variety-in-unity as in his personal life he was a Beethoven of dissonance. His big mouth split his face like the obscene grin of Silenus. His deep-set eyes spat alcoholic mirth. He had a twelve-lung-power voice, which, together with an incurable impediment in his speech, fairly shook the four walls. In theatre lobbies and during *entr'actes* at concerts at Carnegie Hall he could be heard above the combined voices of hundreds. He was a veritable Paul Bunyan of noisy vitality.

On his arrival back home his family insisted that he should go into politics. They wanted him to be Senator, Governor anything. Chanler loathed politics, but compromised on the Sheriff of Dutchess County, to which office he was elected. He was henceforth, all his life, to be known as Sheriff Bob. His incumbency of this office was a grandiose adventure, a study in the bizarre that only George Kaufman, Marc Connelly and the Gershwin brothers could do justice to. He made Richard Harding Davis—at that time another wild boy of the Westchester Pampas—his Deputy Sheriff No. 1. The two of them accoutered like arsenals rode the roads on prancing cavalry horses night and day, both of them often canned to the crow's nest. They were Don Quixote and Tartarin out for Strict Law and Order.

It was during Sheriff Bob's incumbency that Harry Thaw was ordered transferred from New York to a Westchester County jail with a hope for favors. But Chanler would not have the murderer of Stanford White in his bailiwick. He issued this blast to Thaw and the New York authorities:

"Thaw can't get into any of my jails. He killed one of my dearest friends and a great artist, Stanford White. Thaw's money doesn't work in my county!"

All of Westchester was back of the Sheriff. And Thaw stayed out. Chanler was, in fact, so popular in Dutchess County that his family nagged at him to keep running. The nagging took on a general pounding when his brother, Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler, was defeated for Governor of New York State in 1906 by Charles Evans Hughes. Bob, they urged, could do what Lewis could not do.

Chanler's answer to his family and his friends was "Back to the palette!" And so he took, in 1909, the double four-story house at 147-149 East Nineteenth street, which was to become the most famous bohemian rendezvous in New York city—a house that entertained King and Prince and shirtless genius and all that lies between in the domain of the arts.

This house, the man and his art were one. The minute you entered you felt commonsense, solemnity and sobriety peel off of you.

Immediately inside the door, you were greeted by baboons, lemurs and chimpanzees. They were painted on the walls and ceilings and escorted you all the way up the narrow, wooden, uncarpeted staircase to the second and third floor. If you were already primed for a heavy night before you arrived you took on the antic spirit of these mammals, painted in all colors. The hidden spirit of Monkeyshines penetrated your clothes and skin.

From the landing you turned into the dining-room, every inch of which, including the ceiling, was painted with grotesque, esoteric figures, cabalistic black blobs and God-knows-what—all of Chanler's own work. Beyond that was the celebrated Peacock Room with its lounges, piano and nooky corners, with its gorgeous red-and-gold panels and the portraits of those whom Chanler elected to paint, done in a furious, lyrical spirit of artistic buffoonery. Then came his bedroom, containing a bed large enough to sleep six Titans. The walls and ceilings were also painted with grimacing figures and wrenched and writhen animals and birds of some Saturnian Apocalypse. It was the mind of Bob Chanler done in chromatic screams.

The whole impression, if you were cold sober (an unforgivable sin, by the way, in Chanler's eyes) was of a witches' Sabbath. I always expected to see chimeras, hydras, hippogriffs, centaurs, unicorns and sagittaries pop out of the corners. To have been served with basilisk and salamander sandwiches would not have surprised me. For here Aberration was King. Christian Brinton describes it as "a veritable House of Fantasy, which suggests the palace of Tsar Berendes, the Musée Wirtz or the Huerto de Sordo, where Goya used to live and labor."

At the head of his round dining-table Chanler took his seat, in overalls or pajamas, thundering his Rabelaisian epithets and two-fisted "art canons" at his guests. For some unaccountable reason he always called all males "Papa! Papa!" The drinks, of all kinds, with the condiments, were on a whirling tray in the center of the table. Bob kept this spinning all the time like a roulette wheel. Brandy, whiskey and wine bottles flashed before our cocktail-distended eyes. You grabbed as the bottles went sailing around you like a furiously-driven carousel.

Sheriff Bob shouted at every one at once. Every one shouted at him and at every one else. No one listened. Newcomers came in, grabbed a chair, rammed himself or herself between you and the person next to you and grabbed a bottle while it was doing its non-stop flight. Some one reached over your shoulder and carried away your leg of chicken and rushed into the singing-room with it. The pink monkeys on the wall leap with joy. The peacocks swish their tails. The black blobs on the ceiling dissolve into grinning mugs. Ah! Bohemia in Matteawan!

At one of these dinners—more Babelian than usual—a famous Futurist painter, adorned with a *schnozzle de Bergerac* and a perfectly parted pompadour, with a voice that out-megaphoned Bob's, engaged in a furious discussion with Carlo de Fornaro, caricaturist and a descendant of one of the Medici Popes, on the important matter of light and shade in the art of Manet. The great Futurist, also an Italian, picked up a table knife and was about to carve Fornaro into bits when Bob reached out his tremendous arm, seized the wrist of the frenzied canvas-smearer and ordered him to eat another tureen of spaghetti.

It was during this incident that a once celebrated picture actress, just off the Hollywood pickle-boat, rent my ear with the remark, "Ain't they pediculous to fight over Manny!"

Chanler, almost totally unknown to the general public, was now one of the most famous men in Europe and America among the lettered aristocracy, the artists and the old *bon-ton* (grand old obsolete word!) of New York, Boston and Philadelphia. Almost every one of note streamed through his house in the course of twenty-two years. His two most famous parties were for the Prince of Wales and for King Albert of Belgium.

The party to the Prince of Wales was given in the House of Folly on the Prince's visit after the war. At about ten o'clock one night the 'phones of Chanler's friends began to ring. Here is what came over—the invitation to meet the Prince:

"Papa! Papa!—wake up! wake up! The old gang is assembling—Nick Biddle, Mary Desti, Ivan Narodny, Leon Dabo. We are going to celebrate the initiation of a new member, the Prince of Wales, a hell of a good fellow—you'll love him! Hurry up! Don't dress!"

That night Chanler put in two negro bands and planted fifteen waiters in the house to serve nothing but champagne, brandy and absinthe. Here's the way Sheriff Bob introduced Wales:

"Give him a kiss! Have a drink with him! Prince (turning to Ivan Narodny), this is Prince Ivan, one of my musketeers—a good Russian nihilist, God-damn it!—he's a friend of Lenin and Rimsky-Korsakoff and Mark Twain and Theodore Roosevelt and Emma Goldman. Kiss him, Prince!"

It was a terrific party. The Prince got inspired and Chanler was introducing him after 4 A.M. as "that good old Anarchist, the Prince of Wales—shake hands with him!" He also got to calling David Windsor "Davy" and took him over to show him the Gobi Desert, which was what he called the half of the house numbered 147. Breakfast was served for Prince Davy and for whoever else could lift a fork at 7 A.M. Chanler explained Narodny's Cosmocracy to Davy. This religion was to be launched in Russia after they had "cleaned up Lenin and his gang."

"This house is Cosmocratic!" howled Chanler at Wales. The Prince rose and offered a toast to all Cosmocrats. Just what this Cosmocracy is remains a mystery even unto this day. But it was the technocratic craze of the party to Wales.

The party to King Albert of Belgium had an official air, although the King was present incognito. It was a secretive affair, and this was probably the only jamboree given at the Chanler house that was by hand-picked invitation. It seems that every one was sworn to silence and nothing much has leaked out about it except that Bob wore a uniform—the uniform of the Lafayette Escadrille, which he, Nicholas Biddle, Hudson

Maxim and a Colonel in the British Secret Service organized during the war. It must have been, however, a high old night, for it was daylight when Albert and his staff departed.

Chanler often wore this uniform in late years. When he had it on—generally when he was on the absinthe chariot—he would ensconce himself in his immense chair, which was formerly used by a Chinese Mandarin, in the Peacock Room. It was elevated a few feet above the floor. Here he presided over the goings-on like a ring-master in a circus. Knee-high to him was a table crowded with bottles of the hardest kind of stuff you can imagine. In this uniform Sheriff Bob looked exactly like Emil Jannings in "The Last Command." I tantalized him, one night, by calling him Emil. He ripped the braided ropes off the front of his uniform and chased me around the house to cowhide me. But he got thirsty after running through several rooms in the Gobi Desert and quit.

It was a few years after moving into 147-149 that Chanler's work began to be talked about. His panels, screens, murals, stained-glass windows and frescoes, with their flaunting color scales and furious rhythms, began to multiply. His work in the homes of Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, Mrs. E. H. Harriman, W. R. Coe and in the Colony Club are Chanler's art at his most perfect. His famous "Giraffes" in the Luxembourg, in Paris, and his "Chinese Fantasy" are Chanler unleashed, revelling in the images of an imagination that was always at fever heat. The mind of this man was purely primitive-intuitive. In the academic sense of the word, he was uncultured. In the core-sense of the word—native, subconscious direction—he was of the highest cultural breed. He had a blind, unerring taste. He knew shoddy art and shoddy people instantaneously. He was generous and helpful to artists, writers, singers and dancers of all schools, races and color. He had only one prejudice—and it was violent. He would not tolerate a tradesman in his house. One night when a party was at its height I saw him forcibly eject a rich leather-goods manufacturer from Philadelphia in full evening regalia whom some one had bootlegged into the house.

"I am," Bob bawled in my ear, "the revenge of thousands of years of contempt and humiliation that the artist has had to undergo at the hands of just such . . . ." I leave you to supply the noun.

When Sheriff Bob sent out printed invitations, which generally read that "Robert Winthrop Chanler was to open a new room" (there were, of course, no new rooms to open) in his house, or that "a new panel was to be unveiled," and he requested your presence—that was the summons to a day-and-night jamboree the equal of which, I wager, has never been seen in New York. This took place about four times a year. Both houses (intercommunicating) were then thrown open and the lower floors were given over to jazz bands and dancing.

At these parties *de luxe* men and women poured in from four o'clock in the afternoon until ten the next morning from the twelve corners of Bohemia, mapped and unmapped. Russian dancers with bristling beards, long ear-rings and vests that looked like the front of the Kremlin. Women in little more than Spanish shawls. Painters from the Village in sweaters, spats, and monocles. Dignified writers in such stiff open-faced shirts and high collars that they looked like flagpole sitters. Old Duennas of Art, in black, who had not attended a real plaster party for years.

Where did Chanler gather this mighty array of interesting freaks? No one ever knew. At these parties men and women appeared that the world had lost track of three decades before—men and women famous in their day in arts and letters. They were like Heinrich Heine's tomb-breakers who come, ever and anon, to soak themselves in just one more orgy in the moonlight.

Champagne, whiskies, brandies were passed around on all floors by a continuously active mob of waiters. Striding through the dancers and the drinkers from room to room, Chanler urged every one on to more furious doings—bawling out to the bands to make a more deafening racket, lifting beautiful girls high in the air, where they gulped down champagne or spilled it with frenzied glee-shrieks on the bald head of some dignified old rooster who hadn't sense to go crazy with the rest. No one talked sense. There were nothing but screams and demoniacal shouts that sounded like words.

When Isadora Duncan—a superwoman in any way you look at her, a menaedic, Dionysian whirligig of a soul—was in New York she made straight for Chanler's house. But here was the one person in the world of whom Chanler was in mortal fear. Isadora, as was quite well known to the inner circle, slugged her way, literally, to her conquests. And Bacchus always walked with this Venus from San Francisco. Chanler would not allow her to enter the house unless she was accompanied by Madame Desti and unless there were other persons in the house. Isadora and Bob never got along. Psychologically, they were alike. When they looked at one another they looked into mirrors. They were perfect mates; therefore they *pretended* to hate one another. I have always believed that here would have been a perfect match—Dionysus and Dionysia.

Chanler never had a leash on his tongue. When he was peeved it laid and flayed right and left and was no respecter of persons. One day he invited Lord Dunsany to luncheon. Among those at the table were Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney (one of the first to recognize Chanler's genius), Buck Norris, a friend and playfellow and Health Officer of New York, and Ivan Narodny, the famous pre-Bolshevist Russian Revolutionist, who wrote the definitive book on Chanler's work, "The Art of Robert Winthrop Chanler." Bob was pernickety. He asked Dunsany his opinion about some American playwrights. Dunsany professed ignorance. The Fury in Chanler stalked the deck. "Come around here when my literary gang is with me—they'll bum's-rush you! You only come here for our money! You hate us!" Chanler left the table and retired to his studio on the fourth floor. This Big Bambino of Art was like that. The truth of the matter is he was riled because Dunsany may have made him conscious of his own intellectual limitations.

This studio on the fourth floor was where Chanler did his work when he wasn't painting and panelling bedrooms, bathrooms and the studios of the well-to-do. Now behold Bob, nearly stone sober, mounted on a ladder putting touches to his large Hudson-Fulton Centennial canvas. There were rest and peace in this spacious workroom, where no drinks were ever served (which guaranteed him seclusion). The Babel below was hushed—and it was a great joy to sit quietly on a bench in this church-like atmosphere and watch Chanler paint. This was the real man on that ladder—here was the passion of a big child for the play called Art. It was the triumph of Apollo over *Hyrcus Nocturnum*.

One afternoon after a matinee performance Enrico Caruso made a long-promised visit to Chanler. He was with Paul Draper. Both of them crashed into the studio, where Bob sat in deep concentration. He turned furiously on Caruso with:

"Get out! When genius is at work who the hell wants an operatic tenor on the premises!"

Caruso walked out. This was his first and last visit to the House of Dissonance on Nineteenth street.

Just as Bob sometimes, being overcome by a creative mood, ran away from his guests to paint up "in the church," so he had a kink of suddenly disappearing into the kitchen with a couple of the elect, locking the door and having a private booze party all to himself. Now, the booze was kept in the kitchen. One night, after several hours, the guests began to suffer from a long drought. It was then we went on the hunt for Bob. Repeated poundings on the kitchen door were answered with bellowings of hilarious and mocking mirth. Augustus John, the English painter (the "guest of honor" that night), Jo Davidson, Konrad Bercovici and myself went into a huddle. We elected ourselves a committee of four to break down that door. Booze at any price! It was the boots of John and Davidson that did the job. They were veritable battering-rams. The door finally gave, and as we burst in we were received by the streams from four seltzer bottles and nearly drowned, Jo Davidson's black whiskers being transfigured into a Bridal Veil Falls.

I had an eerie experience in this kitchen one night. I had got to the party very early. Bob was still in bed from the night before. His servants were out buying food. I was choked for a drink. I knew where the bodies were buried. I went into the kitchen and had just got my hands on a bottle of brandy in the closet when a voice that seemed to come out of the ceiling said, "Lay off, you thief!" I nearly dropped the bottle in my fright. I looked everywhere. Nothing. I tip-toed out of the kitchen with conscience-twinges. What was the trick? I went back to the kitchen, determined to get the drink. The same voice. I stood my ground and started to pour out a slug of brandy. "Drop it!" shouted the voice from the ceiling. I did—but resolved to investigate every inch of the room. I soon discovered a cage covered by a long cloth (which I had thought was a curtain). It was a parrot, Bob's booze policeman. As I poured out the drink, profoundly relieved, the bird assailed me with something that sounded

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A Good Job Gone

Continued from page 46

he lived with a private secretary. And that would be that.

He had so damn much money, Mr. Lloyd. I don't see where folks get so much cash. But I don't care so long as they're giving some of it to me. And if it hadn't been for this colored woman, boy, I'd still be sitting pretty.

I don't know where he got her. Out of one of the Harlem night clubs, I guess. They came bustin' in about four o'clock one morning. I heard a woman laughing in the living room, and I knew it was a nigger laugh—one of ours. So deep and pretty, it couldn't have been nothing else. I got up, of course, like I always did when I heard Mr. Lloyd come in. I broke some ice, and took 'em out some drinks.

Yep, she was colored, alright. One of these golden browns, like an Alabama moon. Swell looking kid. She had the old man standing on his ears. I never saw him looking so happy before. She kept him laughing till daylight, and hugging and kissing. She had a hot line, that kid did, without seeming to be serious. But he fell for it. She hadn't worked in Harlem speakeasies for nothing. Jesus! She was like gin and vermouth mixed.

We got on swell, too, that girl and I. "Hy, Pal," she said when she saw me bringing out the drinks. "If it ain't old Harlem, on the Drive." She wasn't a bit hinkty like so many colored folks when they're light-complexioned and up in the money. If she hadn't been the boss's girl, I might have tried to make her myself. But she had a black boy-friend—a number writer on 135th Street—so she didn't need me. She used to talk to me about him all the time. She was in love with him. Used to call him up as soon as the boss got in the elevator bound for the office.

"Can I use this phone?" she asked me that very morning.

"Sure, Miss," I answered.

"Call me Pauline," she said, "I ain't white." And we got on swell. I cooked her some bacon and eggs while she called up her sweetie. She told him she'd hooked a new butter and egg man with bucks.

Well, the days went on. Everytime, the boss would show up with Pauline. It looked like blondes didn't have a break. A sugar-brown had crowded the white babies out. But it was good for Mr. Lloyd. He didn't have the blues. And he stopped asking me to drink with him, thank God! He was crazy about this Pauline. Didn't want no other woman. She kept him laughing all the time. She used to sing him bad songs that didn't seem bad when she was singing them. Only seemed funny and good-natured. She was nice, that girl. A gorgeous thing to have around the house.

But she knew what it was all about. Don't think she didn't. "You've got to kid white folks along," she said to me. "When you're depending on 'em for a living. Make 'em *think* you like it."

"You said it," I agreed.

And she really put the bee on Mr. Lloyd. He bought her everything she wanted, and was as faithful to her as a husband all winter. Used to ask me when she wasn't there, what I thought she wanted. I don't know what got into him. He loved her like a dog.

She used to spend two or three nights a week with him. And the others with her boy-friend in Harlem. And it was a hell of a long time before Mr. Lloyd found out about this colored fellow. When he did, it was a pure accident. He saw Pauline going in the movies at the Roxy one night with him—a tall black good-looking guy with a diamond on his finger. And it made the old man sore.

That same night Mr. Lloyd got a ring-side table at the Cabin Club in Harlem. When Pauline came dancing out in the 2 o'clock revue, he called her, and told her to come there. He looked mad. Funny, boy, but that rich white man was jealous of the colored guy he had seen her with. Mr. Lloyd, jealous of a jig! Wouldn't that freeze you?

They had a hell of a quarrel that morning when they came to the apartment. First time I ever heard them quarrel. Pauline told him finally he could go to hell. She told him, yes, she loved that black boy, that he was the only boy she loved in the wide world, and the only man she wanted.

They were all drunk, because between words they would drink licker. I'd left two bottles of Haig & Haig on the tray when I went to bed. I thought Pauline was being stupid, talking like that, but I guess she was so drunk she didn't care.

"Yes, I love that colored boy," she hollered. "Yes, I love him. You don't think you're buying my heart, too, do you?"

And that hurt the boss. He'd always thought he was a great lover, and that women liked him for something else besides his money. Because most of them wanted his money, nobody ever told him he wasn't so hot. His girls all swore they loved him, even when he beat them. They all let *him* put *them* out. They hung on till the last dollar.

But that little yellow devil of a Pauline evidently didn't care what she said. She began cussing the boss about dawn. Then Mr. Lloyd slapped her. I could hear it way back in my bedroom where I was sleeping, with one eye open.

In a minute I heard a crash that brought me up on my feet. I ran out, through the kitchen, through the living room, and opened Mr. Lloyd's door. Pauline had thrown one of the whiskey bottles at him. Now they were battling like hell in the middle of the floor.

"Get out of here, boy!" Mr. Lloyd panted. So I got. But I stood outside the door in case I was needed. If she wanted help, I was there. But Pauline was a pretty tough little scrapper herself. It sounded like the boss was getting the worst of it. Finally, the tussling stopped. It was so quiet in there I thought maybe one of them was knocked out, so I cracked the door to see. The boss was kneeling at Pauline's feet, his arms around her knees.

"My God, Pauline, how I love you!" I heard him say. "I want you, child. Don't mind what I've done. Stay here with me. Stay, stay, stay."

"Lemme out of here!" said Pauline, kicking at Mr. Lloyd.

But the boss held her tighter. Then she grabbed the other whiskey bottle and hit him on the head. Of course, he fell out. I got a basin of cold water and put him in bed with a cloth on his dome. Pauline took off all the rings and things he'd given her and threw them at him, laying there on the bed like a ghost.

"A white bastard!" she said. "Just because they pay you, they always think they own you. No white man's gonna own me. I laugh with 'em, and they think I like 'em. Hell, I'm from Arkansas where the crackers lynch niggers in the streets. How could *I* like 'em?" She put on her coat and hat and went away.

When the boss came to, he told me to call his chauffeur. I thought he was going to a doctor, because his head was bleeding. But the chauffeur told me later he spent the whole day driving around Harlem trying to find Pauline. He wanted to bring her back. But he never found her.

He had a lot of trouble with that head, too. Seems like a piece of glass or something stuck in it. I didn't see him for eight weeks. When I did see him, he wasn't the same man. No, sir, boy, something had happened to Mr. Lloyd. He didn't seem quite right in the head. I guess Pauline dazed him for life, made a fool of him. He drank more than ever and had me so high I didn't know B from Bull's Foot. He had his white women around again, but he'd got the idea from somewhere that he was the world's great lover, and that he didn't have to give them anything but himself—which wasn't so forty for the little Broadway gold diggers who wanted diamonds and greenbacks. Women started to clearing out early when they discovered that Mr. Lloyd had gone romantic—and cheap. There were scandals and fights and terrible goings on when the girls didn't get their presents and checks. But Mr. Lloyd just said, "To hell with them," and drank more than ever, and let the pretty girls go. He picked up women off the streets and then wouldn't pay them, cheap as they are. Late in the night he would come in and start drinking and crying about Pauline. The sun would be rising over the Hudson before he'd stop his crazy carryings on—making me drink with him and listen to the nights he'd spent with Pauline.

"I love her, boy! And she thought I was trying to buy her. Some black buck had to come along and cut me out. Fooling her. But I'm just as good a lover as that black boy any day." And he would begin to boast about the white women he could have—without money, too. (Wrong, of course.) But he sent me to Harlem to find Pauline.

I couldn't find her. She'd gone away with her boy-friend. Some said they went to Memphis. Some said Chicago. Some said Los Angeles. Anyway, she was gone—that kid who looked like an Alabama moon.

I told Mr. Lloyd she was gone, so we got drunk again. For almost a week, he made no move to go to the office. I began to be worried, cutting so many classes staying up all night to drink with the old man, and hanging around most of the day. But if I left him alone, he acted like a fool. I was scared. He'd take out women's pictures and beat 'em and stamp on 'em and then make love to 'em, and tear 'em up. Wouldn't eat. Didn't want to see anybody.

Then one night, I knew he was crazy—so it was all up. He grabs the door like it was a

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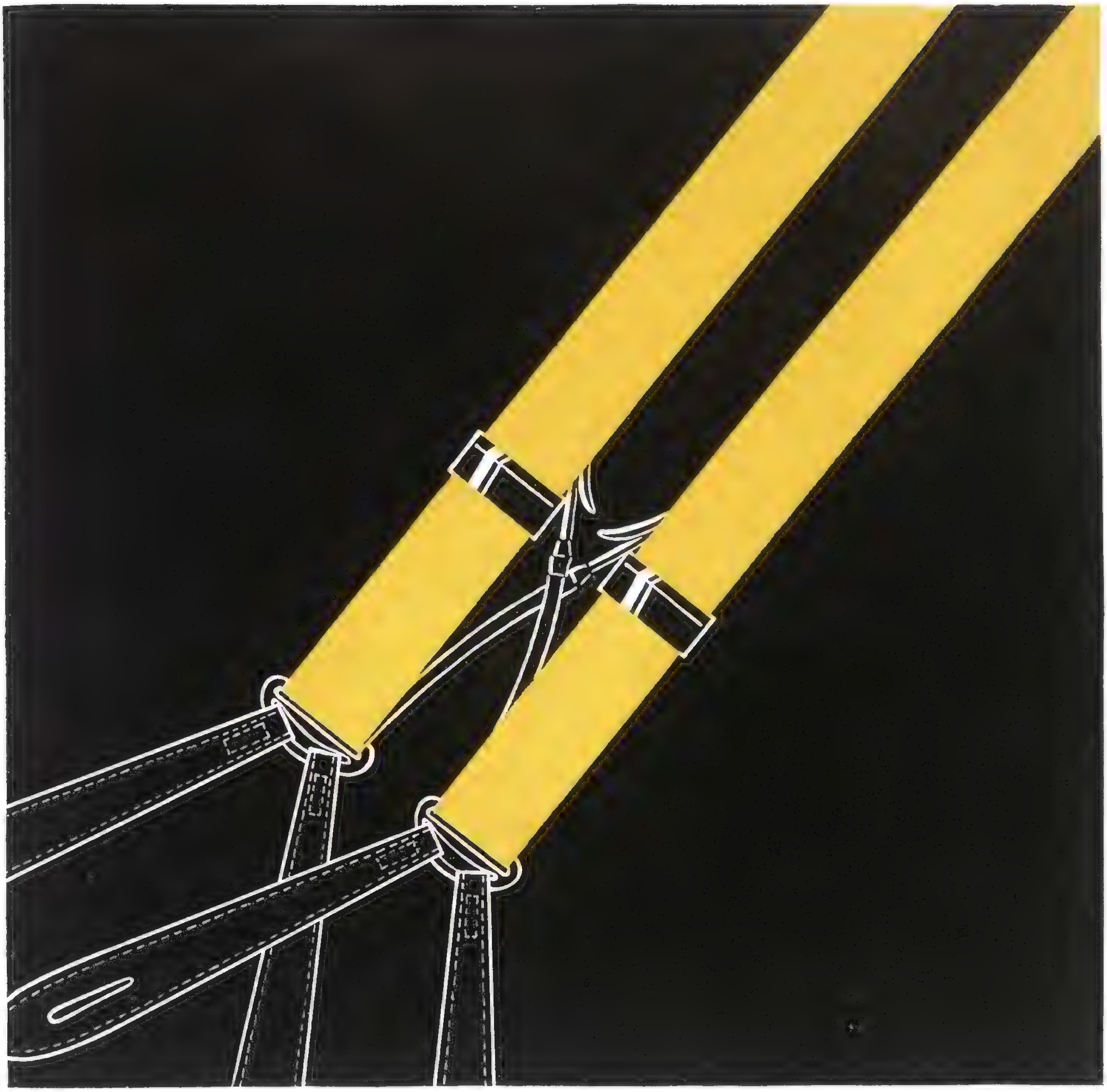

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STYLE LEADERSHIP **HICKOK**

A Story Without an End

Continued from page 68

with joy and pride she had made this bargain with her cousin Rosset. She kept a little wine-shop overlooking the sea, and sailors came in to bring her fish in exchange for a bit of bread and some wine. A fisherman, named Anton, a very old man with a little red woollen tasselled cap, had taken him fishing in the bay on summer afternoons. His heart began to ache whenever he thought of it. Quick to catch at his moods, the girl would see this and make him tell what troubled him and when he told her she would laugh it off, with gentle carelessness.

"Fishing? For what? Shrimps? What else could you and an old man hope to catch, eh?"

"We'd row out, a long way out."

"Who?—who rowed? Not that old man! No? Then you?—ach! with arms like that—with those drumsticks?"

"I used to be fatter."

"I wish I could say that!"

She would shrug her shoulders, spread out her hands in a ballooning curve. "Soon I shall be like that." And sometimes she would seize his head impulsively and draw it down and rest it on her plump shoulder, tangling his hair, patting his cheeks, kissing him, all to comfort him, to make him forget himself and Rosset.

Today, Easter Sunday, they were going out together, alone, for a joy ride, and since they could not hope for more than two free hours they had decided to ride on a bus to Hyde Park. It was Yvette's idea: simply to walk on the grass, to see the daffodils swaying and fluttering in the cold April wind like fluffy yellow birds, to have tea somewhere, to know the joy of being waited upon for once in their lives, to come back. The boy had no money and knew nothing of London. It was to be a treat for him, said the girl, at her expense. But within himself it had already become something more; he felt his heart pulling against his body, wild at this chance of escape.

He was afraid almost to think it: but he might even not come back to Rosset's.

It was nearly two o'clock. A thin young man, a regular customer, had been in, eaten his hors d'oeuvres and cutlet, shaken his head at coffee and had gone. There remained only a middle-aged man, alone in one corner masticating a steak and fried potatoes. When he had gone the waiters would shut the place, and Pierre and the girl would go too.

At last they were in the basement, washing up, bantering, almost free. Yvette washed the dishes and the boy dried them. The cook had already departed and soon the waiters came down, overcoats on, to say goodbye.

"I do so hope you have a nice holiday," said the girl. "You will write, won't you? You will be away so long!"

The waiters hobbled off, laughing, there was a sound of the restaurant door shutting, and they were alone.

"Now you go," she said, "and change your clothes and make yourself look pretty. Quick! Be ready in ten minutes."

And as he bounded upstairs, almost frightened by the thought of even temporary freedom, she called after him:

"Pierre, Pierre!" and when he halted, wondering sickly: "Don't forget to wash your ears! Ach!"

He was ready quickly and stood at the window as he put on his collar, looking at the low clouds which had begun to gather sombrely, an ugly goose-grey, over the roofs of the city. Suddenly he saw the sky and the roofs pencilled with rain and heard the quick April clatter of it on the slates above his head. As it came faster and persisted, darkening the roofs with its flood, he felt depressed to wretchedness.

He ran down a flight of stairs to the next landing and tapped at the girl's door.

"It's raining," he said. "It's raining."

"You know what they say in our part?" she called from her bedroom. "Let it!"

"Shall we go?"

"We'll swim."

He stood still outside the door, listening to the rain beating heavily on a skylight above, the sound depressing him again.

"Are you there still?" she called.

"Yes."

"You can come in."

He opened the door slowly and went in. She was sitting half-dressed before a mirror by the window, combing her hair. "It will soon leave off," she said and she spoke to his reflection in the glass and watched him standing awkwardly by the door, his dark eyes seeking her and her mirage in the mirror diffidently, and as though she knew what his feelings must be she tilted the mirror so that he could see only a black half-moon of her hair in the glass and she saw a quick start of light in his eyes as she did so. Her hair was long, so that it took a long time to comb it straight, brush it and coil it back into the intricate knot which must rest low on her neck. Newly brushed, her hair was fine and sleek as satin. Outside the rain smashed on the window. "Well, if it must rain," she said, "you must row me there in a boat. I will be that old man, that Anton you talk about, and we will catch fish in the Serpentine. I see you rowing—you, with those drum-sticks!" Laughing, she bent her arms and began to row an imaginary boat, pulling strongly, so that her bare shoulders rippled and her breasts swelled richly upward.

As he watched the rich movement of her body he felt a sudden hot spasm in his blood, an electric start of surprised delight. In the mirror she saw his face, and half-wishing she had not asked him to come in, she rose and began to search about for her dress and stockings, the old dark mischievous look no longer in her eyes, which she kept averted, hardly daring to meet the passionate watchfulness in his own.

Finding her stockings she sat on the side of the bed furthest from him and slipped them quickly on, looking at the rain lashing at the windows, ceaselessly, white and hard as a storm of hail. Once she shrugged her shoulders, fatalistically, as if to say "If it rains, it rains," and the ripple of her bare shoulders, though she did not know it, made him start excitedly again. Yet he stood near the door every moment, with the curious half-shy, half-eager look of youthful passion in his eyes, and something keeping him back from her.

At last there came a moment when they must decide whether to wait or go. The rain was lashing down in a flood; the light of the afternoon had been washed out.

"Well?" she shrugged her shoulders.

He made no answer. Downstairs a clock chimed and struck three. It was a heavy black marble clock which stood in a private room, one of those rooms which Rosset kept for the convenience of special customers, on the floor below. Rosset wound it up himself every Sunday at three, timing it carefully, and was insistent about it, though the room was hardly ever used.

Suddenly the girl sprang into activity "Ach! What of a little shower? Let's go now quickly. We must wind the clock as we go downstairs."

She slipped into her dress. "Pierre, come and button me!" she cried, and then: "Ah! no, I'll manage. Go down and wind the clock. I'll come down in a moment."

He went reluctantly, his heart beating with excitement, his limbs curiously heavy. In the little private room he found that his hand trembled as he searched behind the clock for the key. He was opening the round glass face of the clock when the girl came down.

"Wind the clock with one hand," she cried out to him, "and do up these buttons

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A Good Job Gone

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woman, and starts to kiss it. I couldn't make him stop, so I telephoned his chauffeur. The chauffeur calls up one of Mr. Lloyd's broker friends. And they take him to the hospital. That was last April. They've had him in the sanatorium ever since. The apartment's closed. His stuff's in storage, and I have no more job than a snake's got hips. Anyway I went through college on it. But I don't know how the hell I'll get to dental school. I just wrote ma down in Atlanta and told her times was hard. Ain't many Mr. Lloyd's, you can bet your life on that.

And the chauffeur told me yesterday he's crazy as a loon now. Sometimes he thinks he's a guy named Don Juan. Again, he thinks he's a stud-horse chasing a mare. Sometimes he's a lion. Poor man! The padded cell! He was a swell guy when he had his right mind. But a yellow woman sure did drive him crazy. As for me, well, it's just one good job gone.

Say, boy, give me a smoke, will you? I hate to talk about it.

The King of Party Throwers

Continued from page 141

like, "Hope you choke! Hope you choke!—you bum!"

Chanler went to France every once in a while and lived as he did in New York, *en bohême de luxe.* In 1927 he and Ivan Narodny embarked on a strange and quixotic adventure. They planned to go to Russia via Paris. Their intent was, ostensibly, to get Chanler's "The Dance of Death" in l'Hermitage, the national picture gallery at Leningrad. Arrived in Paris, Chanler opened a studio near the Dôme right next to Isadora Duncan's studio. Here he continued his Rabelaisian life and drew to his studio such men as James Joyce, Jean Cocteau, Lord Alfred Douglas, and about a thousand others of European and international fame.

Narodny and Chanler, after they were well settled, went to see the Russian Ambassador for passport visés into Russia. While Narodny was explaining Chanler and himself to the Ambassador in Russian, Chanler spied the Ambassador's handsome wife. He took her off to dinner and all his interest in a passport vanished. Ivan went on to Russia. The original idea had now grown. Narodny, who had been very close to Lenin before the latter became dictator, proposed to the Soviet Government to open an American Room in l'Hermitage, which already had a Sargent and a Whistler. But it fell through, and when Narodny returned to Paris Chanler proposed to whoever would listen to help finance a Russian counter-revolution because Russia would not accept Chanler's price for "The Dance of Death."

When Chanler wasn't in his Paris studio painting and giving wild parties, he was down on the Riviera or on a yacht on the Mediterranean, where his Promethean shouts rent the African coasts. He told me that his favorite spot in all the world was the Marseilles waterfront.

What makes James Huneker, the Janitor of the Temple of the Seven Arts, absolutely unique in the annals of New York bohemian and artistic life is that he not only was never in Chanler's house but it is doubtful whether he ever met him. I never heard Huneker mention Chanler's name or Chanler mention Huneker's name. Although Huneker was an art critic for many years, I do not recall that he ever wrote a word about Chanler's work. Why Huneker never frequented the house in East Nineteenth is quite explicable. He hated noise of all kinds—with that finely nuanced musical ear he naturally would—and he seldom entered any one's house. The café, the restaurant, the bar was the Olympus of Jim the Penman.

Towards the end (Chanler's health broke about three years ago and he died about two years ago) the parties started to run down. The old flame and gayety were gone. The wild crowds of derring-doers were growing old. The painters, the poets, the dancers, the writers began to look seer and inbitten. The champagne and brandy disappeared. Bob made gin in the cellar—gin that wasn't fit to drink. The table wine was often sour. This modern House of Usher is now empty and for sale, like almost everything else in the world.

Paul Brown '34

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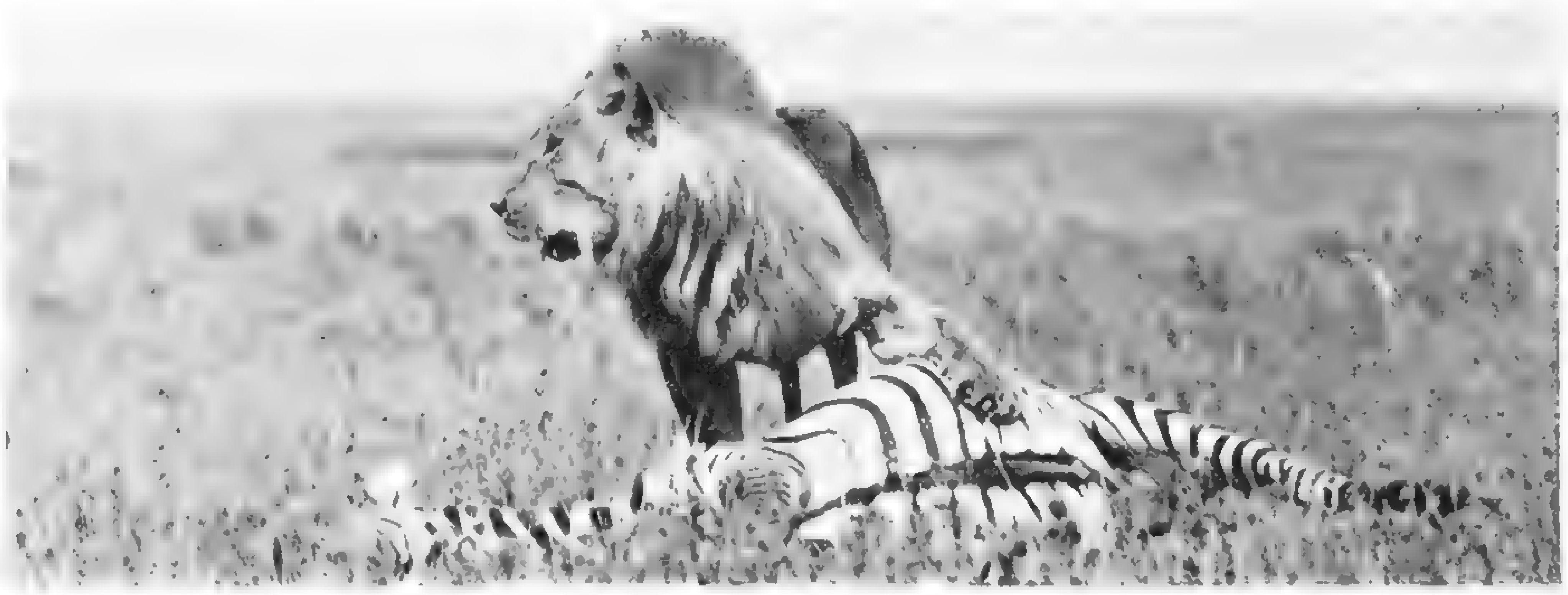

PHOTOGRAPH COPYRIGHT BY ERNEST HEMINGWAY

Black maned lion, which the Lonsdale library calls "a difficult beast to photograph dead or alive," photographed from a distance of 12 feet

her first. I broke her neck with a 220 grain .30-06 solid at thirty yards.

At this point Dr. Anderson just came in and administered another injection of emetine and offered the information that when you take emetine you can't think coherently. So this may be a good place to knock off. Had been feeling that too for some time.

In the next letter I will attempt to discuss whether lion shooting in Tanganyika is a sport or not; go into the difference between lion and leopard hunting, have a few remarks on the buffalo and try to get in a lot of facts. This letter has been pretty well emetined.

As far as bag goes, if anyone is interested, we have good heads of Eland, Waterbuck, Grant Robertsi and other gazelles. A fine roan antelope, two big leopard, and excellent, if not record, impalla; also the limit all around on cheetah. They are much too nice an animal to shoot and I will never kill another.

On the other hand we shot thirty-five hyena out of the lot that follow the wildebeeste migration to keep after the cows that are about to calve and wish we had ammunition to kill a hundred.

In three days we start out for rhino, buffalo again, lesser and greater Kudu, and sable antelope.

Dr. Anderson, a little emetine please.

Nairobi, January 18, 1934.

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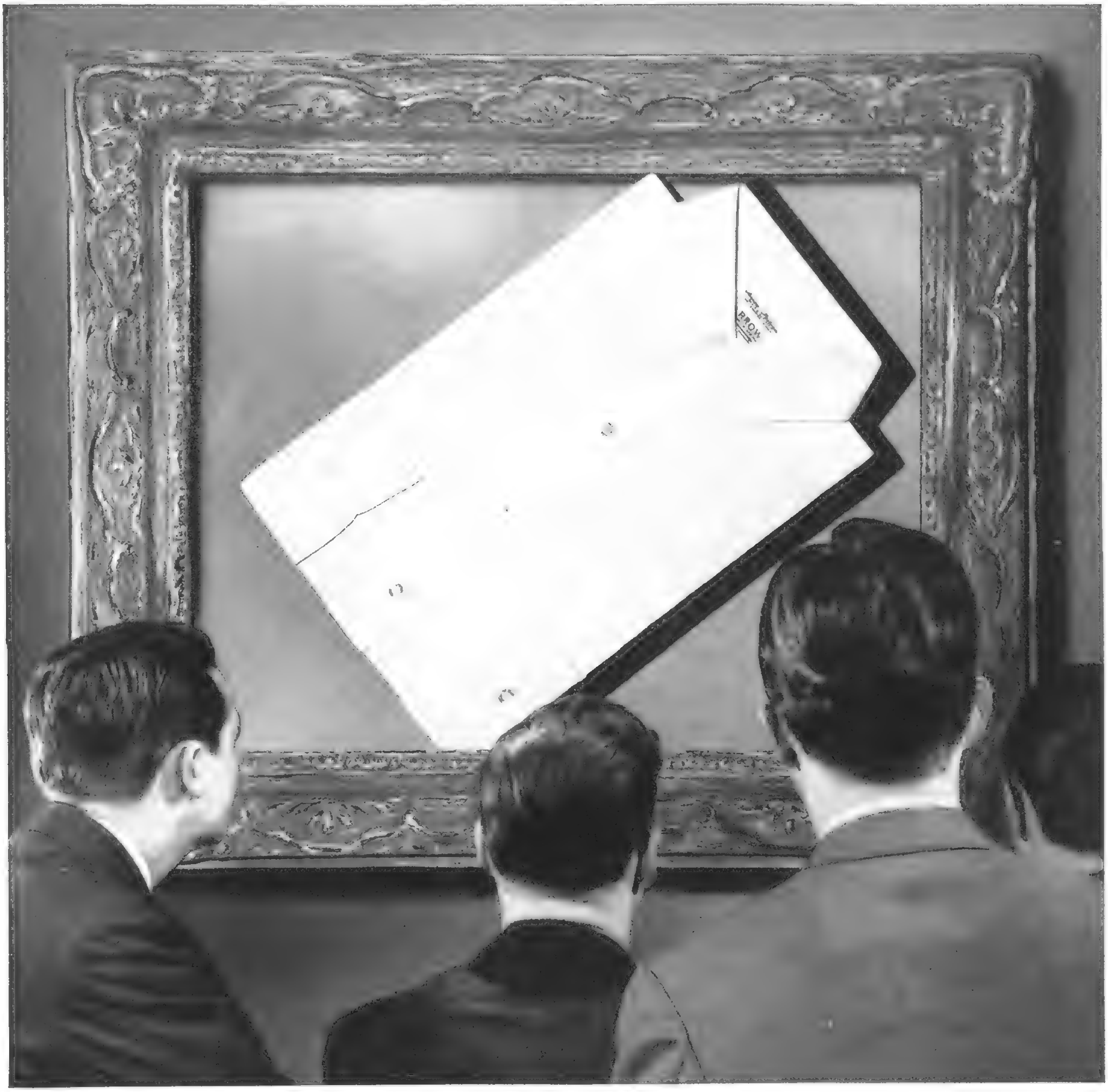

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A Story Without an End

Continued from page 144

with the other. Only two—at the top. I've done the rest."

She was laughing and the dark mischievous flash was back in her eyes.

As he tried to obey her, fiddling with the clock key with one hand and the clasp of her black dress with the other, something came over him, a flush of passionate longing to touch her, and he suddenly forgot the clock and unfastened her dress instead of fastening it and ran his hand falteringly over her breasts, touching them at first as they were, through the fine stuff of her dress, and then because she offered no word or sign of resistance, in their warm fragrant nakedness. She could feel the shy trembling of his hands, almost in agony, as they touched her, and later in the afternoon the gasp of ecstatic pain from him as she loved him. And knowing only too well the pain of that first love to him she put her mouth hard against his head and ran it backwards and forwards with little caressing murmurs, to comfort him. At times he looked at her almost in fear, but with a fear which she had never seen on his face before, the fear not of Rosset but of the strength of his own emotions. The rain kept on all afternoon and they gave up the thought of going out unconsciously, but they remembered that they had intended to eat and they went downstairs at last and made themselves coffee in the kitchen and ate fresh bread with it. All the time she saw in his face the flash of new emotions; and there was a fresh bright strength about him, almost swaggering, which banished the old mute fear. Her love had emancipated him, renewed him. There was a tumultuous joy in her own breast, a joy both at the giving of her love and the vanquishing of his fear.

The rain went steadily on but they were hardly conscious of it. In the little private room Rosset's clock stood open and still unwound and they made it an excuse to go up again. While they remained there she could feel him rising above his old dumbness and fear and she felt blissfully happy.

Suddenly she sprang up, hearing something down below, the noise of a door being opened, and then both she and the boy leapt to their feet at the sound of Rosset's voice.

"Who is 'ere? Where are you? Who is it who 'as made coffee? Where are you? Where are you?"

The voice, at first subdued, rose to a yell as Rosset came to the stairs. They heard him begin to come up, shouting: "Who is it? Where are you? Where are you? Come out!"

Like a blundering animal, he came bellowing upstairs, throwing open doors, shouting more loudly than ever into the silence of the top story. Pierre and the girl stood absolutely still, staring and listening.

"Who is it? Where are you?" he kept shouting, more and more angry as the silence of the house met him.

Stamping and cursing he passed the door of the little room and was hastening downstairs when the marble clock struck a quarter. He turned back at once, like a furious beast, and burst into the room. Pierre and the girl stood there transfixed, never having moved since his first shout, and he came upon them with an exclamation of gutteral joyous anger. The girl had not even buttoned her dress.

He stood for a moment glaring at them, his brows working up and down in anger, his body grunting for breath. His lips trembled violently and his little eyes fixed themselves with fury on the girl's unbuttoned frock.

"Get out of this room!" he roared at last. "Get out!"

The boy, so used to obeying that voice even when he did not understand its language, came forward involuntarily. With a grunt of fury Rosset knocked him aside, pointing to the girl instead.

"You!" he shouted. "You I mean. Get out of this room—this house. And don't come back—don't come back!"

As she moved forward and past him and out of the room and went upstairs he hurled after her a spout of abusive fury until he was exhausted and had no strength even to look at the boy, standing in readiness to be abused and, he hoped also, like the girl, dismissed.

Half-way downstairs Rosset remembered and there came a shout:

"And you—down in the restaurant. I will see you."

At the words the old sickening terror ran through the boy, sapping away completely the strength and joy the girl had given him. He stumbled downstairs, conscious only in a dazed way of what was happening.

In the evening he stood in the restaurant, by the table, mutely waiting and watching the waiters peer into the dark street and Rosset march up and down in agitation. As Rosset passed him he shrank into himself, half-swooning with fear, always expecting a torrent of abuse such as that he had flung at the girl. It did not come, but knowing it would come in time, he fell into the old trick of staring at the opposite wall and losing himself beyond it.

Suddenly he felt again that sudden blow at his chest, flinging him backwards.

"Always against the wall!" It was Rosset's voice, whispering fiercely with anger. "Always against the wall."

The boy pressed himself back to the wall, so hard that there was a pain where his head touched it.

In his eyes lay an expression not only of fear and sickness. They had a queer furtive, sideways look, that half-desperate, half-hopeless look, almost criminal, that dwells in the eyes of the oppressed and persecuted, of those who cannot escape.

The Blackout Fades Out

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somewhere near touching your deeper emotions and I'll be damned if I want my emotions touched when I am at a musical show.

I mention torch songs by way of proving that musical shows, after they abandoned, to a great extent, their appeal to the eye and to the other less amenable lusts of the flesh, did not become essentially sophisticated; for nothing could be less sophisticated than the spectacle of a husky young wench bawling her heart out because a tenor, and probably a gigolo at that, has deserted her. Satire, to be sure, did take the place of physical hokum, but the people who believe that the Messrs. Gershwin have created something new in musical entertainment, exaggerate slightly. What they have done is an act of transposition, moving satire from operetta, where Gilbert and Sullivan used it, into revue. Substitute Congress for the House of Lords and you have *Let 'Em Eat Cake* instead of *Iolanthe*. I'll take *Iolanthe.*

I suspect that Mr. George S. Kaufman has had as great an influence on the new type of musical show as any composer or librettist. Mr. Kaufman's mind is one of the most impatient in the theatre; he knows perfectly well that the simple things which can be said on the musical stage should be said promptly and brightly and only once. I should think that the London type of revue in which dozens of acts were played several times over (as they might be played if Ibsen had written The Psalm of Life, as they might be played if the telephone book were printed in Turkish, as they might be played if all the characters told the truth) would annoy Mr. Kaufman desperately. Into whatever production he sets his hand, Mr. Kaufman injects an incredible amount of go, and the usual routine of the old musical show with soloists and chorus and sixteen Tiller girls and three or four specialty dancers all working on the same theme may have seemed to him so much padding. This is all guesswork except for the result: The shows on which Mr. Kaufman and some of his disciples have worked, are full of action and snap, and with the exception of the inevitable torch song, are blessedly low on sentiment.

I have no predictions to make for the future. I suspect that Mr. Roosevelt may have a greater influence on musical shows even than Mr. Kaufman. A nation sodden with prosperity (let alone good Burgundy) may yet petition Congress to put an end to intellectualism at the Music Box and to set up a minimum of 50—count them—50 pretty girls in every show. If Congress will guarantee to abolish the torch song and to insist that blackouts assay 80% humor, I'll draw up the bill myself.

Concierges Keep Canaries

Continued from page 88

didn't dream of complaining. In fact they had some standing joke among themselves about it and I have seen the little gentleman who lives on the fourth floor come home from a day's work, see the "ne marche pas" sign on the lift, burst into a roar of laughter and walk up, chuckling to himself all the way. He seemed to get some satisfaction from the fact that the lift so very frequently failed to move.

I must note one exception to this attitude of the locataires. It was supplied by the artist M. Sarthel who occupied the studio on top of the building. He appeared distinctly displeased whenever the lift wasn't working. Ordinarily this might have been explained by the fact that living on the top floor he suffered more than the others from the non-functioning of the lift. But according to Madame Froidveaux he would have complained even had he lived on the fourth floor—or even the third. He was that sort of person, she claimed—not a gentleman—an artist in short. To make matters worse, M. Sarthel did not admire the canaries.

II.

That is how matters stood in the building when the great, the memorable breakdown of the ascenseur occurred. There was nothing spectacular about it. When Madame Petijean, the modiste who lived on the third floor, came in one afternoon, entered the lift and pushed the button, nothing happened. It was as simple as that. She pressed the button again—two, three times. The ascenseur remained unmoved. She stepped out, knocked on the concierge's door pane and said, "Bon jour Madame Froidveaux, l'ascenseur n' marche pas." "Ah bon, Madame, merci," was the reply. "I will attach the sign." And Madame Petijean walked up.

The next morning at eight, the men of the ascenseur arrived. At eleven they went out to the corner bistrot for a glass of wine. When they returned, they announced their findings to the concierge. The situation, they said, was grave—very grave. It seems an important part had worn out and this would have to be replaced from the factory. The factory was not in Paris. The part would have to be ordered. They would have to wait until it arrived. When would it arrive? Who knows? Nobody could tell these things for certain. They would simply have to wait. When the missing part arrived they would return. They would arrange the ascenseur. All would be well once more. Her canaries were more charming than ever. Did they sing always so beautifully? Yes? Ah! but they were charmante, jolie. And they left.

There was no change in the situation for a week. Everybody walked up. M. Sarthel failed to greet the concierge upon passing in and out of the building. He was violently displeased.

One morning, as Madame Froidveaux stood in the ascenseur leisurely polishing the fittings, a great idea struck her with the force of a thunderbolt. She gasped and dropped her rag. The import, the possibilities of the idea overwhelmed her. She examined the ascenseur with feverish interest, although she was already familiar with every air pock in its glass walls. She gazed up through the finely meshed iron

Continued on page 150

Makes you *feel* like writing

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The Royal Portable is available in three handsome, sturdy models. Prices range from $33.50 to $60. Royal Typewriter Company, Inc., 2 Park Ave., New York.

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SMART *and* COMFORTABLE. Designed to fit a *man's* body. No pinching, binding, rolling, crawling. No overlapping layers at waist. Nothing to pull out, bunch up, or readjust. Brief legs. No other garments are like them. . . . Their style is exclusive, patented. Plenty of variety in colors and fabrics. All white, solid colors, white tops with color patterns from waist down.

Put up in individual packs, too—clean, fresh, unhandled. Ask your men's furnisher to show you DU-ONS.

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*DU-ONS
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Concierges Keep Canaries

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grill work which opened the skylight at the top of the shaft. The idea which seized her with such force and clarity remained in her mind for two days, and on the third day she acted. She took her canaries—all seven of them—and released them into the lift. It made a perfect cage!

The reaction of the locataires to this innovation varied with the floors on which they lived. Those on the first floor thought the idea wholly charming—an agreeable novelty. Those on the second floor thought the idea charming too, those on the third floor appreciated the aesthetic value of the idea but felt it should not be a permanent affair, those on the fourth floor, while they loved pets of all sorts, felt it was something of a hardship and M. Sarthel who lived on top was openly furious. "Quel cochonerie, quel cochonerie . . ." he kept muttering.

Several days later the men of the ascenseur were seen to come into the building, presumably with the missing part—although this was not established in the police investigation later. It is known that they were completely taken with the concierge's idea. What passed in their conference with the concierge is not known. At any rate, they left without doing anything about the ascenseur. Madame Froidveaux claimed they had merely stopped by on the way to a job in the neighborhood to see her canaries. They were very fine men she said and admired her canaries hugely.

M. Sarthel's fury was unbounded. Day and night the situation tormented him. He visibly lost weight, could not sleep or eat and worst of all—could not paint. Madame Froidveaux was seen to smile—not once but several times a day. She was pleased. Never had the locataires—always excepting M. Sarthel—received their mail so promptly. At last, one night when M. Sarthel returned late from a cafe where he had attempted to drink himself into a coma, a desperate but surprisingly simple expedient occurred to him. The hallway was heated by a large radiator opposite the lift. He turned off the heat. Then he walked upstairs, smiling and murmuring pleasantly to himself. That night he slept well.

The next morning when Madame Froidveaux came out to feed her canaries, she took one look into the lift and let out a blood-curdling shriek. Two of the canaries were lying stiff on their backs on the floor of the lift, their little legs turned pathetically up. The rest were in a feeble condition. Madame Froidveaux released several more shrieks that were heard in the next arrondissement. Doors opened, heads popped out, locataires descended hastily, tradespeople and neighboring concierges ran in. Expressions of sympathy were loud. Madame Froidveaux kept shrieking at the top of her voice: "He has killed them—M. Sarthel has killed them—he has poisoned them—he is a murderer." Her fury prevented her from noticing that the hallway was icy cold. Someone forced it upon her attention and she realized that the birds had died because someone had turned off the radiator.

A frightful situation developed between the concierge and M. Sarthel. Although she had no proof that it was he who had perpetrated the heinous crime, there was not the shadow of a doubt in her mind about it. However, lacking evidence, she could do nothing except deliver his mail three or four days late, tell his callers that he was not at home when he was, inform the police that he was a bad character who probably sold cocaine so that they continually kept a sharp eye on him, and keep him waiting in the icy street at night for as much as three quarters of an hour before pulling the cord. She always glanced through the window first to see whether it was M. Sarthel.

At last M. Sarthel could tolerate it no longer. He reviewed every possible measure in his mind. He could move—but then there was his lease. And besides, he was accustomed to his studio, had lived and worked in it for years—had painted his masterpieces there. Where could he find another at such a reasonable price? No, no—to move was out of the question. Besides, the moral defeat would be intolerable. To appeal to the owner of the building? But who was the owner? He didn't even know his name. Besides, the little gentleman on the fourth floor, who was sympathetic, informed him that the owner was away from Paris—had been away for months. No one but the concierge knew where. The concierge had full authority.

Finally, one night, in a fit of desperation and fortified by a number of Pernods, M. Sarthel upon entering the building left the door wide open, strode to the lift, flung open the glass doors and routed the canaries out. As he was in the act of doing this, Madame Froidveaux who had kept a sharp eye on him ever since the calamity of the frozen birds, rushed out like an avenging fury clad only in her slippers and a nightgown and wrapper and set upon him with frightful violence. In a moment, pandemonium broke loose. Madame Froidveaux shrieked, M. Sarthel shrieked. The entire street woke up, shutters clanged open, windows lit up. All the locataires rushed downstairs, passersby ran into the hallway. Madame Froidveaux was trying desperately to gouge out M. Sarthel's eyes. People returning from the cafes heard the commotion and rushed to the scene until in a very short time a huge crowd was milling noisily about the entrance to the building, all talking excitedly and trying to find out what was the matter, while the seven canaries fluttered weakly on balconies and cornices in the darkened street.

Two gendarmes appeared at this time. Parisian gendarmes are cautious. When they saw the huge mob battling around the doorway and heard the blood-curdling shrieks, they promptly ran to a telephone and called out the reserves.

They had a good deal of difficulty in separating Madame Froidveaux from M. Sarthel and restoring order. The painter's face was horribly mauled, he was bleeding from a number of scratches but he was laughing rather insanely. The canaries were gone. One had been caught by a boy in the crowd and hurriedly taken home, another had promptly fallen prey to a stray cat, one was found frozen to death the next day and two were never accounted for. At the commissariat de police, M. Sarthel was detained for questioning. Ultimately he

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Stage-Door Johnny, Esq.

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in which some expert author will succeed where these have fumblingly pioneered. It was rather foolish of them to assume that conscientiousness doth make Cowards of us all.

Two very pleasant and amiable plays have arrived, and are worthy your attendance. "No More Ladies" is on the high-comedy order, artificial and making no pretensions toward reality; produced and directed with pace and taste. Many of the wheezes would break a Gillette blade, but you start laughing at once and practically never stop, so that you really don't mind.

"By Your Leave" would be better if the first scene of the second act were not so good. Even so, it is a first-rate entertainment, full of laughs and moving moments. It tells how a decent, happily-married commuter begins to chafe at the calm of his home; his wife, a darling, loves him as he loves her, but—well, the glamor has gone. Is he, he wonders, really a nice dud, or isn't he, perhaps, a hell of a guy? He must find out. His ego must be maximated by an experience with some other lady. Thus brooding, he persuades his wife into a week's mutual experimental vacation. His whoopee is a sad flop. He creeps anxiously back to his mate's comforting arms, never to know that she has had a brief interlude of true romantic passion. Unfortunately for the play's technical effectiveness, his amorous discomfiture is made so screamingly funny and so pitiful that the scene following, in which his wife finds tender adventure, would be an anti-climax if Tristan and Isolde enacted it without censorship. It is due to the excellence of Dorothy Gish and Kenneth MacKenna that the whole thing doesn't fall to pieces then and there. Miss Gish is lovely and deft.

"The Wind and the Rain," a fairish British importation which has been queueing them up in London, serves chiefly as an introduction hereabouts for Frank Lawton, who created the part of "Young Woodley." He is undoubtedly the most charming juvenile to hit these shores since Leslie Howard. Perhaps you saw him in the film of "Cavalcade." Ladies are already raving, and strangely enough, he's so pleasant that even men don't dislike him. As for the play—it's about medical students in Edinborough, one of those strangulated English amours. There is a quietly glowing performance by Rose Hobart, some amusing clowning by one Alexander Archdale and a grand Scottish landlady played by Mildred Natwick. Miss June Blossom is about as convincingly Anglaise as the Mayfair dances at the Ritz. But you really should meet Mr. Lawton and, in addition, get a load of how well-dressed these insular gents can look in a pair of guinea flannels and a mussed tweed coat.

"As Thousands Cheer," I understand, is even improving its program by the addition of a sketch showing Sam Goldwyn teaching Anna Sten how to speak English. It is not, however, called "Put On Your Old Grey Easter Bonnet."

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WEST VIRGINIA

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2 WAYS
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If you know fabrics and how they are woven, if you know style and the details of smart tailoring...then you know a good suit when you see one. ¶ But there's an easier way to identify quality clothing. Just look for the Kenwood Label. Back of it is a long established reputation for choice wools and skilled weaving in a famous mill. Back of it also are the correct styling and careful workmanship of a famous Rochester house. ¶ Either way you choose a suit insures you satisfaction . . . but if it carries the Kenwood Label, that's all you need to know.

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Bastards and Snaphaunces

Continued from page 43

France turned the balance, and it was the long rifle that did the trick. One narrative of those days tells of an exhibition of Pennsylvania riflemen for Washington's benefit. One man held a bit of board between his thighs, with a piece of paper "not larger than a shilling," attached. His brother took a position sixty paces distant and fired four bullets in succession through the paper. This was the kind of shooting that so nearly won the day at Bunker Hill, and later tormented Burgoyne into surrendering at Saratoga.

To understand this, let us consider the arms of the opposing sides. There were two general kinds, the rifle and the musket. Both were flintlocks, an improvement on the earlier snaphaunces, but still fired by striking a spark from a flint when a trigger was pulled. Both were muzzle loaders. The musket was the "Brown Bess" of song and story. It had no sights and the barrel was just a smooth iron tube, discharging an enormous leaden ball which was effective for about fifty yards. Beyond that limit it was apt to drop more or less harmlessly to the ground. The rifle differed from the musket in that the inside of the barrel was grooved to impart a twirling motion to the bullet as it emerged, which made it go farther and straighter. It had sights, and one could fire it with a reasonable chance of actually hitting the object aimed at. Nevertheless, rifles were then rarely used in European armies. Forcing the bullet down the grooved barrel was difficult, and frequently the soft bullet jammed inside, so that when the charge was fired no one was sure whether the bullet or the breech of the rifle would give way first.

But the Pennsylvanians had overcome these defects. They had developed the old snaphaunce lock into a quickly cocked, reliable hammerlock that was hung on a delicate hair trigger which a light touch of the finger would discharge. They had lengthened the barrel and thus increased its accuracy and force, without materially increasing its weight. They developed sights that compare well with the expensive, precision-measured sighting systems on the best firearms of today. Finally, they had devised a method by which their rifles could be loaded speedily and easily, and discharged with safety.

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"Established since 1870"

Fearful and wonderful were the early attempts to apply the developing machine-age principles to firearms. The bastard barrels became twins, triplets, and even worse. The gunmaker introduced two barrels on a pivot that swung each barrel successively before a single lock. The number of barrels was increased on this principle to three or four, and one such weapon had six barrels revolving around a seventh in the center. The same principle was later applied more successfully to pistols, which thereby became revolvers.

Another series of inventions forecast the modern repeating gun. The charges were measured into little paper packets which could be sent home in one thrust of the ramrod. Thus the evolution of the cartridge began. Then some genius conceived the idea of putting several cartridges in at once beneath a row of flashpans with a traveling lock arrangement so fixed that when the outer charge was fired, the lock would slide back to the next touchhole for another shot.

The great eastern forest was conquered, and the pioneers took to the plains and became horsemen, with new problems for the gunmaker to solve. The rifle became lighter and shorter to adapt it to horseback and more attention was paid to long range shooting. Then the brief era of the "Mountain men" came on, and the canyons of the Rockies echoed to the roar of rifles still made to their highest perfection in the Alleghenies, by the descendants of William Penn's Amish and Mennonites.

But several things had come to pass meanwhile. A Scotch dominie had invented a way of chemical ignition of powder, and a New Jersey citizen turned the discovery into the percussion cap which displaced the flintlock for all time. Out of the cumber experiments in mechanical loading and firing, the metal cartridge and the breech loading guns slowly evolved. The long rifle took the best of these inventions to itself, and became the basic pattern of the Springfield and Enfield rifles of the American army, and of several European models. After the Civil War the magazine principle was developed, largely to meet the needs of frontier fighting in the West. It was adopted by various European armies, and also became standard equipment for big game hunting in Africa and Asia. So the old Puritan bastard scored another world triumph.

More than a thousand revolutionary discoveries in every field of the arts and sciences have had their part in this evolution. Harder and tougher metals, new discoveries in ballistics, invention of high-explosive powders, application of mechanical principles only recently discovered, all have combined to make the American gun the thing of beauty and power and perfect precision it is today. We have guns of price, varieties and use to the number of hundreds. They all fall into three classes: the military rifle, the sporting rifle and the shotgun.

For big game shooting the repeaters and automatics are used. Both are magazine guns—that is, several cartridges are loaded into them at one time, to be discharged singly at the hunter's pleasure. With repeaters, or "pumpguns," the mechanism is worked by hand. In automatics, the force of the recoil or "kick" is utilized so that the gun can be fired several times simply by touching the trigger.

It is in the shotgun that the art of the gunmaker finds its highest expression. Essentially it belongs to the world of sport and not of manhunting—although the expression "shotgun wedding" was not thought up for its syllabic beauty, and sawed-off shotguns are worn under coats on occasions. The perfect shotgun reflects its owner's individuality, interests, and ideas of beauty as much as his clothing. And like clothing, there are different sorts for all conditions of men. You can buy them ready-made or you can have them made to your measure. One eastern sporting goods firm maintains its private shooting grounds for fitting customers to tailor made guns. You are taken to these grounds and given several sample guns to shoot with, while experts deduce your nerve, your eyesight and your general personality from the way you handle them. Then you are given a "try-gun," which is a dummy with an expandable stock. This is fitted to the length of your arm, the size of your shoulder and your height. If you are lefthanded, a special stock is provided. Your eyes are tested and a prescription is written for the sights, taking into due consideration squint eyes, cross eyes, or wall eyes.

After all these measurements are taken, and your several personal preferences in minor matters added, you are given your choice of several makers who will construct your individual gun from this addenda, for every part will be made by hand and fitted exclusively to this weapon. Probably your order will go either to England, or Germany, or Austria. While this country excels in manufactured guns, our production methods do not lend themselves to hand work. The American preference is for one of four famous English gunmakers who have their exclusive designs from which they will not depart. Such guns are often made in pairs, so that in the midst of a pheasant drive, your manservant can load one while you are firing the other.

Your bill for each of these marvels will be anything from nine hundred to eighteen hundred dollars. If you have not time to be measured or perhaps have other reasons, of course you can get your shotgun from a mail order house for five or six dollars, or you can get a serviceable modern American weapon from forty to one hundred dollars, or a first class one for one to five hundred. But not if you have a manservant.

BEFORE LUNCH . . . .

BEE'S KNEES

One teaspoonful honey, ⅓ lemon juice, ⅔ Laird's Apple Jack. Ice, shake and serve.

AT THE BRIDGE . . . .

B. V. D.

One teaspoonful Grenadine, ⅓ lemon juice, ⅓ gin, ⅓ Laird's Apple Jack. Ice, shake and serve.

AFTER THAT WALK . . . . . .

APPLE BLOSSOM

One dash raspberry syrup, 1 dash orange bitters, ½ sweet cider, ½ Laird's Apple Jack. Ice, shake and serve.

For new and interesting Apple Jack highballs, cocktails, punches and fizzes, send 10c in stamps for the most explicit Apple Jack recipe book ever devised.

LAIRD'S
APPLE JACK

LAIRD & CO. • Scobeyville, N. J.
Department E-1

Concierges Keep Canaries

Continued from page 150

received a heavy fine and barely escaped a jail sentence for causing a riot and attacking other people's property. Of course to remain living in the building was unthinkable. He had to give up his beloved studio. I understand that his painting was never again the same. I am told also that to this day he cannot endure the thought of canaries.

For a long time, Madame Froidveaux remained inconsolable. The locataires suffered as a result. A concierge who is not content can cause misery to a whole building full of people. It was decided to do something about it and one evening my doorbell rang and one of my neighbors asked me for my contribution to a special fund to buy canaries for Madame la concierge. She was presented with two canaries—a male and a female. She said she would mate them when Spring came. It would be a great consolation for her. The men of the ascenseur came and fixed it. Matters quieted down. The locataires breathed more easily and resumed their normal lives.

When Spring came, Madame Froidveaux mated her canaries. She watched over them with the utmost solicitude and was rewarded with a brood of five little ones. The weather was good that Spring and the whole building reflected the pleasure of Madame la concierge. The locataires all admired her canaries. The mail was delivered promptly. Everything marched well and the ascenseur best of all. Madame Froidveaux again had seven canaries.

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OF A
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A smartly managed Club-resort in South Georgia for the sportsman who likes his sport straight. The climate is mild and bracing—making outdoor life very delightful all thru the early Spring.

Tournaments of national importance played over the Radium Springs Championship 18 hole golf course, now in wonderful condition. Trap shooting, tennis, bathing and plenty of opportunities for the hunter. Run down for a few days—and a world of good. Very comfortable accommodations and a very excellent table. RATES STILL LOW. For further information, rates or reservations address G. Floyd Alford, Manager, Radium Springs Club, Albany, Georgia.

Viva Vino Santo

Continued from page 70

axle when the tire was flat, and we couldn't crank it high enough when it wasn't. So we had to resort to rocks and grunts.

A car pulled up behind us, and this, we thought, was manna from heaven. I might add I only have one leg and my crutches leaning against the back of the car, had, I thought, brought us a Good Samaritan. The most *gemütlich* German ever you saw got out of his car, bowed to us, crossed the road, took a photograph of us sprawled in the dirt, with his wife sitting sweetly in the front seat of their car, climbed back beside her, tipped his hat, said "Guten Tag" and drove away.

"The bastard," I said.

Well, with the help of some passing peasants, we finally got the tire changed, and crawled back into the car. The blue of Lake Garda was indigo by now, and the sun in the sky nothing but a flaming ball of fire scorching our aching heads.

I looked at the girl-friend and snarled, "Haven't we anything to drink?"

Her throat was so sore she couldn't even answer.

"Wherinell is that wine?" I growled.

"On the floor somewhere," she croaked.

I found the bottle, yanked the rubber beer cork out and took a swig.

Now, as I had never drunk a drop of the coffin varnish which passed as liquor in America between 1920 and 1933, a little good wine didn't send me swooning with delight. My standards were really ultra-ultra.

But one mouthful of this Vino Santo, and I felt our world had changed from black despair to Millenium Heights. It warmed everything on the way down, clung lovingly to the trachea, and healed all wounds. It had performed, in short, a miracle.

"Here!" I said to the girl-friend, "try this."

She took one mouthful timidly, for she has no love of wine, and grinned like a Cheshire cat. She began driving in a way that one can only drive when everything in the world is just right.

After about another mile she said:

"My tonsilitis is going away. In fact, it *has gone* away!"

"I never felt better in my life," I said.

The rest of that trip was a series of little accidents on par with the torn tire, and every time one of these little accidents came we took a microscopic shot of Vino Santo, and it healed all our wounds.

We stopped to buy more. There was no more to be bought. Apparently we had passed the district in which it was made. It was, as the politicians say, a local issue.

On the last day in Italy, hurrying along the Riviera to get to Nice before dark, we even passed up luncheon. As hunger gnawed at our vitals we looked for the bottle and each took a tablespoonful and—*voila!*—we both felt as if we had had a seven course dinner!

There were still a few drops left and we agreed we should save it for the frontier, as the custom officials, both Italian and French, had been snarling at each other for years and taking their spleen out on the tourists.

"If they make us unpack any of this baggage," I said (we had about 11 trunks, 15 bundles and enough alien purchases to put us in hock for years, if they demanded the duties which they were entitled to), "I'm going to give them the rest of this Vino Santo. That's stooping to bribery, I know, but I'm too tired to be honest right now."

What happened? The *douanier* stuck his head in the car, got a fragrant whiff of the Vino Santo, asked sweetly if there were anything we had to declare, and didn't even wait for an answer. He smiled, saluted, and said "*Allez, donc, mon brave.*"

I talked in Nice about that wine for weeks, but I could never find any connoisseur who knew anything about it. Most of them told me I had been smoking opium and that the whole thing was just a pipe dream.

Then, one day, while lunching at the Reserve at Nice, I happened to tell the story to a German-looking noble with an Italian name—Conte Altopiedro.

"That makes me very happy," he said. "That's our wine."

"Your wine?" I cried in delight.

"Yes—our wine."

I plagued him with questions about it.

"It takes five years to make it, so naturally I couldn't tell you all about it in five minutes."

But I'm going to tell you all he told me in a good deal less than that.

"You take white grapes," he confided. "The very best. None others qualify. They must be very ripe too. And yet any that are too ripe can spoil the whole trick. All bad berries must be removed. These need not be destroyed. They can be made into ordinary wine for sale in America.

"The good bunches are then hung in a lofty room or barn for a few weeks to dry a bit. After that you put them in small barrels and gently crush the grapes. The open end of the barrels is then sealed. Cemented, in fact.

"After five years you open the barrels and decant, pouring the wine very carefully into the bottles. The different flavors of Vino Santo depend on the old ferment which is put into the barrels before the grapes are crushed. This ferment is called 'madre,' an Italian wine-term. It may be either cognac, marsala or sherry. But in the end it's all Vino Santo."

Arson Sleuths

Continued from page 29

anything you've ever read in your standard mystery story.

Take, for instance, that case in the middle west not long ago—if you're one of those fiction readers who always dumps the author by figuring out the solution beforehand, here's one you can try your teeth on.

The home of a fairly well-to-do citizen is burned to the ground one night while the owner is out of the city. He was, in fact, four hundred miles away—and had been for three days prior to the fire. He was separated from his wife; kept no servants; nobody else lived in the house or had access to it. The nearest fire department, twelve miles away, was not notified in time to be of any service, so there were no clues, no suspicion no charges of arson. It was just a "total loss fire."

The state fire marshal, however, was a hard-boiled gentleman, long since recovered from sympathizing with people who have fires. As a routine matter he checked up on the "victim's" status—as your smart fire marshal always does now with any kind of a serious fire—and found that the man was getting into a deep financial hole. That made it worth a look, so he went out to the suburb and studied the pile of cinders.

His first trip showed nothing of value, but a half-hunch stirring within him made him go back again in a few days for another investigation. The only thing he found on that visit seemed odd but quite meaningless, yet it bothered him. Fifty feet or so from the house there stood a row of three tall poplar trees and from the tip of the tallest hung a length of wire, long enough to trail on the ground for a few feet. Stretched taut, this wire reached to about the middle of the plot where the house formerly stood.

That's all the information he had to start with. And my invitation to you mystery sharks is to take those meagre facts and reconstruct the case, just as the fire marshal did, logically enough to justify some definite course of action.

If you can't make any headway, here's another clue: the marshal's theory led him to check up on the friends and acquaintances of the suspect in Chicago—where he was at the time of the outbreak—and that investigation developed the fact that he often visited the Weather Bureau office in that city.

Do you give up?

Well, what the marshal figured was that that wire was part of an arson plant. What kind of a plant might be uncovered by finding out what kind of acquaintances the man had, what business they were in, etc. This led to the Weather Bureau lead, and inquiry there indicated that the gentleman in question had originally come in as a stranger interested in their work and had since visited them often. They were happy to explain the workings of their office; they gave him charts and records; they showed him how to map storm areas, calculate the imminence of a storm, weigh the importance of barometric changes, figure wind velocities, and what not. In time he was able, with a little aid, to forecast storms himself—

The marshall thumped the desk with his fist.

That was the hook-up—that was the rea-

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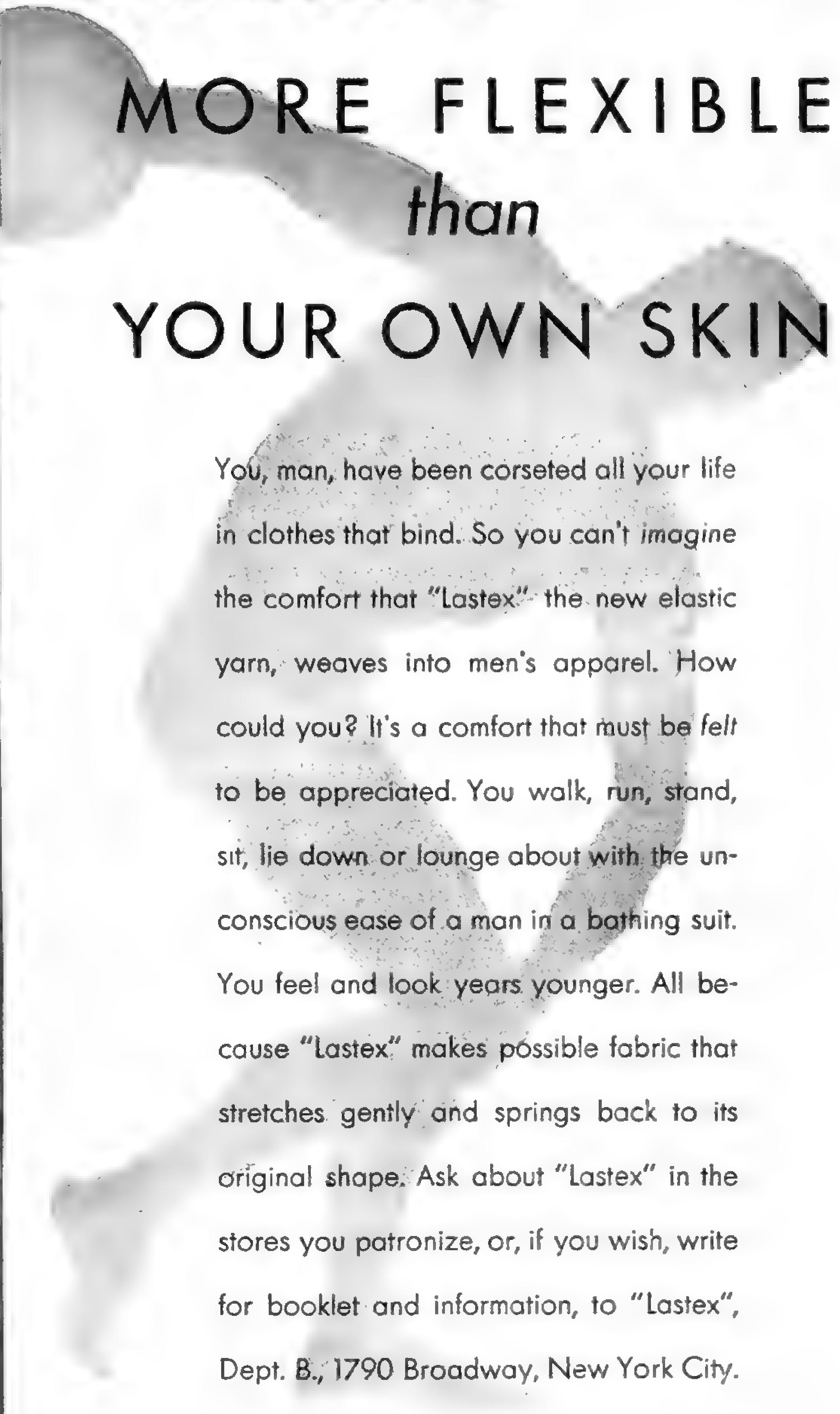

LIVING CLOTHES

MORE FLEXIBLE
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YOUR OWN SKIN

You, man, have been corseted all your life in clothes that bind. So you can't *imagine* the comfort that "Lastex" the new elastic yarn, weaves into men's apparel. How could you? It's a comfort that must be *felt* to be appreciated. You walk, run, stand, sit, lie down or lounge about with the unconscious ease of a man in a bathing suit. You feel and look years younger. All because "Lastex" makes possible fabric that stretches gently and springs back to its original shape. Ask about "Lastex" in the stores you patronize, or, if you wish, write for booklet and information, to "Lastex", Dept. B., 1790 Broadway, New York City.

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You'll find that "Lastex" is being used in everything for men—in suits, ties, shirts, collars, hosiery, underwear, pyjamas, bathing suits, shoe laces, caps, belts, suspenders, garters and what not.

SPRING SHOWINGS at leading stores in principal cities. DARSON LIVING CLOTHES, made with "Lastex", business, sport and golf suits, Tuxedos, topcoats. LOUIS GEIGER riding apparel, made with "Lastex".

Lastex
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
ALWAYS STRETCHES ALL WAYS

Arson Sleuths

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son for the wire on the tree-top—that was why it reached over to the house.

Clapping on his hat, he made tracks for the suspect's hotel, waited until he came in, went to his room with him and informed him that he was under arrest: for arson. It was chiefly bluff—but when the marshal glibly told the astonished man the story of the plant, the latter broke down and confessed.

It's all simple when you see it backwards: the wire led from the poplar tree to the roof and through a gimlet hole to the attic. Just below the roof the wire was tied to a string leading to a box of shavings. The bottom of the box was covered with heavy sandpaper upon which rested, heads down, a fat bundle of bird's eye matches. The matches were fastened with a rubber band on one side; with the string from the roof wire on the other.

Following the weather reports and calculating when a wind storm was due to strike his locality, the ingenious gentleman set up his plant; locked the door and left for Chicago. In a day or so the wind would come up —the poplar trees would sway back and forth—the wire and its string would pull the matches and the elastic would pull them back. Zip—the shavings would ignite—the string would burn, releasing the wire which would spring back to the tree fifty feet away—and the house would soon be on fire with the owner four hundred miles away!

Not bad, eh? But not good enough. For arson sleuths think of a lot of things that other folks wouldn't notice.

There, for instance, was the case of the French countess who came to this country and married a young American. The newlyweds bought a farm in Maine and settled there after the manner of Continental gentry. They lived in a spacious house; hired hands tilled the soil, and its modest revenue provided for their simple ease. It was a pretty, rustic picture spoiled only by a fire that unexpectedly reduced the sturdy New England farmhouse to ashes at the height of a blizzard one winter night.

There was nothing suspicious about the insurance claim. The furniture inventory alone amounted to $40,000, but it was amply supported by bills of sale and customs declarations when the stuff was brought in from France. On paper it had a clean bill of health. But in spite of this the arson man who looked into the thing didn't like the flavor of it.

He had nothing tangible to work on. The house had been burned to the ground, as is common in rural fires, and nothing remained but the chimney and the bathtubs. The rest was a heap of black ashes—but it was those ashes that dissatisfied the "fire sleuth."

His best bet, he figured, was to remain in the neighborhood for a spell and see what he could see. So he put up with a nearby farmer and awaited developments.

A likable stranger in a snow-bound community is somewhat of a godsend, and the host and hostess took a fancy to their welcome guest. They knew he was there regarding the insurance claim, but he didn't bother them with further details. Hence he was surprised one evening when the woman said: "Silas, why don't you tell the gentleman what you saw the night of the fire?"

Outwardly calm, the investigator waited for the farmer's brief story: coming home from a bridge party in the early stages of that night's storm, the farmer and his wife had noticed sled tracks in the snowy road leading down from the countess' farm. At the fork they turned south toward the village. They were deep tracks, as if made by a heavy sled; they must have been quite fresh, else the swirling snow would have obliterated them.

Early next morning the arson man was off on foot, headed south. It was ten miles to the village but houses dotted the road, and at every one the sleuth knocked at the door. Eight miles down he got the first significant answer to his stock question: the householder there had seen a sled on that particular night. He had been up with a sick child and a stranger knocked and asked for some hot water. He got the water—even went out with a cup of hot tea for the lady who remained in the sled, swathed in furs. Yes, the sled was loaded with cases, boxes, trunks. By the light of his lantern he saw foreign labels on them.

Proceeding to town the investigator checked on the arrival of the sled at a livery stable; the transfer of the load; and the direction taken. At the railroad station in the *next* town he got more information—and a ticket. And, to make a long story short, his plodding search unearthed the $40,000 worth of supposedly burned furniture safely tucked away in storehouses in three different cities—and landed the countess in jail.

All because a farmer unwittingly stumbled over those sled tracks?

Well, that's the dramatic point of the story. But the heart of it is those ashes. The trained arson man knew from their quality and quantity that no $40,000 worth of furniture had been destroyed in that fire. And on the strength of that bit of sleuthing, he sat himself down and waited for the clue which came to him.

Obviously, arson detection is no child's play. It calls for brains, intuition, deductive ability, specialized knowledge, courage and skill. It requires all the attributes of Sherlock Holmes, Charlie Chan and Philo Vance rolled into one—plus a fund of information they never dreamed of. In addition to the gentle art of investigation, the arson man has to know fire and its behavior like a book; he has to know his criminals and their methods; he has to know merchandise values, building construction, chemistry, physics, psychology—and God knows what else. And he has to see things other people overlook.

There, for instance, was the shop-keeper who said an intruder must have entered her store by a side window and set fire to it. Sure enough, there was the side window, pried open from outside. But an arson man's quick eye saw that the dust on the sill was undisturbed—and the woman promptly broke down. There was the warehouse man who filed an excessive claim, one item of which was twelve bales of a material commonly bound with two wire hoops around each bale. A skeptical arson man shoveled out every ounce of ashes from the ruins and found only four hoops, thus making the gentleman a liar by a margin of ten bales. There was the society woman who emerged from a burning house fully dressed and with her dog on a leash while others were tumbling out, half clad. That leash greatly impressed an arson sleuth—and the lady is now in jail.

Little things, to be sure, but mighty significant to the trained arson investigator who looks for little things rather than big ones. Who but an arson sleuth would have noticed the brand new shades on the front windows of a run-down store—and would have deduced that they might have been bought just to keep prying eyes from discovering a blaze too soon? Who but a fire sleuth would sit down and calculate the cubic dimensions of the merchandise listed in a fire claim—to discover that that inventory would have required a store three times as large as the one that burned? Who but one of these skeptics would have questioned an innocent boy's story about accidently igniting some cobwebs in the attic while hunting for something with a candle?

Would you? Probably not. Yet the fact remains that cobwebs don't ignite—they simply dissolve or vanish under heat, hence it would be impossible to start a fire accidentally in that manner.

So they operate, sometimes starting after the fire and traveling backwards; other times beginning before the touch-off, working up from the plot, and waiting with outstretched hand behind the arsonist until he leans over to apply the torch before nailing him. Such cases may develop from an underworld tip or, perhaps, from a series of suspicious fires in a given locality. In either case an operative goes to the community and strikes up an acquaintance with the suspected mob—or with some of those who've had fires if the gang is not known. One thing leads to another. And although it may take weeks or months of patient effort, the catch of a firebug is well worth the labor.

They had a notable case of this sort in Buffalo where the investigator worked for a full year before he got results. The suspect was a tailor by day and a "torch" by night, but he was slippery. The job began with the sleuth's tearing his pants and having the tailor mend them. This call led to a chat about the excessive room rent the newcomer had to pay and the proffer of a cheaper place to live by the tailor. That led to a long and beautiful friendship which, however, bore no tangible fruit until a year later when a moving van "happened" to break down across the street from a certain store on the outskirts of the city.

It also "happened" that there was a small hole in the side of that van with a moving picture camera just behind it. That camera "happened" to shoot a number of feet of film showing the natty tailor entering the closed store with a key and, after an interval, leaving it and locking the door. And since, by some strange coincidence, smoke was observed in that same store just a little while later, the whole story concluded with the cryptic sentence: "Twenty to forty years in the penitentiary!"

It isn't often, to be sure, that it takes a year to work out an arson case. In the run-of-mine fire things happen much quicker. Firemen know quite a bit about incendiary blazes, and they usually start the ball rolling. They know when it is unreasonably difficult to gain entry to a place and

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Arson Sleuths

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that puts them on the alert. When they do get in they can see how the furniture is arranged; whether it is fixed to impede their progress or whether it is piled up to facilitate the quick spread of the flames. They are keen for odors and always on guard for the fumes of volatile liquids that may have been used to start the outbreak. They have a very good idea of just how fast a normal fire can travel, the path it should take if left alone and the manner in which it usually acts, and any deviation from the normal provokes a call for the fire marshal.

On the other hand, if the fire is so severe when they arrive that it isn't possible to get inside the building, they take that fact to be suspicious on its face and summon the experts forthwith.

It is at this point that the fire mystery begins to sound strange to the confirmed reader of detective stories. Sniffing, scrutinizing every inch from floor to ceiling; perhaps poking into charred wood with his penknife, the fire sleuth is looking for a set of clues foreign to the murder mystery. He wants to know, first, just where the fire started. And out of a dripping, stinking mess of water-soaked embers, he will finally settle on a given spot as the point of origin and work from that.

To the layman the spot may not appear any different from the rest of the ruins. But the probing knife-blade finds that the char is deeper here than elsewhere—or some other tell-tale sign impresses the trained eye with the knowledge it seeks. And from that point the investigation proceeds to the significant Hows and Whys and Wherefores.

Old hands at "making fires" know a lot of cute tricks and many a torch has his own invention for setting timed blazes that develop into quick spreaders after a fixed interval. The object is to have a fire going when the firemen arrive that will "burn their ears off" if they try to get in. But since modern firemen arrive so amazingly fast and since they are tough enough to go into some pretty hot spots, this goal of the firebug is becoming increasingly difficult of achievement. And, as has already been said, when it is realized, that very fact is the best reason for a gruelling investigation.

In one case in Chicago, for example, where two innocent children in the apartment above were killed, the place was so completely gutted that no evidence survived. Such a quick spreader in a butcher's shop did not ring true, however, and an arson man spent the better part of a day pawing through the evil-smelling débris. In time he came across the remains of a partly burned telephone directory, than which nothing could seem more innocent to the ordinary observer. To an arson sleuth, however, nothing is innocent: he examined the book; smelled it—it bore the unmistakable odor of gasoline. And since a telephone book is a quaint place for a butcher to keep gasoline, the man was arrested on suspicion and, in time, confessed.

Leads like these are not always available, of course. Yet oftentimes the very action of the fire is clue enough to the identity of its parent. One night a fire marshal in Ohio took a quick look at a blaze and said: "By golly! If I didn't know that Jimmy Bonziak was in the asylum, I'd say this was one of his jobs."

On the way home the thought remained with him, and on a hunch he got the asylum on long distance and made inquiries. Sure enough, Bonziak had escaped two days before and the alarm had not yet been sent out. Before the end of that week the marshal had run down his man.

The details are not always as dramatic as that. But so well do these arson sleuths know their criminals that time after time they have the miscreant under arrest even before the firemen have taken up their hose at the blaze! And that this applies to beginners as well as to old timers was evidenced by the canny knowledge of human nature that enabled another fire marshal to sight an incendiary at a distance of a half mile.

It was a factory fire at night in a small city—a corker that brought people from all the surrounding territory to watch it. As the marshal stood off watching the progress of the battle, his eye chanced to rove over the long hill leading down toward the factory from the east. There, on the fine concrete road leading directly into the street he was on, stood an automobile with its headlights on. As he looked, the car turned slowly around and started off in the opposite direction.

"That," said the marshal to himself, "is phoney! Nobody so close to this fire would drive off in the opposite direction unless he had good reasons." So sprinting for a telephone, he notified the State police and gave them his brief instructions.

Within a half-hour a trooper appeared before the marshal with the car that had been on the hill. In it was the president of the factory—and an incendiary who had done the dirty work for him—who had been waiting in the car to see that the job was properly executed.

If they had only waited a little longer, things might have been different. But they didn't. They decided it would be healthier elsewhere.

The vital thing they forgot was that fire marshals notice such trivial things!

The Ghost Patrol

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Where had the enemy found this relic of the past? It was a disguise, a decoy. More than once, he had camouflaged his raider as a peaceful tramp steamer. And many times, his torpedoes and shells had crashed through ships that had been disguised in one fashion or another. But this was the oddest, cleverest trick attempted by his foes. Disguising a craft as a ghostly vessel, or rather reconditioning a venerable hull, for the brig was surely very old. As they drifted nearer, he saw it all plainly. The jokers! They had counted on fright to allow them to escape!

Ruckherdt's first impulse then was to turn a searchlight on the brig. But he reconsidered for two reason. To start with, it was always dangerous to reveal one's exact position to an enemy; one never knew what an apparently harmless disguise might conceal. His second reason? He feared that his temptation to ascertain the identity of the vessel with the glare of electric light was prompted by lingering fear. He knew that all spectral ships are harder to distinguish in the light, even becoming invisible when the sun struck them.

He wondered whether he had wished to light that ship as a test, rather than to illuminate a target. He decided to prove to himself that he did not yield to panic. Yet his dread welled up into his consciousness again. He called his second, laughed.

"Look at them, Bluthensack! The fools on that old brig! There's the Flying Dutchman with a miscellaneous cargo! They no longer camouflage themselves, they masquerade!"

But the night glass is not held in steady hands. There is the crew, the horrible crew. A charnel house brought to life! A very clever trick of that English—or French—captain, to dress his sailors for the part! Surely, there could never have been a better imitation of those damned souls who, for the past three centuries, had been the Wandering Jews of the Oceans!

They looked like men who would be glad to die like normal people, and impatiently awaited their day of release! Those sailors aboard the brig crowded to the rails. Their horrible faces had a dreadful expression of anguished hope, and at her helm, her captain, a tall, bony corpse, had lifted a skeleton arm to the sky!

Ruckherdt was uneasy. He felt a vague fear as the ancient legend reshaped in his mind. Lowering the glasses, he wiped his brow and shrugged: "What the Devil! She'll be the hundred and twenty-eighth, that's all."

For the hospital ship had been the hundred and twenty-seventh victim. He pushed down a lever, signaling the torpedo room. Instantly, the torpedo hissed from the tube, slashed toward the brig, the crew following the wake with straining, anxious eyes. Never had a torpedo progressed so slowly! Ruckherdt urged it onward with all his will. He was growing anxious to ascertain what would happen. Would that brig blow up and vanish like all other ships—or . . . . ?

The torpedo was almost on the brig.

Ruckherdt closed his eyes, waited, then felt the familiar shock of the explosion transmitted through the water. But this time, it is not followed by the sinister concert of panicky shouts.

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

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whose physical and mental inheritance is a matter for whispers. Fitzgerald's writing usually seems so natural and so effortless that the opening chapter of this novel may seem a little puzzling until the reader becomes aware that, by a skillful technical feat, Fitzgerald has given us an impression of a setting and of a series of events as those impressions are registered in a young woman's mind and that he does this that he may the more profoundly contrast the impression with the reality. That glamour which has been almost the trade-mark of Fitzgerald's work, even when his theme is tragic, is present in this new novel and it serves almost as a gorgeous, gold-embroidered shroud to make the reality of Death the more macabre.

When James T. Farrell published his novel of lower middle-class boyhood of the South Side, Chicago, under the title, *Young Lonigan*, it seemed to me a first novel of promise by a lad who had a lot to learn and who might be too impatient ever to learn it. The dialogue was often unnatural, not well listened-to; there was, I thought, an over-emphasis upon the purely brutal aspects of male puberty; and there was a certain swagger about Farrell's attitude which seemed to me derivative and assumed.

None of these faults which I was afraid might cripple his talent is observable in his new novel, *The Young Manhood of Studs Lonigan* (Vanguard, $2.50). Here is a novel of almost nerve-shattering power. Farrell has shunned none of the usual problems that confront the author who would write realistically of life among boys brought up in the city streets. Young Studs is a tough in a neighborhood where masculine leadership and respect are constantly asserted in gang-fights, in sexual bravado, in lawlessness and in revolt against parental or any other authority. But Studs is not as hard-boiled as he wishes to appear; a romantic sentiment for a particular girl persistently belies his motto of lay 'em and leave 'em; and he moves uncertainly, pathetically, tragically through his purposeless, good-for-nothing, wayward life to disease and drunkenness, hopelessness and failure. By an unusual paradox, *The Young Manhood of Studs Lonigan* is the sort of book which will arouse the ire of the puritanical and at the same time it is the sort of book which might be used as the text for the most persuasively puritanical of sermons. One can imagine some parents who would be shocked to think their sons should read such a novel and yet desperately anxious that their sons should take the "lesson" therein to heart.

What, one begins to ask oneself, has happened to Ludwig Lewisohn? What has become of the erstwhile prophet of the "new freedom," the frenzied assailant of puritanism, the critic of Christian and Judaic morals, marriage, conventions and of all shackles of freedom? Lewisohn was such a rebel in the hey-dey of his critical career. Here he pops up all of a sudden with a thesis novel. And guess what the thesis is. It is that men and women should come to one another virginal and pure of heart, be united in a faithful and enduring marriage, raise children, live on the soil in which they grew up, adapt themselves to

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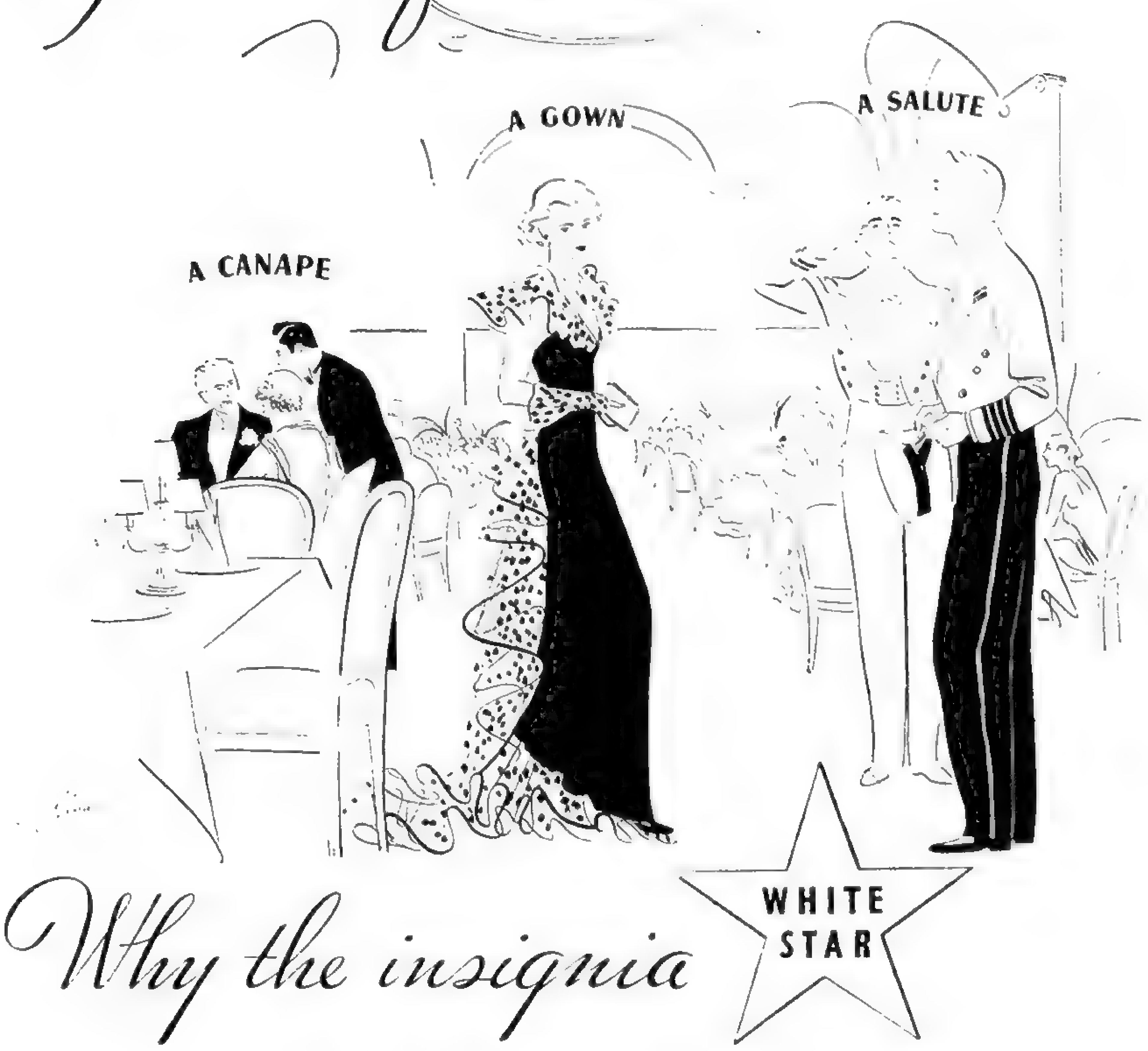

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I Died Last Year

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Again I could think of nothing to say.

"I'll tell you about it," he said.

He put his elbows on the table and rested his head on his hands. Again the good eye was covered and only the white patch stared at me.

"I used to be like you," he said. "When I felt muggy I'd take my plane up and stunt it. I know what you mean when you say fear's a stimulant to you. It was to me, too, until I got an overdose. When I went up that day it wasn't to stunt. It was to fly five hundred miles to marry a girl. Her name was Helen. I never got there."

He paused. I spoke without thinking.

"What happened, motor trouble?" I asked.

"Fog," he said. "I was flying in clear weather. Then it got misty and then cloudy. And then the fog was there. It was like turning off an electric light. One second I could see fairly well and the next I couldn't see my propeller nor my wingtips. The fog seemed to deaden the sound of the motor and I imagined I could hear it rustling past me. I pulled up until I hit the ceiling and the fog still stretched miles above and below me. It had no beginning and no end. It was everywhere. It seemed it always had been.

"I went down, but I knew it was no use. I knew I was lost. My compass told me which was North but that didn't mean anything to me. It wouldn't have done me any good had I known exactly where I was. I couldn't land.

"I pulled the ship up to two hundred feet and cruised around, praying the fog would go away. My fuel began to give out and I began to grow afraid. It wasn't the fear that stabs into you like a red hot needle when something happens or almost happens. It was the fear you have when you know something's going to happen. It was a slow fear. I imagine condemned men feel it in their cells. Only they have the hope of a reprieve and I hadn't. I knew that fog wasn't going to lift."

He emptied his glass and I filled it.

"I knew it but I tried to kid myself into thinking I was wrong," he said. "I kept saying, 'the fog will lift and you'll land O. K.' I even thought of what I'd say when I 'phoned Helen. I tried to hope she wouldn't be angry because I was late."

He twirled the glass with his mutilated hand and the muscles of his face jerked as if he were trying to grin.

"Imagine a girl getting sore at a dead man because he didn't show up for his wedding," he said.

I felt I had to say something, no matter how idiotic it sounded.

"Good sherry," I said.

He paid no attention to me.

"I think I began to die about the fourth hour," he said. "You grow cold. I don't mean from the outside but from within. It creeps over you slowly. You know what's happening but you won't admit it. 'I'm not going to die,' you say. But all the time you're thinking, 'God! I'm dying!' And you grow afraid and that helps you to die more quickly."

The sherry was gone. I had been drinking glass after glass. I called for another bottle.

The good eye was staring fixedly into mine.

"My gas gave out," he said, "and it was like the death rattle of a dying man. Everything was quiet and I was alone in the gray, rustling fog. I turned the nose down and started to glide. I made it a long glide, just enough to keep up flying speed, for that glide was as long as I was going to live. It didn't last long. I knew when I was about to crash. I dropped the stick and held my arms in front of my face. I pressed back in the cockpit and closed my eyes. I felt the propeller hit the ground and the shock traveling up through the ship to me.

"I felt everything. I felt the first stab of pain as the ship started caving in and the front of the cockpit touched my chest. I felt my ribs crack and my hand being smashed and my face being torn. I felt my head being crushed and then I didn't feel anything. I quit breathing."

He paused, then spoke calmly and with finality. "I was dead," he said.

I stared stupidly at my hands and tried to speak through the whirling blur of my thoughts.

His voice was slightly argumentative.

"You see," he said, "I went through the whole process of dying. There can be nothing more than that. One cannot die twice. I died and they put breath back into me. But I'm only existing on borrowed time."

I captured a thought that had been buzzing in my brain.

"What about the girl?" I asked. "Helen."

"When they sent her a message I was dead," he said, "I was dead. I've never seen her since that day."

I felt perspiration inside my clenched fists.

"About the flying?" I asked. "Why do you do it?"

"At first I thought it would bring me back," he said. "I thought that if I succeeded in stunting wildly enough to send a thrill of fear through me there would be some hope. But you can't frighten a dead man. I fly now out of habit; it's something to do. Some day I'll crack up and they won't be able to put breath back into me again."

He rose and his head was turned so that the white patch stared at me. The muscles of his face jerked.

"The next time you need a stimulant," he said, "look me up."

I attempted to get another drink out of the empty bottle.

"No thanks," I said. "I'll try a cold shower."

The Ghost Patrol

Continued from page 158

A victorious clamor of terrible thanksgiving lifted from the brig, from the sinking craft, a cry of utter happiness and deliverance, screamed by superhuman voices. A *Te Deum* from the deck of the old brig rose from the ancient vessel as she settled slowly in the water.

Captain Ruckherdt paled. Yet, the brig was sinking, it could not be a phantom ship! For a phantom is invulnerable! Invulnerable? Yes, she had been for three centuries and would have been for other centuries to come. But the old legend stated that her punishment would end when a ship, guiltier than herself in the eyes of God, would be sent to deliver her!

Ruckherdt remembered, and the thought brought fresh horror. He stared with ardent eyes at the sea engulfing the Flying Dutchman. Until the end, the ghost sailors aboard the brig sang their thanks to the Lord. Not one climbed into the rigging to escape the rising water, for all were avid for true death. Those on the *Essen* saw them disappear slowly into the flood.

And sky and sea were empty!

It was over. Ruckherdt shook himself, thinking of his wife and children in Hamburg. Yet he felt that he had crossed some unknown threshold. His hand, deathly pale, pushed the handle of the engine-room telegraph, indicating "slow-ahead." But the propeller did not turn, the ship remained silent. No smoke poured from her funnel, yet she moved, her bow parted the sea into a double glittering streak, the water could be heard slushing softly on her sides. An unknown power, neither wind nor steam, was moving her.

Ruckherdt tried to sigh, and found that he was no longer breathing. He felt his heart, and it was no longer beating! All had died aboard his vessel. Everything that had life. And it was cold, God! how cold!

"Captain!"

Who was calling now? Ruckherdt thought that the voice was like the voices heard from the sinking ship. His second was standing near, livid, a greenish hand lifted to his cap. The crew was lined on deck, their faces so white that the captain wondered why they were not prone, hands crossed, crucifixes on their breasts.

"Where are we bound for?" the second in command asked.

Ruckherdt knew. He knew that the *Essen* had crossed the Equator of the Beyond. He knew that the needle of the compass and the hands of the chronometer no longer showed place or time. He knew the meaning of the glow, of the phosphorescent dew which cast a greenish gleam upon his sailors and his ship. He had received his sentence of atonement, was doomed to roam eternally through the darkness. The *Essen* was the ship of the damned, a portent of death, an apparition of distress and horror.

"Where are we bound for?" the second repeated, his voice shrill with terror.

"Nowhere."

"But—how long must we cruise?"

"For all eternity!"

Their heads bowed.

And the *Essen* assumed the endless ghost patrol of the seven seas.

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

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their surroundings, have faith in hearth, home, religion and country. This sort of thing from a man who once wrote a novel solemnly asserting that no man's life could be happy or complete unless he had a whole flock of concubines!

Lewisohn's new novel is called *An Altar in the Fields* (Harper, $2.50). Lewisohn always writes with a purring sort of elegance. His prose is sleek and unctuous; it goes down easily. I found his new novel fascinating; but, just as I have found his *Upstream*, *The Island Within* and *Don Juan* fascinating—for reasons never intended by the author. There is no writer more centrifugal than Lewisohn and no one more mistakenly of the opinion that he is solving the problems of mankind when he makes some temporary emotional adjustment within himself. He has an endearingly complete lack of a sense of humor.

It is now Lewisohn's contention that every man should have a sense of the continuity and stability of life and that the only way to attain this is by making his peace with the environment in which he finds himself and by never trying to escape it. He himself a Jew, born in Berlin, educated and brought up in America and now an expatriate in Paris, argues quite passionately that one should never be deracinated; that one and one's children and one's children's children should remain forever rooted in the same place, full of conscious pride of family, home, neighborhood and country.

In the circumstances, does Lewisohn's argument make any sense? If Lewisohn's parents had acted upon any such belief as that, Lewisohn would now be in Berlin. And what a pretty fix that would be for him, a Jew and moreover an intellectual Jew, to be in. In fact, there is at bottom not very much difference between Lewisohn's arguments and Hitler's. Both arguments are based upon and sustained by fictions. Hitler, unfortunately, has the power to give his fiction the horrible force of reality.

Just how malignant that power is can be seen and felt in an anguished and anguishing book called *Murder, Made in Germany* (Harper, $2.50), translated from the German of Heinz Liepmann. Although the disclosures here are made in the form of a novel, the author gives us his word that not one single incident or conversation recorded by him has been invented. He tells us that in some instances names have been disguised for the protection of the persons involved, and that is all. Leipmann is a German publicist, hounded by the Hitler sadists because of his political opinions as much as because of his race; he was tortured and thrown into a concentration camp, from which he escaped. This is a scarifying recital of fiendish atrocities and, at the same time, a good explanation why those who are still resident in Germany deny that atrocities have been perpetrated.

When one begins to read Louis Adamic's beautiful and valuable book, *The Native's Return* (Harper, $2.75), one feels as if one should like to pack up tomorrow, leave the New Deal and the jackpot behind and go and settle for life among the gracious and charming peasants of Carniola, the Jugoslav province from which Adamic sprung and to which he returned (on a Guggenheim

Continued on page 162

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 161

fellowship) after fifteen years in America. There in the ancient and lovely village in which Adamic was born in a house three hundred years old among people who had tilled the land thereabouts for many centuries, is that idyllic condition Lewisohn conceives to be universally desirable—continuity of race, customs, traditions, family; cheerfulness and contentment on little or no money; grace, charm, health and laughter.

But, as one reads on, one discovers that Adamic and his American wife, couldn't stand Adamic's people, hospitable as they were, for more than a few weeks; and, as Adamic moved around in various parts of Jugoslavia studying the people, inquiring into conditions, looking beneath the surface, he found much to anger and sadden him. Under the dictatorship of King Alexander, who rules despotically and rapaciously in the interest of English, French and Italian financiers, the country is being systematically robbed of its wealth; taxation is becoming unbearable, the peasants are being reduced to serfdom; poverty, misery and starvation are endemic. Under the dictatorship, opponents of the tyranny are gathered in by the secret police and beaten, starved and tortured with unbelievable brutality. Adamic, a gifted son of a Croatian peasant, returned to America with a sad heart, but more American, perhaps, than any native American, more full of love and hope for his adopted country.

The title of Alexander Woollcott's new book—savorous little hors d'oeuvres from his pieces in the magazines—is to be called *While Rome Burns* (Viking, $2.75). The title is from the old saying, you know, —"Piddling while Rome burns."

For those who like to lift their hearts in song and for those who remember incidents by the tune popular at the time, I recommend *They All Sang* (Viking, $3.50) as told to Abbott J. Liebling by Edward B. Marks. Marks is a famous lyric writer and song publisher whose career goes back to Tony Pastor's amusement palace and to the days when Izzy Baline (now Irving Berlin) was a singing waiter on the Bowery and he has told an entertaining story of song writing from the early days to the contemporary crooners.

A book I found powerfully stimulating is *Who Rules America?* (Longmans, $3.) by John McConaughy. The author died suddenly just before his book was published. It is a history of invisible government in this country, told with flaming ardor. McConaughy's particular hate is for Alexander Hamilton whom he concedes, however, to have been a genius, but not the unselfish patriot that Aaron Burr was. If that sounds contrary to the notion you have always had of Burr as self-seeking traitor, read McConaughy. This book was written out of passionate conviction that "Democracy is not a form of government—it is a faith by which men live" and out of a high faith in democracy.

A noteworthy book, of which space limits prevent more than a too brief mention, is Morley Callaghan's *Such is My Beloved* (Scribner's, $2.00). As a novel, it's a glorified short story—but as a short story, whether told within regulation length or over the novel stretch, it is very fine indeed.

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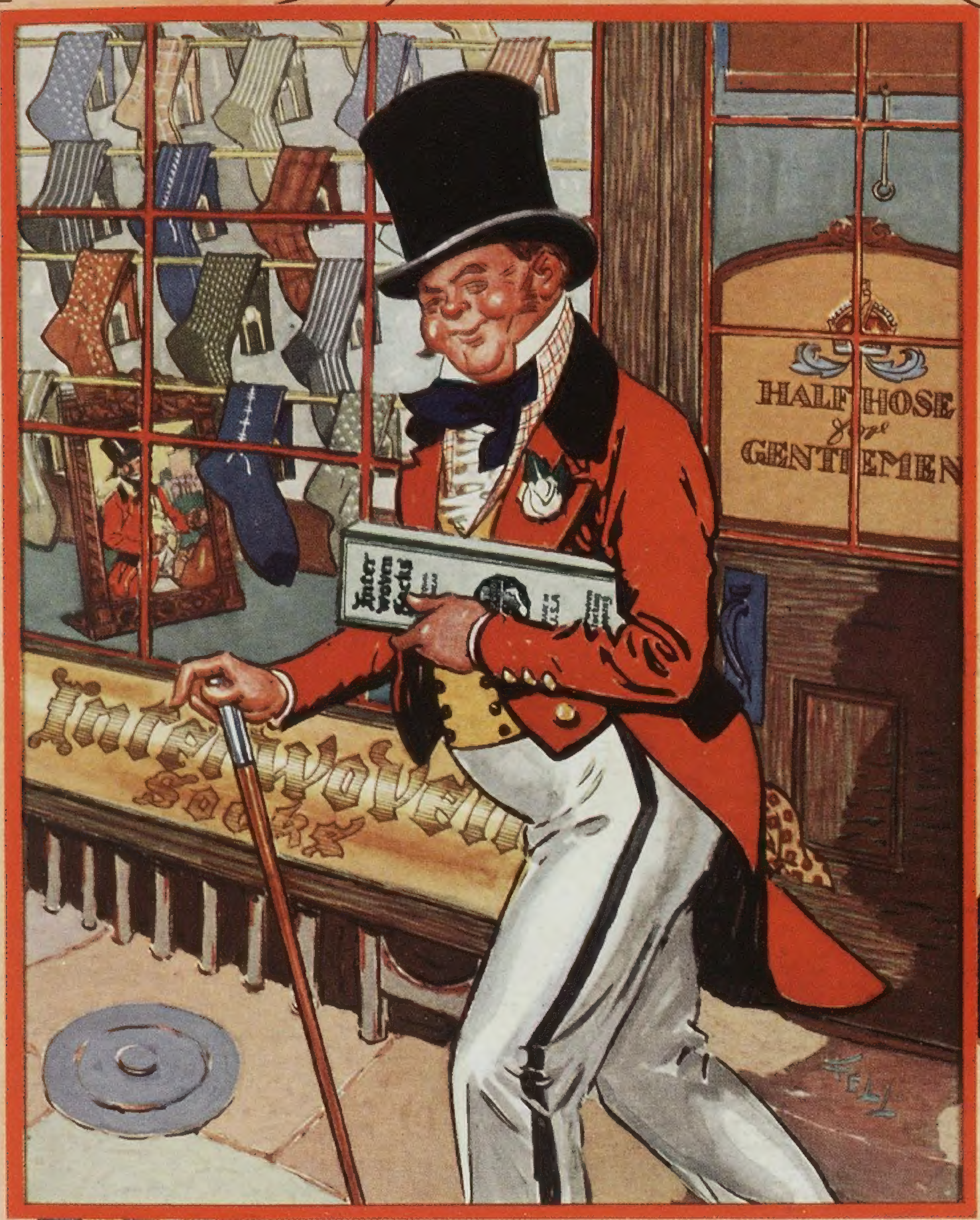
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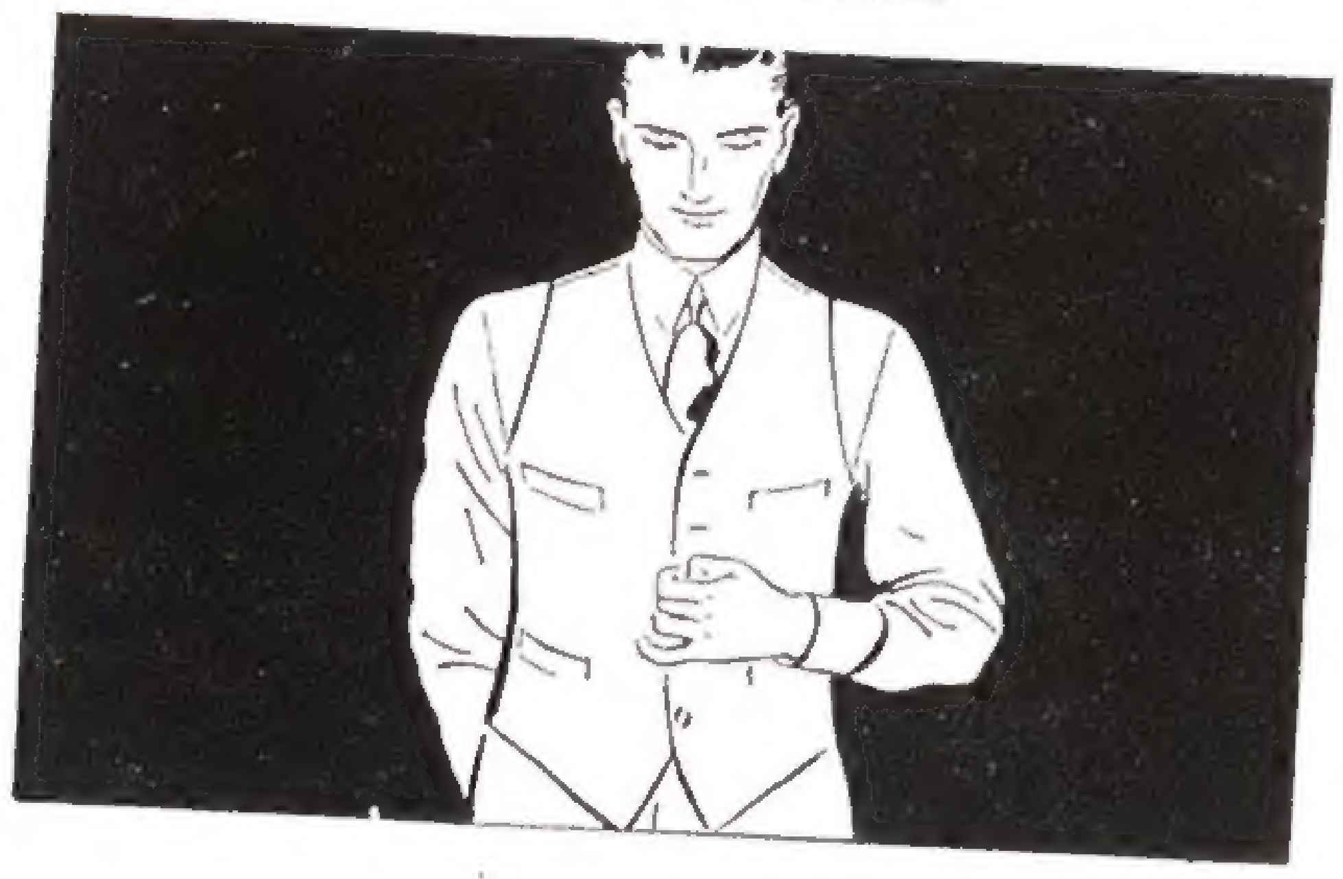

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